





THE  
BAPTIST HYMNAL.  
FOR USE IN THE  
CHURCH AND HOME.

---

PHILADELPHIA :  
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.  
1420 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by the  
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

---

Published December, 1902



## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

---

Two years ago the Publication Society resolved to publish another Hymn Book, and appointed a Committee, consisting of A. J. Rowland, D. D., P. S. Henson, D. D., and Rev. L. P. Hornberger, to attend to its compilation. Under instructions from the Board, this Committee, in connection with the Secretary of the Society, B. Griffith, D. D., invited H. M. King, D. D., of Boston, Mass., H. H. Tucker, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga., J. A. Smith, D. D., of Chicago, Ill., E. G. Taylor, D. D., of Providence, R. I., Rev. H. M. Richardson, of Maryville, Mo., Samuel Graves, D. D., of Grand Rapids, Mich., T. T. Eaton, D. D., of Petersburg, Va., Basil Manly, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., E. T. Winkler, D. D., of Marion, Ala., Rev. T. S. Griffith, of Holmdel, N. J., Daniel Read, D. D., of Bloomington, Ill., T. H. Pritchard, D. D., of Wake Forest, N. C., and Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to become a Consulting Committee, and to furnish lists of Hymns necessary in their judgment for purposes of worship. The Hymns thus sent were carefully considered by the Committee, and wherever five or more of those sending them concurred, were adopted for publication. The hymns were then placed in the hands of W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., and E. H. Johnson, D. D., Musical Editors, who, during the process of the work, were in frequent consultation with A. J. Rowland, D. D., Chairman of the Society's Committee. On the completion of their labors, a Proof of the entire book was taken and sent to the Consulting Committee and others, for criticisms and suggestions.

It will thus be seen that the BAPTIST HYMNAL is the result of long and pains-taking toil, and that it embodies the choices and tastes of a large number of our well-known workers. The Publication Society trusts that the book will prove acceptable to the churches in all parts of the country, and a real addition to the Service of Praise. Its officers and managers desire to express their gratitude to the members of the Consulting Committee, to the Hymnal Committee of the Board, to E. H. Johnson, D. D., for very important and uncompensated labor, and especially to Dr. W. H. Doane for his invaluable and gratuitous service as Musical Editor-in-Chief.

Acknowledgments are also due and are hereby made to Messrs. Biglow & Main, Mr. George Kingsley, Dr. Robert Lowry, Dr. H. S. Cutler, J. H. Cornell, T. E. Perkins, and others, for permission to use valuable copyright music.

B. GRIFFITH, SECRETARY.

---

## CERTIFICATE.

The Undersigned, having been requested by the Officers of the AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY to examine the Proof-sheets of the "Baptist Hymnal," for the compilation of which most of us sent lists of Hymns, and to suggest such emendations as might be thought by us expedient to make the Book more acceptable and useful, hereby certify that we have carefully performed the duties assigned us, and unite in heartily commending the Hymnal to the Churches. The list of hymns comprises all that are really needful for public worship; the adaptation of tunes and hymns by the Musical Editors is all that could be wished; and the

provision of so much variety, especially in the music, fits the book to the varied culture and tastes of all grades of worshippers.

We earnestly hope that this new and most excellent aid to worship will have the widest possible circulation and use.

William D. Williams  
Frederic Thomas  
John A. Broadus  
Weyland Boyd  
H. Thane Miller  
Basil Manly. —  
J. A. Smith.  
C. B. Leane  
T. H. Ritchard  
Henry W. King  
J. Graves.  
Edward G. Taylor.  
W. Read  
H. M. Richardson  
J. J. Eaton.

# PREFACE.

## TO HYMNAL WITH MUSIC.

THE design of those concerned in the preparation of the BAPTIST HYMNAL, has been to furnish the churches a book which shall aid in the worship of God, and so make the service of his house more attractive and delightful. They have sought both in the selection of hymns, and in the choice and adaptation of music, to secure to God's people the best possible expression of the praises, pleadings, and aspirations of their hearts.

By restricting the number of hymns to those which are believed to be all that are necessary, space has been found for a liberal provision in music. A definite plan has controlled the selection, viz :

1. Wherever the book is opened, a familiar tune is provided, if possible, for every hymn before the eye, preferably a tune already wedded to the words. The book thus becomes at once and in every part available.

2. As advancing tastes desire richer effects in harmony, on the same or opposite page with most hymns is afforded the alternative of a less familiar tune of the highest musical worth. The melodies of these more elaborate compositions may be sung by the congregation in unison, harmony being supplied by choir or organ.

3. As it is impossible to supply certain hymns of irregular measure with a choice of tunes, they are attended simply by the music, old or new, to which their established or growing popularity is largely due.

4. In the few instances where for regular metres but one tune was found practicable, the choice has been given to a familiar one, except in a minimum of cases and for controlling reasons.

All sources have been laid under contribution for the music. The animated Sacred Songs of Lowry, Bliss, and others; Psalm-tunes hallowed by use for more than a generation; the familiar Church Psalmody of Mason, Bradbury, Kingsley, and Woodbury; the stately Ancient Chorals of Europe, and the free melodies and rich harmonies from the school of church music represented in England by Dykes and Barnby; on the Continent by Gounod and Hiller, and in America by Cutler and Cornell—all will be found here represented. The especial features of the Hymnal are therefore :

1. A collection of hymns shown by experience to be useful. 2. A larger provision of popular melodies than is usual in books of this character. 3. A choice, subject to few exceptions, between tunes generally known and newer or more elaborate melodies.

With this brief preface the book is sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing to the churches and the world. To God be the glory of any success it may achieve.

W. H. DOANE, MUS. DOC.,	} MUSICAL EDITORS.
E. H. JOHNSON, D. D.,	
A. J. ROWLAND, D. D.,	} HYMNAL COMMITTEE.
P. S. HENSON, D. D.,	
REV. L. P. HORNBERGER,	

[In this edition the Hymns only are given, without the music.]

# CONTENTS.

## WORSHIP.

GENERAL HYMNS.....	1-24
LORD'S HOUSE.....	25-34
LORD'S DAY.....	35-48
MORNING AND EVENING.....	49-65

## GOD.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.....	66-77
PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.....	78-101

## CHRIST.

ADVENT.....	104-113
LIFE.....	114-122
DEATH.....	123-132
RESURRECTION.....	133-137
ASCENSION.....	138-144
OFFICES.....	145-152
PRaise AND ADORATION.....	153-192

THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	194-206
----------------------	---------

THE TRINITY.....	207-215
------------------	---------

THE WORD OF GOD.....	216-222
----------------------	---------

MAN'S LOST CONDITION.....	223-228
---------------------------	---------

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.....	229-246
-------------------------------	---------

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.....	247-282
-------------------------------	---------

COMING TO CHRIST.....	283-304
-----------------------	---------

## THE CHRISTIAN.

TRUST.....	305-328
LOVE.....	329-338
JOY.....	339-359
ASPIRATION.....	360-391
PRAYER.....	392-408
CONFLICT.....	409-426
SUBMISSION.....	427-438
CONSECRATION.....	439-461
FELLOWSHIP.....	462-465
WORK.....	466-476
SECURITY.....	477-511

## HYMNS.

## THE CHURCH.

## HYMNS.

INSTITUTION.....	512-521
BAPTISM.....	522-537
LORD'S SUPPER.....	538-554
OFFICERS.....	555-560
WORK—Revivals.....	561-567
WORK—Sunday School.....	568-592
WORK—Missions.....	593-609
WORK—Dedications.....	610-616

TEMPERANCE.....	617, 618
-----------------	----------

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

LIFE AND DEATH.....	619-641
BURIAL AND RESURRECTION.....	642-649
CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.....	650-661
JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION.....	662-665
HEAVEN.....	666-686

## OCCASIONAL.

THANKSGIVING.....	687-691
OUR COUNTRY.....	692-697
OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.....	698-704

CHANTS.....	705-727
-------------	---------

LORD'S PRAYER.....	718, 719
--------------------	----------

DOXOLOGIES.....	PAGE. 225
-----------------	--------------

## INDEXES.

AUTHORS OF HYMNS.....	230-232
SUBJECTS.....	233-231
SCRIPTURE TEXTS.....	236-239
FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.....	240-249
CHANTS.....	246
FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.....	247-252



# BAPTIST HYMNAL.

## WORSHIP.

1

10s, 11s.

OH, worship the King, all glorious  
above,  
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient  
of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with  
praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can  
recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the  
light,

It streams from the hills, it descends to  
the plain,

And sweetly distills in the dew and  
the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as  
frail,

In thee do we trust, nor find thee to  
fail:

Thy mercies how tender, how firm to  
the end,

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and  
Friend!

ROBERT GRANT. 1830.

2

10s, 11s.

YE servants of God, your Master pro-  
claim,

And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 Then let us adore, and give him his right,  
All glory and power and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

3

L. M.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone  
Doth life and breath and being give;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair,  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there

- 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 4

L. M.

**B**E thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

- 2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

## 5

L. M.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful  
songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. Alt. by J. WESLEY. 1741.

## 6

L. M.

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 7

L. M.

**C**OME, O my soul, in sacred lays  
Attempt thy great Creator's praise!  
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?  
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine,
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines,  
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of his name.

- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue  
Till listening worlds shall join the song

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1754.



## 8

L. M.

WITH one consent, let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter, then, his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

NABUN TATE. 1000.

## 9

L. M.

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;  
Prayer shall besiege thy temple  
gates;  
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,  
And find through Christ salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!  
How surely kept! how richly fed!  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in thee!

3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world  
around;  
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour—  
The moral waste within restore;  
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYVE. 1834.

## 10

L. M.

MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!  
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 11

L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world!  
begone;  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,  
And kindle there a pure desire;  
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Ne'er did the angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 12

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and  
sing;

To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3 But I shall share a glorious part,  
Whence grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 13

C. M.

W HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.  
My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart shall rest on thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 1786.

## 14

C. M. D.

FATHER of mercies, God of Love,  
My Father and my God,  
I'll sing the honors of thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.  
Thou boundless Source of every good  
My best desires fulfill;  
Oh, help me to adore thy grace,  
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may my soul  
Thy bounteous goodness see;  
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts  
Estrange my heart from thee.

In every changing scene of life,  
 Whate'er that scene may be,  
 Give me a meek and humble mind,  
 A mind at peace with thee.

- 3 Through every period of my life,  
 Each bright, each clouded scene,  
 Give me a meek and humble mind,  
 Still equal and serene.  
 Then I may close my eyes in death,  
 Free from distracting care;  
 For death is life, and labor rest,  
 If thou art with me there.

OTTIWEILL HESKINOTHAM. 1794.

## 15

C. M.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
 Up to the courts above,  
 And smile to see our Father there,  
 Upon a throne of love.

- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,  
 And venture near the Lord:  
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
 Nor double flaming sword.

- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
 Are opened by the Son;  
 High let us raise our notes of praise,  
 And reach the almighty throne.

- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
 Great Advocate on high;  
 And glory to the eternal King,  
 Who lays his anger by.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 16

C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name  
 Of our eternal King;  
 Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;  
 Thrice holy! let us sing.

- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
 Pay, O my soul! to God;  
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart,  
 To his sublime abode.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name  
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach  
 A broken heart shall please him more  
 Than noblest forms of speech

- 4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls  
 From all pollution free:  
 The pure in heart are thy delight,  
 And they thy face shall see.

JOHN NEEDHAM. 178

## 17

S. M.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!  
 His grace to thee proclaim;  
 And all that is within me join  
 To bless his holy name.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
 His mercies bear in mind;  
 Forget not all his benefits:  
 The Lord to thee is kind.

- 3 He will not always chide;  
 He will with patience wait:  
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
 And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thy infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole;  
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days,  
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

18

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his work and not our own:  
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

19 8s, 7s, 4s.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To his feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore his praises sing;  
Hallelujah!

Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress;

Praise him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

Hallelujah!

Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;

Hallelujah!

Praise Jehovah, God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834

20 8s, 7s, 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace

Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—  
Glad the summons to obey,—  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

ROBERT HAWKER. 1774.

21 8s, 7s. D.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows;  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY 1779-1843

## 22 8s, 7s, or 7s.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;  
Praise be thine from every tongue;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,  
Free, unbounded grace is thine;  
Hail the God of our salvation;  
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise;  
There, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT 1780

## 23

8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore him;  
Praise him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord; for he hath spoken:  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws, which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord; for he is glorious;  
Never shall his promise fail;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name!

JOHN KEMPTHORNE 1775-1838

## 24

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light,  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure



- 4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON. 1623.

## 25

L. M.

**G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs:  
To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun,—he makes our day;  
God is our shield,—he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.

- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
Display thy grace, exert thy power,  
Till all on earth thy name adore!

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 26

L. M.

**J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1771

## 27

L. M.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee?

- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength; and, through the  
road,  
They lean upon their helper, God.

- 4 Cheerful they walk, with growing  
strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 28

L. M.

**W**HEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread his sovereign name abroad?



2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,  
And gems and gold and garlands deck  
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
Thy golden offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 Oh, grant us, in this solemn hour,  
From earth and sin's allurements free,  
To feel thy love, to own thy power,  
And raise each raptured thought to thee!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. 1773.

29

C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God,  
For all his mercies shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1710.

30

C. M.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest;  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blessed.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains:  
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

ISAAC WATTS. 1710

31

C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God has called his own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at his throne.

2 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell  
Within thy church below!  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

3 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite,  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.

- 4 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which thou hast called thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at thy throne.

HARRIET AUBURN. 1829.

## 32

C. M.

- E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit fains away  
Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 33

7s. D.

- L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 2 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.  
Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 3 Comfort those who weep and mourn.  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those who are cast down, lift up,  
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.  
Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1843

## 34

7s.

- T**O thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1802.

35

S. P. M.

HOW pleased and blest was I,  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"  
Yea, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray and praise and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest,  
The man who seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest.  
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

36

7th, 6 L.

SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day,  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,—  
Take away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;

Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779

37

H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,  
Thou day of sacred rest!  
I hail thy kind return,  
Lord, make these moments blest;  
From low delights and fleeting toys,  
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace;  
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face;  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours:  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

THOMAS HAYWARD. 1806

38

H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 Oh, happy souls, who pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
Oh, happy men, who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still; and happy they  
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears.  
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 39

S. M.

- T**HIS is the day of light;  
Let there be light to-day;  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest;  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed thou thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace;  
With peace our spirits fill;  
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer;  
Let earth to heaven draw near;  
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.

JOHN ELLERTON. 1867.

## 40

S. M.

- H**OW charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauty of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!

- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit  
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1781

## 41

7s, 6s.

- O** DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth:  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven:  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.
- 3 To-day, on weary nations,  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

CHRISTIAN WOODFORTH. 1865.

42

C. M.

**O** FATHER, though the anxious fear  
May cloud to-morrow's way,  
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;  
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts  
To worship at thy shrine;  
But each unholy thought departs,  
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born;  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control;  
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,  
The Sabbath of the soul.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. 1823.

43

C. M.

**T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made;  
He calls the hours his own:  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son:  
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

44

L. M.

**T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;  
No cares, to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;  
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

PHILIP DOUGLASS. 1757.

45

S. M.

**S**WEET is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing,  
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell,  
And, when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join, in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

46

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS. 1706.

47

7s.

ERE another Sabbath's close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
Lord, our song ascends to thee;  
At thy feet we bow the knee.

- 2 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth and King of heaven
- 3 Cold our services have been;  
Mingled every prayer with sin;  
But thou canst and wilt forgive;  
By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joy above;  
While their steps thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

UNKNOWN. 1833.

48

C. M.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
That ends the weary week!

- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
That opens on the sight,  
When first that soul-reviving morn  
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;  
Yet while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace  
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er,  
The Sabbath dawn which needs no sun  
That day which fades no more?

JAMES EDMESTON. 1826

49

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.



- 2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
wake,  
I may of endless life partake!
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

## 50

L. M.

- MY God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 51

C. M.

- ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 52

C. M.

- LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 53 L. M. 6 L.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness Divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine;  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring,  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;  
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,  
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

WILLIAM SHREVESSOLE, JR. 1813.

## 54 L. M. 6 L.

LORD Jesus, bless us ere we go:  
Thy word into our minds instill;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day and death's  
dark night,  
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;  
And thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1849.

## 55 11s, 10s.

NOW, when the dusky shades of night  
retreating

Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;  
Now, when the terrors of the dark are  
fleeting,

O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

2 Look from the height of heaven, and  
send to cheer us  
Thy light and truth, and guide us on-  
ward still;

Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us.  
And lead us safely to thy holy hill

3 So, when that morn of endless light is  
waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale  
forsaking,  
Through all the long bright day to  
dwell with thee.

UNKNOWN.

## 56

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I can not live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE. 1827

## 57

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;  
Thy watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

THOMAS KIM. 1807.

## 58

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days.  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past;  
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 59

G. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
 May its departing ray  
 Be calm as this impressive hour,  
 And lead to endless day.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN. 1825.

60 10s, 6 L.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
 Fainter and yet more faint the day-  
 light glows;

O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou  
 Eternal Light of light, be with us now!  
 Where thou art present, darkness cannot be;  
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with  
 thee.

2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst  
 appear

Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,  
 Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when  
 storms assail,

And earthly hopes and human succors fail;  
 When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,  
 And hear thy voice, "Fear not; for it is I."

3 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
 O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our  
 Guide,

Be thou our light in death's dark eventide!  
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom.  
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1862.

61 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
 Of the holy Sabbath day;  
 Gently as life's setting sun,  
 When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
 O'er the earth as daylight fades;  
 All things tell of calm repose,  
 At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;  
 'Tis the holy peace of God,—  
 Symbol of the peace within  
 When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be  
 Days of joy and peace in thee,  
 Till in heaven our souls repose,  
 Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1846

62 7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day  
 Fades upon my sight away;  
 Free from care, from labor free,  
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye  
 Naught escapes, without, within,  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day  
 Shall forever pass away;  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE. 18

63 P L.

FAST fades the golden sun  
 Beneath the West,  
 And gentle twilight brings  
 A calm and peaceful rest

2 Hear thou, O gracious Lord,  
And grant my prayer;  
Receive my humble thanks  
For all thy tender care.

3 Defend and keep thy child  
Through night's dark shade;  
And let no thought of harm  
My trusting heart invade.

4 And when life's closing day  
For me shall come,  
Oh, may my soul awake  
In thy eternal home.

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1802

64

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name  
we raise

With one accord our parting hymn of  
praise;

We stand to bless thee ere our worship  
cease,

Then, still delaying, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward  
way;

With thee began, with thee shall end the  
day;

Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
from shame,

That in this house have called upon thy

NAME

C

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the  
coming night;

Turn thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep thy chil-  
dren free,

For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our  
earthly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our con-  
flict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON. 1861.

65

8. M

THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
Oh, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

JOHN LELAND. 1804.

## GOD.

## 66

**O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God;  
To endless years the same.

4 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 67

L. M.

**L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen  
me through:

Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand:  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

C. M. 4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719

## 68

C. M.

**I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.

2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.

3 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Enclosed on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 69

C. M.

**G**REAT God, how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let all the race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.



8 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are  
drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

70

C. M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the sky;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Proclaims it from on high.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

71

C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
And raise your souls above;  
Let every heart and voice accord  
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove;  
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears  
To show that God is love.

3 Behold, his loving kindness waits  
For those who from him rove,  
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,  
To teach them God is love.

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Shall shout that God is love.

GEORGE BURDER. 1781.

72

L. M.

LORD of all being; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809—

73

L. M.

GOD of the world, thy glories shine,  
Through earth and heaven with  
rays divine;  
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,  
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives, the throbbing heart  
Doth at thy beck its action start;  
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,  
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life, thy love  
Doth every stain of sin remove;  
The cross, the cross,—its hallowed light  
Shall drive from earth her cheerless  
night.

4 God of all goodness, to the skies  
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;  
And to thy service shall be given  
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

SEWALL S. CUTTING. 1835.

## 74

8s, 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever—  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But his mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and mercy from above:  
Everywhere his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING. 1885.

## 75

L. M. 6 L.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

## 76

S. M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate

2 God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes  
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His power subdues our sin,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

ISAAC WATTS 1719.

77

S. M.

THE pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

- 2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

- 3 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the  
field,  
It withers in an hour.

- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS 1719.

78

L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

62

- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

ISAAC WATTS 1719.

79

L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song and join the praise.

- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my  
soul.

- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand;  
Upheld and guarded by his hand;  
His words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

- 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;  
Not all the works and names below  
So much thy power and glory show.

ISAAC WATTS 1719.

80

C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time  
God's watchful eyes surveys,  
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,  
Or to appoint our ways?

- 2 Good, when he gives, supremely good; 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-  
 Nor less when he denies: known,  
 E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand, Hang on his firm decree;  
 Are blessings in disguise. He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,  
 So constant and so kind?  
 To his unerring, gracious will  
 Be every wish resigned.

JAMES HERVEY. 1745.

## 81

C. M.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 With blessing on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain;  
**G**od is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

## 82

C. M.

**K**EEP silence, all created things,  
 And wait your Maker's nod;  
 My soul stands trembling while she sings,  
 The honors of her God.

- 3 His providence unfolds a book,  
 In which his counsels shine;  
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke  
 Fulfills some deep design.

- 4 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
 Oh, may I find my name,  
 Recorded in some humble place  
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707

## 83

C. M.

**T**HROUGH all the changing scenes  
 of life,

- In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just;  
 Protection he affords to all  
 Who make his name their trust.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of his love!  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear:  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 He'll make your wants his care.

TAYLOR AND BRADY. 1806.

84

C. M.

**S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through all the earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.

ISAAC WATTS. 1716.

85

C. M.

**M**Y God, my Father—blissful name—  
Oh, may I call thee mine!  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What harm can ever reach my soul,  
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art good and just and wise;  
Oh, bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh, give me strength to bear!  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.

ANNE STANLEY. 1760.

86

L. M.

**N**OW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme.  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach the happy place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
His beauties there may I behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

87

L. M.

**B**LESS, O my soul, the living God;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove  
abroad:

Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Let not the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast  
done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.



- 4 Let every land his power confess;  
 Let all the earth adore his grace;  
 My heart and tongue with rapture join,  
 In work and worship so divine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

88

8s, 7s, 8s.

- T**O God on high be thanks and praise  
 For mercy ceasing never,  
 Whereby no foe a hand can raise,  
 Nor harm can reach us ever.  
 With joy to him our hearts ascend,  
 The source of peace that knows no end,  
 A peace that none can sever.

- 2 The honors paid thy holy name  
 To hear thou ever deignest  
 Then, God the Father, still the same  
 Unshaken ever reignest.  
 Unmeasured stands thy glorious might;  
 Thy thoughts, thy deeds, outstrip the light,  
 Our heaven thou, Lord, remainest.

N. CLAUS DECIUS. 1526. Tr. by CAT. WINKWORTH. 1863.

89

C. M.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom these comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 4 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1719.

90

S. M.

- R**AISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune;  
 Wide let the earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love  
 Its chief Beloved chose,  
 And bade him raise our wretched race  
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
 Bow to the scepter of his love,  
 And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey thy call;  
 We lay an humble claim  
 To the salvation thou hast brought,  
 And love and praise thy name.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

91

S. M.

- B**EHOOLD, what wondrous grace  
 The Father has bestowed  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God!

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
 How great we must be made;  
 But when we see our Saviour here,  
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure;  
 May purify our souls from sin,  
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

- 4 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

THOMAS WATTS. 1707.

92.

P. M.

NOW thank we all our God,  
With heart, and hands, and voices,  
What wondrous things hath done,  
In whom the world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
To keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

MARTIN RINGROD 1644. To J. COTE, WIMBORNE. 1650.

93

S. M.

(1) RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And now supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DOBSON. 1740.

94

P. M.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our Helper he, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is he;  
Lord Sabaoth is his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

- 3 And though this world, with devils filled  
Should threaten to undo us;  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim,—  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure,—  
One little word shall fell him!

- 1 That word above all earthly powers—  
 No thanks to them—abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also:  
 The body they may kill:  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1529.  
 Tr. by FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. 1863.

95

P. M.

- R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of his name;  
 For he is God alone,  
 Who hath his mercy shown;  
 Let all his saints adore him.
- 2 When in distress to him we cried,  
 He heard our sad complaining;  
 Oh, trust in him, whate'er betide,  
 His love is all sustaining;  
 Triumphant songs of praise  
 To him our hearts shall raise;  
 Now every voice shall say,  
 "Oh, praise our God alway;"  
 Let all his saints adore him.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER. 1821-1877.

96

7s, 6s.

- T**IS not that I did choose thee,  
 For, Lord, that could not be;  
 This heart would still refuse thee.  
 But thou hast chosen me:

- 2 Thou from the sin that stained me  
 Washed me and set me free,  
 And to this end ordained me,  
 That I should live to thee.
- 3 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,  
 And taught my opening mind;  
 The world had else enthralled me,  
 To heavenly glories blind.
- 4 My heart owns none above thee;  
 For thy rich grace I thirst;  
 This knowing: if I love thee,  
 Thou must have loved me first.

JOSIAN CORDER. 1789-1855

97

H. M.

- U**PWARD I lift mine eyes;  
 From God is all my aid;  
 The God who built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made;  
 God is the tower | To which I fly;  
 His grace is nigh | In every hour
- 2 My feet shall never alide  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears:  
 Those wakeful eyes | That never sleep  
 Shall Israel keep | When dangers rise.
- 3 Hast thou not given thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust thee, Lord,  
 To keep my mortal breath;  
 I'll go and come, | Nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high | Thou call me home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719

98

8s.

GOD of our strength, enthroned above,  
The source of life, the fount of love;  
Oh, let devotion's sacred flame,  
Our souls awake to praise thy name.

1 To thee we lift our joyful eyes,  
To thee on wings of faith we rise;  
Come thou, and let thy courts on earth  
Ring out thy praise in holy mirth.

3 God of our strength from day to day,  
Direct our thoughts and guide our way;  
Oh, may our hearts united be,  
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.

4 God of our strength, on thee we call;  
God of our hope, our light, our all,  
Thy name we praise, thy love adore,  
Our Rock, our Shield for evermore.

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

99

8s, 7s, 4s.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;

Bear me through the swelling current:  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1773.

100

11s

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want  
shall I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded  
I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still  
waters flow,

Restores me when wand'ring, re-  
deems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of  
death though I stray,  
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil  
I fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be  
my stay;

No harm can befall, with my Com-  
forter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is  
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup  
runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil thou anointest  
my head;

Oh, what shall I ask of thy provi-  
dence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful  
God,

Still follow my steps till I meet thee  
above;

I seek, by the path which my fore-  
fathers trod

Through the land of their sojourn,  
thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1776-1822.

## CHRIST.

101

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,  
Who from yon bright throne above,  
Ever watchful o'er our race,  
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,  
All is by his sceptre swayed;  
What are we that he should show  
So much love to us below?

78. 3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul; adore his name;  
Let his glory be thy theme;  
Praise him till he calls thee home,  
Trust his love for all to come.

## CHRIST.

102

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour  
comes,

The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1735.

103

C. M.

THE race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious Light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

2 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.

4 His power, increasing, still shall spread  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above  
And peace abound below.

JOHN MORRISON. 1770



104

78. 6 L. 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

AS with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led by thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore.  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

WILLIAM CHAFFERTON D.D. 1869

105

C. M.

JOY to the world: the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth: the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,  
and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curve is found.

And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

106

88, 78. D.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,  
Let your songs of gladness ring;  
In a stable lies the Holy,  
In a manger rests the King.  
Come, ye poor, no pomp or station  
Robes the child your hearts adore.  
He, the Lord of your salvation,  
Shares your want, is weak and poor.

2 Let us bring our poor oblations,  
Thanks and love and faith and praise  
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,  
One and all on him to gaze.  
Hark, the heaven of heavens is ringing,  
Christ the Lord to man is born!  
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,  
Welcome, welcome, happy morn?

ARCHER THOMPSON GURNEY. 1860.

107

88, 78. D.

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free:  
From our sins and fears release us;  
Let us find our rest in thee.  
Israel's strength and consolation;  
Hope of all the saints thou art;  
Long desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child,—and yet a King,—  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

## 108

7s. D.

**H**ARK! the herald-angels sing,  
 "Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!"  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumphs of the skies;  
 With th' angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold him come,  
 Off-spring of the Virgin's womb;  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell;  
 Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
 Risen with healing in his wings:  
 Light and life to all he brings;  
 Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die:  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

CHARLES WESLEY 1739. Alt. by MARTIN MADAN. 1760.

## 109

8s, 7s. D.

**H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
 Sure, the angelic host rejoices;  
 Loudest hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:  
 "Glory in the highest, glory!  
 Glory be to God most high!

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
 Glad receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
 Learn his name, and taste his joy:  
 Till in heaven you sing before him,  
 Glory be to God most high!"  
 Let us learn the wondrous story  
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
 Spread the brightness of his glory  
 Till it covers all the earth.

JOHN CAWOOD. 1819.

## 110

C. M. D

**I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold:  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to man  
 From heaven's all gracious King:"  
 The earth in solemn stillness lay,  
 To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow,—  
Look up; for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For, lo! the days are hastening on  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON BRERA. 1851.

111

8s, 7s.

I N a lowly manger sleeping,  
Calm and still a babe we see,  
'Tis the Holy Child of promise,  
Light of all the world is he.

2 Holy angels sing his welcome  
In the realms of glory bright,  
While the morning stars around him,  
Fall in soft and tender light.

3 Blessed Saviour, dear Redeemer,  
King of Judah, Prince of peace,  
Rock of ages, Star of nations,  
Thy dominion ne'er shall cease.

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTYER. 1879.

112

7s, 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son,  
Who, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth;  
Before him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever;  
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822

113 11s, 10s. D.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of  
the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer  
is laid.

• Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of  
the stall;  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour  
of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly de-  
votion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of  
the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from  
the mine?

1 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor  
secure:  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of  
the poor.

REGINALD HESER. 1811.

114 C. M.

**W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone,  
Around thy steps below;  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;  
Yet no ungente, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.  
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile;  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.  
4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!  
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

EDWARD PENNY. 1836

115 C. M.

**T**HOU art the Way,—to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee:  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.  
2 Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.  
3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.  
4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE 1831

116 C. M.

**T**HE Saviour! oh, what endless charms  
Dwell in that blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms  
And spreads delight around.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine  
In rich profusion flow  
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 The mighty Farmer of the skies  
Descends to our abode,  
While angels view with wondering eyes,  
And hail the incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine!  
Of bliss, a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I can not wish for more.

ANNE STEELE. 1705.

117

L. M.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wandered here,  
Where'er he went, affliction fled,  
And sickness reared her fainting head.

- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,  
Beheld his face—for God is light;  
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,  
His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps the halt and lame  
To hail their great Deliverer came;  
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,  
He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Through paths of loving kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;  
To all, with willing hands dispense  
The gifts of our benevolence.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1826.

118

L. M.

HOW benignant were the marks divine,  
That in thy meekness used to shine:  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

- 2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light—  
Oh, who like thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?
- 3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?
- 4 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe:  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

ARMER CLEVELAND COLE. 1838.

119

L. M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!

- Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
The Father on his sapphire throne  
Expects his own anointed Son.

- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

HENRY HUNT MICHAM. 1837.



120

**M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

121

12s.

**W**HEN through the torn sail the wild  
tempest is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red  
lightning is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman  
to cherish,

We fly to our Maker:—"Save, Lord,  
or we perish!"

O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of  
the billow,

Aroused by the shriek of despair from  
thy pillow,

Now, seated in glory, the mariner  
cherish,

Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord,  
or we perish!"

L. M.

3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion  
is raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare  
is waging,  
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to  
cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord,  
or we perish!"

REGINALD HEBER. 1820.

122

L. M. 6 L.

**W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends  
are few,

On him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain:  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the ill I would not do;  
Still, he who felt temptation's power  
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And oh, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of pain, for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day  
And wipe the latest tear away.

ROBERT GRANT. 1812

123

7s, 6s.

**O** SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down  
How scornfully surrounded,  
With thorns, thine only crown;

O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain:  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me thine forever;  
And, should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee!

6 Be near me when I'm dying,  
Oh, show thy cross to me!  
And for some succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely through thy love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1163.  
Tr. by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER. 1849.

124

7s. 6 L.

**B**OUND upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood and writhing limb,

By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,  
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord, they know not what they do"  
By the promise, ere he died,  
To the felon at his side,  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,  
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is he?  
By the last and bitter cry  
In the final agony;  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
Crucified! we know thee now;  
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is he?  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the conquest he hath won,  
By the saints before his throne,  
By the rainbow round his brow;  
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

HENRY HART MEDMAN. 1827

125

C. M

**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

126

8s, 7s.

- IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

JOHN BOWRING. 1825.

127

8s, 8s, 7s

- FROM the cross the blood is falling,  
And to us a voice is calling,  
Like a trumpet silver-clear;  
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,  
"It is finished," is its burden,  
Pardon to the far and near.
- 2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,  
All our wounds forever healing,  
And removing every load:  
Words of peace that voice has spoken  
Peace that shall no more be broken,  
Peace between the soul and God.
- 3 God is love;—we read the writing  
Traced so deeply in the smiting  
Of the glorious Surety there.  
God is Light;—we see it beaming,  
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,  
So divinely sweet and fair.
- 4 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,  
Round thee winds the one great story  
Of this ever-changing earth;  
Center of the true and holy,  
Grave of human sin and folly,  
Womb of nature's second birth.
- INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,  
In glowing letters, "God is love;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree;  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

128

L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1866.

- 3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY. 1769-1833.

## 129

L. M.

**H**E dies!—the Friend of sinners dies:  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep  
around;

A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell;  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

- 5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King;  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?  
And where thy victory, boasting  
Grave?"

ISAAC WATTS. 1705.

## 130

L. M.

**T**IS finished!—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and  
died:

"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 "'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan  
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,  
And millions be redeemed from death  
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

- 3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

- 4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round:  
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,  
And swell the chorus of the skies.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1778.

## 131

7s, 6s

**F**ORGIVE them, O my Father,  
They know not what they do!"  
The Saviour spake in anguish,  
That nature groaned to view.

- 2 No pained reproaches gave he  
To them that shed his blood,  
But prayer and tenderest pity,  
Large as the love of God.

- 3 For me was that compassion,  
For me that tender care;  
I need his wide forgiveness  
As much as any there.

- 4 O depth of sweet compassion!  
O love divine and true!  
Save thou the souls that slight thee,  
They know not what they do!

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1876.

132

8s, 7s, 4s.

**H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS. 1787.

133

11s.

**W**ELCOME, happy morning!" age  
 to age shall say:

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is  
 is won to-day.

Lo! the Dead is living, God for ever-  
 more!

Him, their true Creator, all his works  
 adore.

2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health  
 of all,

Thou, from heaven beholding human  
 nature's fall,

Of the Father's Godhead true and  
 only Son,

Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:

3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst  
 undergo,

Tread the path of darkness, saving  
 strength to show:

Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill  
 thy word;

"Tis thine own third morning; rise, O  
 buried Lord!

4 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound  
 with Satan's chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again:  
 Show thy face in brightness, bid the  
 nations see,

Bring again our daylight; day returns  
 with thee!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. A. D. 530-609. Tr. by JOHN  
 ELLERTON. 1826.—[Sung by Jerome of Prague at  
 the stake.]

134

8s, 4

**T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done;  
 The victory of life is won;

Oh, let the song of praise be sung.  
 Alleluia.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed.  
 Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

Alleluia

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
 Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell.

Alleluia.

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
 From death's dread sting thy servants free,  
 That we may live and sing to thee.

Alleluia.

FRANCIS POTT. 1860.



135

88, 4.

THE rosy morn has robed the sky;  
The Lord has risen with victory:  
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:  
Alleluia

2 The Prince of life with death has striven,  
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;  
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:  
Alleluia.

3 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,  
And fleshly passions crucifies,  
In body, like to thine, shall rise:  
Alleluia.

4 Oh, grant us, then, with thee to die,  
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
And love the things above the sky:  
Alleluia.

WILLIAM COOR.

136

C. M.

WELCOME, thou victor in the strife,  
Almighty now to save!  
To-day we triumph in thy life,  
Around thine empty grave.

2 Our greatest foe is put to shame,  
His short-lived triumph o'er;  
Our God is with us, we exclaim,  
We fear our foe no more.

3 The dwellings of the just resound  
With songs of victory;  
For in the midst thou, Lord, art found,  
And bringest peace with thee.

4 And let thy conquering banner wave  
O'er hearts thou makest free,  
And point the path that from the grave  
Leads heavenward up to thee.

BENJAMIN SCHUBERT. 1712.

Tr. by CATHERINE WINEWORTH 1860.

137

79.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day;  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!  
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted head:  
Made like him, like him we rise:  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

138

78.

ANGELS, roll the rock away;  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey,  
See! he rises from the tomb,  
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise  
Your triumphant shouts of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;  
Now to glory see him rise;  
Hosts of angels on the road  
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise him with your golden lyres;  
Praise him in your noblest songs;  
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

THOMAS SCOTT. 1769.

## 139

7s.

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
To his throne above the skies;  
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,  
Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There for him high triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
He hath conquered death and sin,  
Take the King of Glory in.

- 3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.

- 4 Lord, though parted from our sight,  
Far above the starry height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking thee above the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

## 140

S. M. D.

**T**HOU, Lord, art gone on high,  
To realms beyond the skies;  
And round thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise;  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed;  
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou, Lord, art gone on high:  
But thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery,  
To pass unto thy crown;  
And girt with griefs and fears,  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to thee.

- 3 Thou, Lord, art gone on high;  
But thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
Oh, by thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour  
At thy right hand on high.

EMMA LESLIE STOKES. 1851.

## 141

C. M.

**T**HE head that once was crowned  
with thorns,

Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.

- 3 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

- 4 The cross he bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to him,  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY. 1880.

142

78, D.

**H**E is gone! a cloud of light  
Hath received him from our sight;  
Gone to heaven, where mortal eye,  
Can not reach the radiant sky;  
Through the veil of time and space  
Passed into the holiest place;  
All his toil and sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone! we heard him say,  
"Good that I should go away;"  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone his present grace;  
Though himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we can not be:  
No; his Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

3 He is gone! and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain:  
In the void which he has left,  
On this earth of him bereft,  
We have still his work to do,  
We can still his path pursue;  
We can follow him below,  
And his bright example show,

ARTHUR PERCIVAL STANLEY. 1862.

143

C. M.

**O**H, for a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sovereign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;  
Let knowledge guide the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound;  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

ISAAC WAITS. 1719.

144

L. M. D.

**O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
And gone to realms of joy on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.  
There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of glory in.  
Who is the King of glory,—who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;  
The powers of death and sin o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.  
Who is the King of glory,—who?  
The Lord of glorious power possess,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, forever blest.

CHARLES WHEAT. 1799.

## 145

**J**OIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
Or angels ever bore:  
All are too mean | To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set | The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues shall bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news | Of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has shed his blood and died;  
Our guilty conscience needs  
No sacrifice beside:  
His precious blood | Did once atone,  
And now it pleads | Before the throne.  
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 146

L. M.

**H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!  
What joy the bliss assurance gives!  
And now, before his Father, God,  
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repented crimes awake our fears,  
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Away, ye dark, despairing thoughts;  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise;  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

H. M. 3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,  
On thee our humble hopes depend,  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.  
AND WATTS. 1706.

## 147

C. M.

**W**ITH joy we meditate the grade  
Of our High Priest above:  
His heart is full of tenderness;  
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows a heart more temptations meet,  
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In each distressing hour.  
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 148

C. M.

**N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate his constant care  
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the hosts of light,  
With matchless honors crowned,

3 The names of all his saints he bears,  
 Deep graven on his heart;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
 That he hath lost his part.

4 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts  
 May thy dear name be worn,  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

PHILIP DUNDREDD, 1765.

## 149

C. M. D.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old  
 Was strong to heal and save;  
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
 O'er darkness and the grave;  
 To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
 The palsied and the lame,  
 The leper with his tainted life,  
 The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,  
 Gave speech and strength and sight;  
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
 Owned thee, the Lord of light;  
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
 Almighty as of yore,  
 In crowded street, by restless couch,  
 As by Genesaret's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,  
 Thou Lord of life and death;  
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
 With thine almighty breath.  
 To hands that work and eyes that see  
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
 May praise thee evermore.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, 1864.

## 150

C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price;  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine,  
 He shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King  
 My Prophet full of light;  
 My great High Priest before the throne  
 My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace: he died for me,  
 For me he gave his blood;  
 And, as my wondrous sacrifice,  
 Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my all in all,  
 My comfort and my love;  
 My life below, and he shall be  
 My joy and crown above.

JOHN MASON, 1863.

## 151

S. M. D.

CROWN him with many crowns,  
 The Lamb upon his throne;  
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 All music but its own!  
 Awake, my soul, and sing  
 Of him who died for thee;  
 And hail him as thy matchless King  
 Through all eternity.

2 Crown him, the Lord of love:  
 Behold his hands and side,  
 Rich wounds yet visible above  
 In beauty glorified:  
 No angel in the sky  
 Can fully bear that sight,  
 But downward bends his burning eye  
 At mysteries so bright.



- 3 Crown him, the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime:  
Glased in a sea of light,  
Whose everlasting waves  
Reflect his form—the Infinite—  
Who lives and loves and saves.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1847.

## 152

NO. 74, 75.

- H**ARK! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:  
See, he sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth:  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:  
When we think of love like thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 3 King of glory, reign forever;  
Thine an everlasting crown:  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou hast made thine own;  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face.

- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.  
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."

THOMAS KELLY. 1822.

## 153

ON. 4.

- J**ESUS, thou mighty Lord,  
Great is thy name;  
Still through eternal years,  
Thou art the same;  
Changeless thy holy word,  
True evermore,  
Thy name we glorify,  
Thy name adore.

- 2 Jesus, thou mighty Lord,  
Jesus, our King,  
Praise for thy wondrous love  
Gladly we sing.  
Love in thy diadem  
Shines evermore;  
Thy name we glorify,  
Thy name adore.

- 3 Sought by thy mercy, Lord,  
Saved by thy power,  
Led by thy gracious hand,  
Kept every hour,  
Thine shall the honor be,  
Thine evermore;  
Thy name we glorify,  
Thy name adore.

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTED. 1824.

## 154

L. M. D.

- W**HEN transcribed on the right place  
The glittering host banded the sky  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.  
Hark! hark! to God the chosen praise  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was  
dark;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering  
bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And, through the storm and danger's  
thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and for evermore,—  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1800.

155

L. M.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son:  
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,  
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,  
And those bright robes he wore above:  
How swift and joyful was his flight,  
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;  
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heavenly plains  
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

156

L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of life that groaned and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men!  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say "Amen."

ISAAC WATTS. 1707

157

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise  
He justly claims a song from me!  
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

- 3 I often feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving kindness changes not,  
 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail:  
 Oh, may my last, expiring breath  
 His loving kindness sing in death.

SACRED MUSIC. 1782

## 158

S. M.

- A** WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Wake every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love;  
 Sing of his rising power;  
 Sing, how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore.  
 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
 In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,—  
 "Ye blessed children, come!"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 To our eternal home.

WILKINSON. HARMONY. 1749

## 159

G8, 4s.

- G** LORY to God on high;  
 Let praises fill the sky;  
 Praise ye his name.  
 Angels his name adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore,  
 And saints cry evermore,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 All they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name.  
 We who have felt his blood  
 Sealing our peace with God,  
 Spread his dear fame abroad:  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 3 Join all the human race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless;  
 Praise ye his name.  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Making a cheerful noise,  
 And say with heart and voice,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 4 Though we be found unworthy of your place,  
 Our souls shall never cease  
 Praising his name;  
 To him we'll tribute bring,  
 Laud him our gracious King,  
 And through all ages sing,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

JAMES ALLEN. 1791

## 160

G8, 4s

- C**OME, all ye saints of God,  
 Through all the earth abroad,  
 Spread Jesus' fame:  
 Tell what his love hath done;  
 Trust in his name alone;  
 Shout to his lofty throne,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears  
 Dry up your mournful tears:  
 Join our glad theme:  
 Beauty for ashes bring;  
 Strike each melodious string;  
 Join heart and voice to sing,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

JAMES HODEN. 1801.

## 161

C. M.

- A LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERROTT. 1780.

## 162

C. M.

- O JESUS, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of living fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire.
- 4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,  
Thy wondrous love adore;  
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame  
To seek thee more and more.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1152. Tr. by EDWARD CAR-  
WALL. 1867.

## 163

C. M.

- M Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness  
And mention none but thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell  
Shall thy salvation sing.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 164

C. M.

- O**H, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms my fears,  
That bids my sorrow cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WHEAT. 1790

## 165

C. M.

- P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love, let rock and rills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707

## 166

C. M.

- C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707

## 167

C. M.

- C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise:  
Thy love can raise our humble strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, their captured hosts  
To celebrate thy praise.

ANNE STELL. 1799



## 168

C. M.

**M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

4 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

SAMUEL STERNETT. 1787.

## 169

C. M.

**T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,  
Awake the sacred song.  
Oh, may his love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."

ANNE STEELE. 1769.

## 170

C. M.

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON. 1773.

## 171

C. M.

**T**HERE is a name I love to hear,  
I love to sing its worth;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of his precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear,  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

- 4 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
 Along this thorny road;  
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
 That leads me up to God.

FREDERICK WHITEFIELD. 1800

## 172

78

**S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When he spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
 When the Prince of peace was born;  
 Songs of praise arose when he  
 Captive led captivity.

- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MORTIMER. 1800

## 173

78

**N**OW begin the heavenly theme;  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
 Ye who his salvation prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
 Banish all your guilty fears;  
 See your guilt and curse remove,  
 Cancelled by redeeming love.

- 3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,  
 Welcome to his sacred rest;  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing but redeeming love.

- 4 Hither, then, your music bring;  
 Strike aloud each cheerful string;  
 Mortals, join the host above,  
 Join to praise redeeming love.

MARTIN MARSH. 1700

## 174

P. M

**J**ESUS, keep me near the cross,  
 There a precious fountain,  
 Free to all, a healing stream,  
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

- 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
 Love and mercy found me;  
 There the bright and shining star  
 Sheds its beams around me.

- 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
 Bring its scenes before me;  
 Help me walk from day to day,  
 With its shadow o'er me.

- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait  
 Hoping, trusting ever,  
 Till I reach the golden strand,  
 Just beyond the river.

FRANCIS JAMES YEE. AMSTERDAM. 1800

## 175

78 G. L.

**C**HIEF of sinners though I be,  
 Jesus shed his blood for me;  
 Died that I might live on high,  
 Died that I might never die;  
 As the branch is to the vine,  
 I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love,  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of sea,  
Lasting as eternity!  
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!  
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
Christ is all in all to me;  
All my wants to him are known,  
All my sorrows are his own;  
Safe with him from earthly strife,  
He sustains my hidden life.

WILLIAM MCCORME. 1864.

176

8s, 7s. D.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassions never ceasing,  
Comes salvation to proclaim.  
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,  
Who within his gates are found;  
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,  
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round thy throne;  
Now, ye saints, his power confessing  
In your grateful strains adore:  
For his mercy, never ceasing,  
Freely flows for evermore.

WILLIAM GOODE. 1911.

177

8s, 7s. D.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it  
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBERT BURNS. 1757.

178

8s, 7s. D.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,  
Crowned in mockery a king!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide,  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side;

There for sinners thou art pleading;  
 There thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

JOHN BUCKINGHAM. 1750

179

8s. 7s. D.

ONE there is above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.  
 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God.

- 2 When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name;  
 Now above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779

180

8s. 7s.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,  
 Child of sorrow and of woe,  
 It will joy and comfort give you,  
 Take it then where'er you go.

REF.—Precious name, oh, how sweet:  
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven:  
 Precious name, oh, how sweet:  
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
 As a shield from every snare;  
 If temptations round you gather,  
 Breathe that holy name in prayer

- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at his feet,  
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown  
 him,

When our journey is complete.

LESLIE BATHURST. 1800

181

8s. 7s.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
 No name so sweet in heaven,  
 The name before his wondrous birth,  
 To Christ the Saviour given.

REF.—We love to sing around our King  
 And hail him blessed Jesus.

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,  
 They wrote this name above him,  
 That all might see the reason we  
 For evermore must love him.

- 3 So now, upon his Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, he ever reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOUGLASS. 1854

182

8s. 7s.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,  
 Cherubim and Seraphim,  
 Filled his temple and repeated,  
 Each to each, th' alternate hymn:

- 2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,  
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

- 4 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"
- RICHARD MARY 1837.

183 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;  
See the "Man of sorrows" now;  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to him shall bow;  
Crown him, crown him;  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the heavenly concave rings:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him.  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown him, crown him,  
King of kings and Lord of lords.
- THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

184 7s, 6s, D

TELL me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in--  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon;  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember, I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.



Oh yea, and when its glory  
Is drawing on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CATHERINE HARRIS. 1897

## 185

62. 6 L.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries  
May Jesus Christ be praised.  
Alike at work and prayer  
To Jesus I repair;  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.  
Oh, hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 The night becomes a day,  
When from the heart we say  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

EDWARD THORNTON. 1897

## 186

118.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou  
with me,  
Come gladden my spirit, that waiteth  
for thee;

Thy smile every shadow shall chase  
from my heart,

And smother every sorrow, though keen  
be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee  
I am strong;  
By day thou dost lead me, by night  
be my song;  
Though dangers surround me, I still  
every fear,  
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my  
Helper, art near.

3 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, O  
ruffled, thy peace,  
From restless vain wishes bid thou my  
heart cease;  
In thee all its longings henceforward  
shall end,  
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall  
ascend,

RAY FLETCHER. 1895

## 187

118.

YE angels who stand round the throne  
And view my Immanuel's face,  
In rapturous song make him known.  
Oh, (sing your soft harp to his praise)  
He formed you the spirits you are—  
So happy, so noble, so good;  
When others sank down in despair,  
Confirmed by his power, you stood

2 Ye saints who stand higher than they,  
And cast your lot, O crown at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat;

He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair,  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

- 2 Oh, when will the period appear  
When I shall unite in your song?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong;  
I want, oh, I want to be there,  
To sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you.

MARIA DE FERREY 1791

188

6s, 5s, D.

- G**LORY be to JESUS,  
Who in bitter pains  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From his sacred veins.  
Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find,  
Blest be his compassion,  
Infinitely kind.
- 1 Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem.  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.
- 3 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,  
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious blood.

Italian tr. by E. CARWALL.

189

C. M.

- T**HOU lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.
- 3 Thy glory o'er creation shines:—  
But in thy sacred word,  
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop,  
And sins and sorrows rise,  
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,  
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
Oh, come with blissful ray;  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.

ANNE STREED 1760

190

12s.

- T**IS the promise of God, full salvation  
to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, his Son, will  
believe.
- Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the  
Son;  
I am saved by the blood of the cruci-  
fied One.

- 2 Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,  
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.—Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in you heavenly throng,  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song—Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.
- 4 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,  
And the theme of our praises forever will be:—Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.

PHILIP P. BLISS. 1874.

## 191

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 192

C. P. M.

- O**H, could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh, could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes auster divine.

- 2 I'd sing the praises blent to suit  
My ransom from the desolate clime  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

NANCY MERRILL. 1860.

## 193

7a

- A**SK ye what great thing I know,  
That delights and stirs me so?  
What the high reward I win?  
Whom the name I glory in?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
What awakes my lips to song?  
He who bore my sinful load,  
Purchased for me peace with God—  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who is life, in life to me?  
Who the death of death will be?  
Who will place me on his right  
With the countless hosts of light?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 4 This is that great thing I know,  
This delights and stirs me so;  
Faith in him who died to save,  
Him who triumphed o'er the grave—  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

JOHN SAMUEL DANIEL MERRILL. 1860.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

194

**H**OLY GHOST, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away;  
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long has sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol throne;  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

ANDREW REED. 1881.

195

**H**OLY SPIRIT, from on high,  
O'er us bend a pitying eye;  
Now refresh the drooping heart;  
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our hearts' ungodliness;  
Show us every devious way  
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,  
Humbly to implore relief;  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
And our broken spirits heal.

78. 4 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Trained in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above.

WILLIAM HILLY BATHURST. 1831

196

C. M.

**C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

78. 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love.  
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

197

C. M.

**N**OT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace,  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
Creates anew the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From their long sleep of death;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

198

C. M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.

- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise,  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.  
To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

ANNE STEELE 1760.

199

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

ISAAC WATTS 1709.

200

P. M.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
Oh, make our hearts, thy dwelling-place  
More worthy thee.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.



## 201

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;  
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;  
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

## 202

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way;  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him forever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
Fullness of joy forever there.

SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

## 203

H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:  
We plead the promise of thy word;  
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry;  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their varied wants supply,—  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;  
We, children of thy grace;  
Oh, let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place:  
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.

JOHN BURTON. 1824.

## 204

L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace  
Thy power conveys our blessings down,  
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 205

78. D.

- H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side,  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land;  
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice,  
Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear.  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—  
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;

Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood.  
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

M—M—WELLS. 1862.

## 206

8. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know and praise and love  
The Father, Son, and thee.

JOSEPH HART 1759.

THE TRINITY.

207

6s, 4s.

- T**HOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray;  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!
- 2 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, Holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight:  
Move o'er the water's face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace;  
And, in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light!
- 3 Blessed and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Truth, Love, and Might;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT. 1813

208

6s, 4s.

- C**OME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father! all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success:

Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!
- 4 To the great One in Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1757.

209

P. M.

- H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song  
shall rise to thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore  
shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name,  
in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER. 1847

## 210

L. M. 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,  
Forever be thy name adored,  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,  
To take our load of sin away;  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realm of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given;  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and  
heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN. 1829.

## 211

P. M.

HOLY God, we praise thy name;  
Lord of all, we bow before thee;  
All on earth thy scepter claim,  
All in heaven above adore thee;  
Infinite thy vast domain,  
Everlasting is thy reign.

2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,  
Angel-choirs above are raising;  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
In unceasing chorus praising,  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy Spirit, three we name thee,  
While in essence, only one,  
Undivided God, we claim thee;  
And, adoring, bend the knee,  
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,  
By a thousand snares surrounded;  
Keep us without sin to-day,  
Never let us be confounded.  
Lo! I put my trust in thee,  
Never, Lord, abandon me.

Tr. by CLARENCE AUGUSTUS WALWORTH. 1853.

## 212

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love pro-  
found  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death.  
Before thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Eternal Godhead, Three in One,—  
Before thy throne we sinners bend:  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

JOHN COOPER. 1812.

## 213

8s, 7s, 4s. | 3 To God the Spirit's name

**G**LORY be to God the Father,  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Glory be to God the Spirit,  
 Great Jehovah, Three in One;  
 Hallelujah,  
 While eternal ages run.

2 Glory be to him who loved us,  
 Washed us from each spot and stain;  
 Glory be to him who bought us,  
 Made us kings with him to reign;  
 Hallelujah,  
 To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"  
 Thus the choir of angels sings;  
 "Honor, riches, power, dominion!"  
 Thus its praise creation brings;  
 Hallelujah,  
 Glory to the King of kings!

HORATIUS BONAR. 1868

## 214

H. M.

**W**E give immortal praise  
 For God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above:  
 He sent his own | Eternal Son  
 To die for sins | That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood  
 From everlasting woe:  
 And now he lives, | And now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit | Of all his pains.

Immortal worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live:  
 His work completes | The great design,  
 And fills the soul | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee  
 Be endless honors done,  
 The undivided Three,  
 The great and glorious One:  
 Where reason fails | With all her powers,  
 There faith prevails | And love adores.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 215

11s, 12s.

**W**E praise thee, O God, for the Son  
 of thy love!  
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
 above.

2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit  
 of light!  
 Who has shown us the Saviour, and  
 scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that  
 was slain,  
 Who hath borne all our sins, and has  
 cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again: fill each heart with  
 thy love;  
 May our souls be rekindled with fire  
 from above.

WILLIAM PATON MACNAY. 1863.



## THE WORD OF GOD.

216

C. M. 4

HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast;  
A light whose never-weary ray  
Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

217

C. M.

OH, how I love thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word;  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,  
And well employ my tongue,  
And in my weary pilgrimage  
Yield me a heavenly song.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719

218

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Here purer sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever-dear delight!  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

219

C. M.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun,  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:  
His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory break upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1770.

## 220

L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run:  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 221

L. M.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known:  
Here love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord,  
To read and mark thy holy word,  
Its truth with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

## 222

L. P. M.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;  
What light and joy its leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed!  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies;  
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain:  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read thy book of grace,  
And book of nature, not in vain.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

223

S. M.

AH! how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict, inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place;  
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah! how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None, none can meet him, and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

ISAAC WATTS. 1720.

224

S. M.

IS this the kind return?  
Are these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange, rebellious wretches we!  
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of  
stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1706

225

C. P. M

A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found  
And knew not where to go;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
"The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink in endless woe."

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
For death and hell drew near;  
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:  
"The sinner must be born again"  
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It poured its curses on my head;  
I no relief could find:  
This fearful truth increased my pain:  
"The sinner must be born again"  
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,  
And felt his pity move:  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now, by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1706.

226

C. P. M.

**L**O! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

227

C. M.

**H**OW sad our state of nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!  
'Tis Christ's inviting word:  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
Oh, help my unbelief.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Saviour and my all.

IRAAC WATTS. 1707

228

C. M.

**W**HEN wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a pierced hand,  
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain  
O'er some dark spot within,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the sin.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that knows our every joy,  
And feels our every grief.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1858

229

L. M.

**H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke  
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;  
Pillars of earthly pride decay;  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

JOHN BOWRING 1825.

## 230

L. M.

**N**OT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;  
Trust in his mighty name, and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 231

C. M.

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1778.

## 232

C. M.

**T**HE Saviour calls; let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;  
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life and health and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.

3 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE. 1700.

## 233

C. M.

**L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sound,  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind,—



- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

234

C. M.

**S**ALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

235

H. M.

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonement Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the lands proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace  
Ye happy souls, draw near;  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1750.

236

S. M.

- N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away,—  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

ISAAC WATTS 1700.

## 237

H. M.

THEY works, not mine, O Christ,  
 Speak gladness to this heart;  
 They tell me all is done;  
 They bid my fear depart:  
 To whom, save thee, Who canst alone  
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
 Can heal my bruised soul;  
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
 The balm that makes me whole:  
 To whom, save thee, Who canst alone  
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
 Has borne the awful load  
 Of sins that none could bear  
 But the incarnate God:  
 To whom, save thee, Who canst alone  
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
 Has paid the ransom due;  
 Ten thousand deaths like mine  
 Would have been all too few:  
 To whom, save thee, Who canst alone  
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

## 238

7s, 6l.

FROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious songs we hear,  
 Bursting on the ravished ear!  
 "Love's redeeming work is done;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
 On my pierced body laid,

Justice owns the ransom paid;  
 Bow the knee, embrace the Son;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board  
 See, with richest dainties stored;  
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
 Yet again a child confessed,  
 Never from his house to room;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—  
 Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!  
 Safe your spirit to convey  
 To the realms of endless day  
 Up to my eternal home—  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

THOMAS HAWKES. 1792

## 239

7s, 6l.

WEeping soul, no longer mourn,  
 Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;  
 View him bleeding on the tree,  
 Pouring out his life for thee;  
 There thy every sin he bore;  
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;  
 See upon his blameless head  
 Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,  
 Due to my offence and yours;  
 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
 On th' atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,  
 Find him mighty to redeem;  
 At his feet thy burden lay,  
 Look thy doubts and fears away;  
 Now by faith the Son embrace,  
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. 1766

240

7s, 6s, D.

O JESUS, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear;  
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marred:  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
Oh, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,—  
"I died for you my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW. 1854.

241

6s, 5s. D.

LOOK away to Jesus,  
Soul by woe oppressed;  
'Twas for thee he suffered,  
Come to him and rest;  
All thy griefs he carried,  
All thy sins he bore;  
Look away to Jesus,  
Trust him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,  
When the skies are fair;  
Calm seas have their dangers,  
Mariner, beware!  
Earthly joys are fleeting,  
Going as they came,  
Look away to Jesus,  
Evermore the same.

3 When, amid the music  
Of the endless feast,  
Saints will sing his praises,  
Thine shall not be least;  
Then, amid the glories  
Of the crystal sea,  
Look away to Jesus,  
Through eternity.

HENRY BURTON.

242

C. M.

AND did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty man might rise?  
2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,—  
Surprising mercy! love unknown!  
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For sinful man—oh, wondrous grace,—  
For sinful man he bled.  
4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thine atoning blood!  
By this are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

ANNE STIMME 1780.

## 243

P. M. 4 Come share the gospel feast,

FRESH from the throne of glory,  
Bright in its crystal gleam,  
Bursts out the living fountain,  
Swells on the living stream;  
Blessed river | Let me ever  
Feast my eyes on thee.

2 Stream full of life and gladness,  
Spring of all health and peace,  
No harps by thee hang silent,  
Nor happy voices cease:  
Tranquil river | Let me ever  
Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,  
Not now afar, but near,  
My soul to thy still waters  
Hastes in its thirstings here:  
Holy river | Let me ever  
Drink of only thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1868.

## 244

6s. 4s.

THE love of God provides  
A feast for every one;  
A feast of gospel grace  
Through Christ his Son.

2 Behold a flowing stream,  
Whose waters he will give;  
Come whosoever will,  
Oh, drink and live.

3 The feast is ready now,  
Oh, hear the Saviour's call;  
No price have we to pay,  
He paid it all.

Come, thirsty souls, draw near;  
Oh, drink the flowing stream,  
So pure and clear.

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

## 245

P. M.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming  
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my Guide?—

"In his feet and hands are wound-pricks,  
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?—

"Yea, a crown, in very surety;  
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?—

"Sorrow vanished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?—

"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

STEPHEN THO. SABAITE. 725-794  
TR. BY JOHN MASON NEAL. 1861.

246

P. M.

**P**RECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.

2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us;  
All the price is paid;  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er thy soul

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Ever flowing free!  
Oh, believe it, oh, receive it,  
'Tis for thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836-1879.

## WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

247

C. M.

**T**HERE is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,  
That hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 How far may we go on to sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair?

4 An answer from the skies is sent,—  
"Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
And harden not your heart."

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER. 1890--1890.

248

C. M.

**A**MAZING sight! the Saviour stands  
And knocks at every door;  
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,  
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die  
To bring you to my rest:  
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,  
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or, in the glorious realms above,  
With me, forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or, will you make that wretched choice,  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

UNKNOWN.



## 249

L. M.

**B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross"  
Is the Redeemer's great command :  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new,—  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain.  
Which false apostates never knew.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 250

L. M.

**W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compas-  
sion spares ;  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot ?

- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,  
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue ;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.

- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

PHILIP DODDERIDGE. 1755.

## 251

L. M.

**W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 While God invites ; how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming  
sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found !

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1890.

## 252

L. M.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given,  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,  
The day of grace when mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,  
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;  
Then have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might, pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

253

L. M.

O H, do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-  
night?

? To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
'This is the time; oh, then, be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-  
night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;  
And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-  
night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-  
night?

MRS. ELIZABETH REED. 1842.

254

L. M.

G OD calling yet! shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold  
dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall he knock.  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but he does not forsake;  
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I can not stay;  
My heart I yield without delay:  
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. 1739.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1853.

255

L. M.

B EHOOLD a stranger at the door:  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands:  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shews  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine:  
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

- 4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—  
His feet departed, ne'er return :  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765.

## 256

L. M.

- COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.

- 2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to the neck;  
My grace shall make the burden light."

- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith and hope and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

ISAAC WATTS. 1700.

## 257

L. M.

- RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart,  
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear,  
Thy Father calls; no longer mourn;  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near

WILLIAM BENO GOLLIER. 1812.

## 258

L. M.

- WITH tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion; come to me."

- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above;  
And gently whisper, "Come to me"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841

## 259

S. M.

- TOMORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake, by thy almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;  
Oh, be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

260

S. M.

**D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

261

P. M.

**H**ARK! there comes a whisper  
Stealing on thine ear;  
'Tis the Saviour calling,  
Soft, soft and clear

**REF.**—Give thy heart to me,  
Once I died for thee;  
Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls,  
Come, sinner, come.

- 2 With that voice so gentle,  
Dost thou hear him say:  
Tell me all thy sorrows,  
Come, come away?

- 3 Wouldst thou find a refuge  
For thy soul oppressed?  
Jesus kindly answers,  
I am thy rest.

- 4 At the cross of Jesus  
Let thy burden fall,  
While he gently whispers,  
I'll bear it all.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1875.

262

S. M.

**T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"  
The bride, the church of Christ, pro-  
claims,  
To all his children, "Come!"

- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come;"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come:"  
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour,  
O blest Redeemer, come.

HENRY USTICK UNDERDUNK. 1826.

## 263

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death-shades o'er thee  
spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

- 2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part,  
When the good with joy are crowned.  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly:  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer:  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1832.

## 264

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why.  
Will ye not in him believe?  
He has died that ye might live.

7s.

- 3 Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why.  
Often with you has he strove,  
Wooded you to embrace his love.
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will you forever die?

CHARLES WESTERT. 1741.

## 265

7s

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;  
Jesus waits his light to shed.

- 2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;  
See the bright and living path;  
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;  
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;  
From this hour redeem thy time;  
Life secure without delay;  
Evil is thy mortal day.

7s.

- 4 Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Jesus calls from death and night;  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HENRY URTICK ONDERDONK 1826

## 266

H M

YE dying sons of men,  
Immersed in sin and woe,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you:



Ye perishing and guilty, come;  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Though poor, and blind, and lame:  
All things are ready; sinner, come;  
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word  
His messengers proclaim;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is his name:  
Backsliding souls, return and come;  
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,  
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;  
Christ calls you from above;  
His charming accents hear:  
Let whosoever will now come,  
In Mercy's breast there still is room.

JAMES BODEN. 1777.

267

7s.

HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT. 1773.

268

7s. 6l.

H EART of stone, relent, relent;  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Covered with a gore of blood;  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fixed him there,  
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,  
Plunged into his side the spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice;  
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?  
Still to death thy Lord pursue?  
Open all his wounds again?  
And the shameful cross renew?  
No; with all my sins I'll part;  
Break, oh, break, my bleeding heret.

JOHANN CRÜGER. 1649.

Tr. by CHARLES WESLEY. 1743.

269

7s. D.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,  
Come the way to Zion's gate;  
There, till mercy speaks within,  
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait;  
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;  
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;  
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;  
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice—

“Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!”  
Now within the gate rejoice,  
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:  
Safe, from all the lures of vice;  
Owned, by joys the contrite know;  
Bought by love, and life the price;  
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

- 3 Weary pilgrim, what for thee

In a world like this remains?  
From thy guarded breast shall flee  
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:  
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;  
Shame, from glory's view retire;  
Doubt, in full belief, shall die;  
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

GEORGE CRADDE. 1807.

## 270

7s.

- SINNER, what hast thou to show  
Like the joys believers know?

Is thy path of fading flowers,  
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

- 2 Doth a skillful, healing friend  
On thy daily path attend,  
And, where thorns and stings abound,  
Shed a balm on every wound?

- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,  
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?  
Can, oh, can thy dying breath  
Summon one more strong than death?

- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,  
Fearless tread the gloomy way,  
Plead a glorious ransom given,  
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA 1843

## 271

7s.

COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come and make my paths your choice,  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn  
Long hast roamed this barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

- 4 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

## 272

8s, 7s, 4s.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, oh, how tender!

Every line is full of love:

Listen to it;

Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim:  
“Pardon to each rebel sinner;  
Free forgiveness in his name:”  
How important!  
“Free forgiveness in his name.”

- 3 Who hath our report believed?  
Who received the joyful word?

Who embraced the news of pardon  
Offered to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it,  
Offered to you by the Lord?

JONATHAN ALLEN. 1831.

273 8s, 7s, 4s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power.  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finished;"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

274 C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away I know  
I must forever die."

EDMUND JONES. 1787.

275 C. M.

O H, what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case  
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and  
wounds;  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,  
And heavenly joy imparts:  
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose  
And drink with thankful hearts.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1790.

## 276

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will  
ye die,  
When God, in great mercy, is coming  
so nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says  
Come!

And angels are waiting to welcome  
you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you  
delay

Your hearts may grow better; your  
chains melt away!

Come guilty, come wretched, come just  
as you are;

All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 The contrite in heart he will freely  
receive,

Oh, why will you not the glad mes-  
sage believe?

If sin be your burden, why will you  
not come?

'Tis you he makes welcome, he bids  
you come home.

SAMSON OCCUM. 1723-1792.

## 277

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw  
near,

The waters of life are now flowing  
for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is  
here;

Redemption is purchased, salvation  
is free.

11s. 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer  
abuse

The love and compassion of Jesus  
thy God?

A fountain is open, how canst thou  
refuse

To wash and be cleansed in his par-  
doning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of  
grace,

Long grieved and resisted, may take  
his sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish  
thy race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's  
night.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at  
hand,

The earth shall dissolve, and the  
heavens shall fade;

The dead, small and great, in the  
judgment shall stand.

What helper, then, sinner, shall lend  
thee his aid?

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1831.

## 278

S. M.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine?

Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve

The Spirit from thy breast,

Till he thy wretched soul shall leave

With all thy sins oppressed?

- 3 To-day a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise.

ANN BEADLEY HYDE. 1824.

279

6s, 4s.

- C**HILD of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to-day.  
Heaven bids thee come  
While yet there's room;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die?  
Come while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high;  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1832.

280

6s, 4s.

- T**O-DAY the Saviour calls;  
Ye wand'ers, come;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

- 3 To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away.  
'Tis mercy's hour.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1832.

281

P. M.

- O**H, come, sinner, come, there's room  
for thee,  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;  
Oh, come and receive salvation free,  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

REF.—Oh, come and rest, come and rest,  
Heavy-laden, guilt-oppressed;  
Oh, come and rest, come and rest  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

- 2 Oh, come, thy Redeemer waits to-day,  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;  
Now wash in his blood thy sins away,  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

- 3 Come, lay at his feet thy weary soul;  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;  
Thy faith in his name will make thee  
whole;  
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1832.

282

P. M.

- A**LMOST persuaded "now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive  
Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,  
Some more convenient day,  
On thee I'll call."



- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away.  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
 O wanderer, come!

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past;  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;  
 "Almost" can not avail;  
 "Almost" is but to fail;  
 Sad, sad that bitter wail,—  
 "Almost," but lost!

PHILIP P. BLISS. 1862.

## COMING TO CHRIST.

283

8s, 6s.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 'To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836.

284

L. M.

OH, for a glance of heavenly day,  
 To take this stubborn heart away,  
 And melt, with beams of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake:  
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 But power divine can do the deed;  
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need;  
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

4 O Breath of life, breathe on my soul!  
 On me let streams of mercy roll;  
 Now melt, with rays of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

285

L. M.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King.  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring:  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

286

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;  
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God hath been merciful to me!

CORNELIUS ELVEN. 1852.

287

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul,  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;  
Dark, till in me thine image shine,  
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 At last, I own it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for thee:  
Here, then, to thee I all resign;  
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside—  
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

CHARLES WEBLEY. 1739.

288

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy  
word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 289

L. M.

**R**ETURN, my wandering soul, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

- 2 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

- 3 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;  
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

WILLIAM BENGOLLYER. 1812.

## 290

C. M.

**A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
By war without and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, thou hast died.

JOHN NEWTON. 1772.

## 291

C. M.

**D**EAREST of all the names above,  
My Saviour and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.

- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.

- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy, begin;  
His name forbids my slavish fear.  
His grace removes my sin.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 292

C. M.

**P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upward to thy mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which thou hast shed,  
No blood but thou hast spilt.

- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive;  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

293

C. M.

- FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?

- 2 What did thine only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!

- 3 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
Oh, may I now receive that gift!  
My soul, without it, dies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

294

C. M.

- I N evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood;  
He fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

- 3 Oh, never, till my latest breath,  
Shall I forget that look!

It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

- 4 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou mayst live."

- 5 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

JOHN NEWTON. 1770.

295

S. M.

- A ND can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
And Jesus to receive?

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own thee conqueror.

- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,  
And seal me ever thine!

- 4 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know;  
Freely to yield all other bliss,  
All other good below.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

296

L. M.

- O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 297

- DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear,  
And the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hear his gracious calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above:  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fal' lament;  
Deeply my revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY 1740.

## 298

7a

- GOD of mercy, God of grace,  
Hear our sad, repentant songs,  
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent;  
Hearts debased by wordly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame, we own;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie;  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

JOHN TAYLOR. 1819.

## 299

C. P. M

- O THOU that hear'st the prayer of  
faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on thee?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood;  
That righteousness my robe shall be  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.

- 8 Then save me from eternal death,  
The spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolations send;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart—  
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. 1750.

## 300

7s. 3l.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;  
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

- 2 Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

- 3 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
To thy mercy I appeal.

GODFREY THRING. 1823.

## 301

7s. 3l.

ORD, in this thy mercy's day,  
Ere from us it pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.

- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

ISAAC WILLIAMS. 1844.

## 302

7s. 6l.

FRIEND of sinners, hear my plea,  
God be merciful to me!  
Sinful though my heart be found,

- Let thy grace much more abound;  
In the riches of thy grace  
Finds my soul its resting-place.
- 2 Righteous Advocate with God,  
Grant forgiveness through thy blood;  
In my heart I now believe,  
Thy atonement I receive;  
Freely with my mouth confess  
Thee my Lord, my Righteousness.

- 3 Trusting thee, O Christ, my King,  
Shall my soul thy praises sing;  
Saved by thee, thou Holy One,—  
Not by works which I have done,—  
Heart and tongue confess again,  
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1872.

## 303

P. M.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,  
That calls me, Lord to thee,  
For cleansing in thy precious blood,  
That flowed on Calvary.

REF.—I am coming, Lord!

Coming now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood  
That flowed on Calvary!

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all, and pure.

- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love;  
To perfect hope and peace and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.



- 4 All hail, atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

LOUIS HARTBOUGH. 1828—.

## 304

78.

I AM coming to the cross;  
 I am poor and weak and blind;  
 I am counting all but dross;  
 I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
 Dear Lamb of Calvary,  
 Humbly at the cross I bow;  
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
 Long has evil dwelt within;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me:  
 I will cleanse you from all sin.

- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
 Friends and time and earthly ~~things~~  
 Soul and body, thine to be—  
 Wholly thine for evermore.

- 4 In the promises I trust;  
 Now I feel the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust;  
 I with Christ am crucified.

WILLIAM H. McDONALD. 1869.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

## 305

C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
 And ever prays for me;  
 A token of his love he gives,  
 A pledge of liberty.

- 2 I find him lifting up my head;  
 He brings salvation near;  
 His presence makes me free indeed,  
 And he will soon appear.

- 3 He wills that I should holy be;  
 What can withstand his will?  
 The counsel of his grace in me  
 He surely shall fulfill.

- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;  
 I steadfastly believe  
 Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,  
 And to thyself receive.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749

## 306

C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;  
 He lives, who once was dead;  
 To me in grief he comfort gives;  
 With peace he crowns my head.

- 2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,  
 At God's right hand on high;  
 My ransomed soul to keep and save,  
 To bless and glorify.

- 3 He lives, that I may also live,  
 And now his grace proclaim;  
 He lives, that I may honor give  
 To his most holy name.

- 4 Let strains of heavenly music rise,  
 While all their anthem sing  
 To Christ, my precious sacrifice,  
 And ever-living King.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

## 307

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—  
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till him I view.  
 The way the holy prophets went—  
 The way that leads from banishment—  
 The King's highway of holiness—  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not;  
 My grief, my burden long has been,  
 Because I could not cease from sin.  
 The more I strove against its power,  
 I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say:  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee as I am.  
 My sinful self to thee I give:  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.  
 Then will I tell to sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say—Behold the way to God.

JOHN CENNICK. 1743.

## 308

L. M.

N O more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss;  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
 Oh, may my soul be found in him,  
 And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands  
 Dares not appear before thy throne:  
 But faith can answer thy demands  
 By pleading what my Lord has done

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 309

L. M.

M Y hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the veil:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He, then is all my hope and stay:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

EDWARD MONTE. 1836.

## 310

S. M.

G IVE to the winds thy fears;  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work has wrought,  
That caused thy needless fear.

PAUL GERNARDT. 1656.  
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

311

S. M.

MY spirit on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;  
On thee I calmly rest:  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,—  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

312

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.

ACQUIES MONTAGUE TOPLADY. 1772.

313

P. M.

JESUS, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless;  
We will follow, calm and fearless:  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief;  
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;  
 Show us that bright shore,  
 Where we weep no more.

- 4 Jesus, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won;  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our Fatherland.

NICHOLAS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF. 1721.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1853.

## 314

S. M.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
 My Shepherd and my Guide,  
 I bid farewell to anxious fear:  
 My wants are all supplied.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
 Where rich abundance grows,  
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
 And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
 My wandering feet restore;  
 To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
 And let me rove no more.

- 4 Unworthy, as I am,  
 Of thy protecting care,  
 Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,  
 For all my hopes are there.

ANNE STEELL. 1760.

## 315

7s. 6s. D.

I NEED thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am full of sin;  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within:

I need the cleansing fountain  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The blood of Christ most precious;  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

- 2 I need thee, blessed Jesus,  
 For I am very poor;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store:  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on the way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

- 3 I need thee, blessed Jesus;  
 I need a friend like thee,—  
 A friend to soothe and pity,  
 A friend to care for me.  
 I need the heart of Jesus  
 To feel each anxious care,  
 To tell my every trial,  
 And all my sorrows share.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. 1861.

## 316

7s. 6s. D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord, who rises  
 With healing in his wings:  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining  
 To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say:  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing  
 But he will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe his people too.  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And he who feeds the ravens  
 Will give his children bread.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

### 317 10s, 4s.

**L** EAD, kindly Light! amid th' encir-  
 cling gloom,

Lead thou me on;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from  
 home;  
 Lead thou me on;  
 Keep thou my feet. I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for  
 me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but  
 now

Lead thou me on:  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not  
 past years.

- 3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure  
 it still  
 Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-  
 rent, till

The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and  
 lost awhile!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. 1833

### 318 8s. 6s.

**O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
 Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,  
 Help me, throughout life's changing scene,  
 By faith to cling to thee.

- 2 What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and hopes remove?  
 With patient, uncomplaining love,  
 Still would I cling to thee.

- 3 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown  
 The voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
 Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

- 4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
 The soul that clings to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1871.

### 319 C. P. M.

**O** LORD, how happy should we be  
 If we could cast our care on thee,  
 If we from self could rest;  
 And feel at heart that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden, wild alarms!  
Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On thine almighty arms!

1 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear!

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

320

7s, 6s. D.

WE could not do without thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
Whose precious blood redeemed us,  
At such tremendous cost!  
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
Our only hope and comfort,  
Our glory and our plea.

2 We could not do without thee;  
We cannot stand alone,  
We have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of our own.  
How could we do without thee?  
We do not know the way;  
Thou knowest and thou ledest,  
And wilt not let us stray.

3 We could not do without thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear!  
E'en when our eyes are holden,  
We know that thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest in thee!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836-1879.

321

10s.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my  
sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home;  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me  
"Come."

2 Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne  
appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to  
draw me near.

3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
His are the hands stretched out to draw  
me near,  
And his the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the  
throne.

4 O great Absolver! grant my soul may  
wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious  
dress  
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE. 1865.

322

7s.

SIMPLY trusting every day,  
Trusting through a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



- 2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine  
 Into this poor heart of mine;  
 While he leads I cannot fall;  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear;  
 Praying, if the path is drear;  
 If in danger, for him call:  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting him while life shall last,  
 Trusting him till earth is past;  
 Till within the jasper wall,  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

EDGAR PAGE.

## 323

I. M.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears;  
 Before the throne my Surety stands,  
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me:  
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
- 3 The Father hears him pray,—  
 His dear anointed One;  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son:  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled;  
 His pardoning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child;  
 I can no longer fear:  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739

## 324

P. M.

**S**AVIOUR, more than life to me,  
 I am clinging, clinging close to thee  
 Let thy precious blood applied,  
 Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,  
 Let me feel thy cleansing power;  
 May thy tender love to me,  
 Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

- 2 Through this changing world below,  
 Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
 Trusting thee, I cannot stray,  
 I can never, never lose my way.
- 3 Let me love thee more and more,  
 Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
 Till my soul is lost in love,  
 In a brighter, brighter world above.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1875

## 325

7s, 6s

- S**AFE in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on his gentle breast,  
 There by his love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the jasper sea.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,

Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears.

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1906

## 326

Y. N.

I HEAR the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small;  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
 Find in me thine all in all.

REF.—Jesus paid it all,  
 All to him I owe;  
 Sin had left a crimson stain,  
 He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
 Thy power, and thine alone,  
 Can change the leper's spots,  
 And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I  
 Whereby thy grace to claim—  
 I'll wash my garment white  
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

- 4 And when before the throne  
 I stand, in him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down,  
 All down at Jesus' feet.

ELVINA M. HALL. 1870.

## 327

C. M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steep  
 To bring the Lord Christ down;  
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
 For him no depths can drown.

- 2 The healing of the seamless dress  
 Is by our beds of pain;  
 We touch him in life's throng and press,  
 And we are whole again.

- 3 Through him the first fond prayers  
 are said  
 Our lips of childhood frame;  
 The last low whispers of our dead  
 Are burdened with his name.

- 4 O Lord and Master of us all,  
 Whate'er our name or sign,  
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
 We test our lives by thine!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 1902—.

## 328

C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And bathed their couch with tears:  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came :  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;  
 His zeal inspired their breast ;  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possessed the promised rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

### 329

C. M.

**J**ESUS! I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to mine ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
 That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust :  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
 In thee doth richly meet ;  
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there,—  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

### 330

C. M.

**H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast ;  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear ;  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
 In swift obedience move ;  
 The devils know, and tremble too,  
 But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings  
 When faith and hope shall cease ;  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In brightest realms of bliss.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

### 331

L. M. 6l.

**T**HREE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
 Thee will I love with all my power,  
 In all my works, and thee alone ;  
 Thee will I love till sacred fire  
 Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright beams on me have  
 shined ;

I thank thee, who has overthrown  
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;  
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Ah, why did I so late thee know,  
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?  
 Ah, why did I no sooner go  
 To thee, the only ease of pain ?  
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn  
 That I to thee so late did turn.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to mine heart chaste, hallowed  
fires,

Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER. 1657. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

332

L. M. 71.

I WOULD love thee, God and Father,  
My Redeemer and my King;  
I would love thee; for, without thee,  
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing  
Flows to me from out thy throne;  
I would love thee; he who loves thee  
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me;  
Ever guide me with thine eye;  
I would love thee; if not nourished  
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; I have vowed it;  
On thy love my heart is set:  
While I love thee, I will never  
My Redeemer's blood forget.

JEANNE BOUVIER GUYON. 1648-1717.

333

C. M.

MY God! I love thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby;  
Nor yet because, if I love not,  
I must forever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus! thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!  
Should I not love thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell.

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as thyself has loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord!

5 E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing;  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

FRANCIS XAVIER. 1552. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL 1849.

334

C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine;  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet art thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot  
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes  
unsought  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall thee reveal,  
All-glorious as thou art.

RAY PALMER. 1858.

## 335

7s.

- H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
 'Tis the Saviour; hear his word:  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
 And, when wounded, healed thy wound;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death."
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore;  
 Oh, for grace to love thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

## 336

7s.

- T**HINE forever! God of love,  
 Hear us from thy throne above,  
 Thine forever may we be,  
 Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever! oh, how blest  
 They who find in thee their rest;  
 Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
 Oh, defend us to the end.
- 3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep,  
 These thy frail and trembling sheep;  
 Safe alone beneath thy care,  
 Let us all thy goodness share.
- 4 Thine forever! thou our Guide  
 All our wants by thee supplied,  
 All our sins by thee forgiven,  
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE. 1848.

## 337

6s, 4s, 6s

- M**ORE love to thee, O Christ,  
 More love to thee!  
 Hear thou the prayer I make,  
 On bended knee;  
 This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
 Sought peace and rest;  
 Now thee alone I seek,  
 Give what is best:  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee!
- 3 Then shall my latest breath  
 Whisper thy praise;  
 This be the parting cry  
 My heart shall raise,  
 This still its prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. 1870.

## 338

6s, 4s

- J**ESUS, thy name I love,  
 All other names above,  
 Jesus, my Lord.  
 Oh, thou art all to me;  
 Nothing to please I see,  
 Nothing apart from thee,  
 Jesus, my Lord.
- 2 Thou, blessed Son of God,  
 Hast bought me with thy blood,  
 Jesus, my Lord.

Oh, wondrous is thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord.

- 3 When unto thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord.  
What need I now to fear?  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord.

JAMES GEORGE DECK. 1853.

## 339

L. M.

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of  
men,  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to thee again.

- 2 We taste thee, O thou living bread!  
And long to feast upon thee still;  
We drink of thee, the fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.
- 3 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and  
bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away;  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVEAUX. 1091-1153.  
Tr. by RAY PALMER. 1858.

## 340

L. M.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and  
free,

- What need I that is not in thee,  
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,  
And peace which none can take away
- 2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?  
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near  
Am I with dread of justice tried?  
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

- 3 In life, thy promises of aid  
Forbid my heart to be afraid;  
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;  
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

- 4 O all-sufficient Saviour! be  
This all-sufficiency to me;  
Nor pain nor sin nor death can harm  
The weakest shielded by thine arm.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1844.

## 341

L. M.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,  
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:

- Justice and mercy for my life  
Contend; oh, smile and heal the strife!
- 2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul  
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;  
His voice proclaims my pardon found  
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
- 3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,  
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.



- 4 Though I amid your choirs shall shine.  
And all your knowledge will be mine;  
Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
A secret chord that mine will bear.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honor flee:  
Sure he who giveth me himself,  
Is more than these to me.

AUGUSTUS LUCAS HILLHOUSE. 1816.

## 342

L. M.

O H, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 'Tis done,—the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Here have I found a nobler part,  
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

- 4 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDGE. 1755.

## 343

C. M.

I F God is mine, then present things,  
And things to come, are mine;  
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine.

- 2 If he is mine, then from his love,  
He every trouble sends;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.

- 4 Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine—  
What can I wish beside?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

BENJAMIN BEDDOE. 1806.

## 344

C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven;  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,  
I seek my home in heaven.

- 2 "A country far from mortal sight—  
Yet, oh, by faith, I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."

- 3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours,  
While here on earth we stay!  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day.

- 4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

CHARLES WESTLEY. 1753.

## 345

C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He s my soul's bright morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 4 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his love is mine,  
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word,  
And run with joy the shining way,  
To meet my gracious Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 346

C. M.

- O H, gift of gifts! Oh, grace of faith!  
My God! how can it be  
That thou, who hast discerning love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me?
- 2 How many hearts thou might'st have had  
More innocent than mine!  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of thine!
- 3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
Seem trifles less than light:  
Earth looks so little and so low  
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!  
If thou canst be, O faith,  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death?

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1840.

## 347

C. M.

- O LORD, if in the book of life  
My worthless name shall stand,  
In fairest characters inscribed  
By thine unerring hand,—
- 2 Then I to thee in sweetest strains,  
Will grateful anthems raise;  
But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
To utter half thy praise.
- 3 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
Not one should silent be;  
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
I'd give them all to thee.

BENJAMIN BRIDGEMAN. 1818

## 348

C. M.

- JESUS, the very thought of thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast:  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who **fall**, how kind thou art!  
How good, to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1091—1153.

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL. 1842.

## 349

C. M.

THOU art my portion, O my God;  
 Soon as I know thy way,  
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
 And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
 And glory in my choice;  
 Not all the riches of the earth  
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace  
 I set before mine eyes;  
 Thence I derive my daily strength,  
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine;  
 Oh, save thy servant, Lord;  
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;  
 My hope is in thy word.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 350

S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song of sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;

We're marching through Immanuel's  
 ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 351

S. M.

BLESSED are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see their God:  
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens,  
 Our life and peace to bring,  
 To dwell in lowliness with men,  
 Their pattern and their King;
- 3 Still to the lowly soul  
 He doth himself impart,  
 And for his dwelling and his throne;  
 Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we thy presence seek;  
 May ours this blessing be;  
 Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for thee.

JOHN KEELE. 1877

## 352

8s, 7s. D

- KNOW my soul, thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear:  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine  
 Think what Jesus did to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer.  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there

Soon shall close thy earthly mission;  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1825.

353

8s, 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life and health and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit, forever viewing  
 Mercy streaming in his blood;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

JAMES ALLEN. 1757. Alt. by WALTER SHIRLEY. 1770.

354

8s, 7s. 6l.

A LLELUIA! song of gladness,  
 Voice of everlasting joy:  
 Alleluia! sound the sweetest  
 Heard among the choirs on high;  
 Chanting in his holy presence  
 Joy and praise eternally.

2 Alleluia! oh, how faintly  
 Mortal tongues its raptures raise!  
 Here our joy is mixed with sadness,  
 Clouding oft our brightest days;  
 Here our sweetest songs can never  
 Give to Jesus worthy praise.

3 But our earnest supplication,  
 Holy God, we raise to thee;  
 Bring us to thy blissful presence,  
 Make us all thy joys to see;  
 Then we'll sing our hallelujah,—  
 Sing to all eternity.

13TH CENTURY.

355

6s 4

NOW I have found a Friend,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Whose love shall never end,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Though earthly joys decrease,  
 Though human friendships cease,  
 Now I have lasting peace,  
 Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 He will my faith uphold,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 He shall my wants supply,  
 His precious blood is nigh,  
 Naught can my hope destroy,  
 Jesus is mine!

3 When earth shall pass away,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 In the great judgment day,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Oh, what a glorious thing,  
 Then to behold my King,  
 On tuneful harp to sing,  
 Jesus is mine.

4 Father, thy name I bless,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Thine was the sovereign grace,  
 Jesus is mine:

Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace.  
Thou mad'st my soul embrace  
Jesus as mine.

HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN HOPE. 1852

## 356

S. M. D.

- I** WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled:  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the bands of love,  
He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole;  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 4 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold:

No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
I love, I love his home!

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

## 357

6s. 4s.

- F**ADE, fade each earthly joy,  
Jesus is mine;  
Break every tender tie,  
Jesus is mine.  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting place,  
Jesus alone can bless,  
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine;  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine.  
Perishing things of clay  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away;  
Jesus is mine.
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine;  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine.  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied;  
Jesus is mine.

CATHARINE JANE BONAR. 1845.

## 358

6s. 9s.

- O**H, how happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine  
When the favor divine  
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.  
When at first I believed,  
What true joy I received!  
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
Oh, that all his salvation might see!  
"He hath loved me," I cried,  
"He hath suffered and died  
To redeem such a rebel as me."

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

359

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

JOHN CENNICK. 1743.

360

7s.

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;  
At the cross of Christ I bow;  
Take my guilt and grief away;  
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REF.—Bless me now, bless me now,  
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,  
Send thy grace and show thy power;  
While I rest upon thy word,  
Come and bless me now, O Lord!

3 Now, oh now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;  
While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;  
Now the time! and this the place!  
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

ALEXANDER CLARK. 1854-1881.

361

8s, 5s.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

REF.—Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others thou art calling.  
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at thy throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit;  
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside thee?  
Whom in heaven but thee?

FRANCIS JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1880.



## 362

**A**BIDE with me! Fast falls the  
eventide;

The darkness deepens—Lord, with me  
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts  
flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,  
What but thy grace can foil the tempt-  
er's power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay  
can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide  
with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing  
eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point  
me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYDE. 1897.

## 363

8s, 7s, 4s.

**G**ENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us,  
Through this gloomy vale of tears;

And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

10s.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

Oh, refresh us,

Traveling through this wilderness.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1832

## 364

P. M.

**I** NEED thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine  
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, oh, I need thee;  
Every hour I need thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;  
Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

4 I need thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWES.

365

P. M.

I AM thine, O Lord; I have heard thy  
voice,

And it told thy love to me;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed  
Lord,

To the cross where thou hast died;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,  
blessed Lord,

To thy precious, bleeding side

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;

Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour  
That before thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with  
thee, my God,  
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can-  
not know

Till I cross the narrow sea;  
There are heights of joy that I may  
not reach

Till I rest in peace with thee.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1875.

366

8s, 7a.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all thy grace inherit;  
Let us find thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning;  
Take our load of guilt away;  
End the work of thy beginning;  
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;  
Pure and holy may we be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee;  
Change from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

367

7s. D

MORE like Jesus would I be,  
Let my Saviour dwell in me;  
Fill my soul with peace and love,  
Make me gentle as a dove;  
More like Jesus, while I go,  
Pilgrim in this world below;  
Poor in spirit would I be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

## 2 If he hears the raven's cry,

If his ever-watchful eye  
Marks the sparrows when they fall,  
Surely he will hear my call.  
He will teach me how to live,  
All my sinful thoughts forgive;  
Pure in heart I still would be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

## 3 More like Jesus when I pray,

More like Jesus day by day;  
May I rest me by his side,  
Where the tranquil waters glide.  
Born of him, through grace renewed,  
By his love my will subdued,  
Rich in faith I still would be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1868.

## 368

L. M.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast;  
Then shall we know and taste and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height and breadth and  
length  
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes  
know,  
Be everlasting honors done,  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 369

L. M.

O H, that my load of sin were gone!  
Oh, that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove;  
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would, but thou must give the power:  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

## 370

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;  
But that bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains with sweet surpris  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

371

L. M.

**J**ESUS demands this heart of mine—  
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;  
But, ah! how dead to things divine,  
How cold, my best affections are!

2 Thy sin, alas! with dreadful power,  
Divides my Saviour from my sight;  
Oh, for one happy, shining hour  
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Oh, let thy love shine forth and raise  
My captive powers from sin and death,  
And fill my heart and life with praise,  
And tune my last expiring breath.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

372

L. M.

**M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709

373

L. M.

**J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue  
declare;

Unite my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!  
All pain before its presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,  
And to thy service sweetly bind;  
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,  
And mold me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;  
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;  
And, when the storms of life shall cease,  
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1789.

374

C. M.

**F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 375

C. M.

OH, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

## 376

C. M.

OH, could I find from day to day,  
A nearness to my God!  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND. 1790.

## 377

C. M.

I THINK of thee, my God, by night,  
And talk of thee by day;  
Thy love my treasure and delight,  
Thy truth my strength and stay.

2 The day is dark, the night is long,  
Unblest with thoughts of thee,  
And dull to me the sweetest song,  
Unless its theme thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,  
Lord, let thy presence be,  
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,  
Myself absorbed in thee.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL. 1863.

## 378

C. M.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me.

2 Oh, for a heart submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak.  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Oh, write thy name upon my heart!  
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

## 379

C. M.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe:—

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATMURST. 1831.

## 380

C. M.

- A S pants the hart for cooling streams  
When heated in the chase,  
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, and thou shalt sing  
His praise again, and find him still  
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

## 381

C. M.

- SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh;  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home?

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful, sheltering dome:  
This world's a wilderness of woe,—  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
But fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

## 382

6s, 5s, D.

- S AVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
Listen while we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King;  
All we have we offer;  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to thee;  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption,  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater  
Are thy mercies here;  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,



Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toil nor care is known;  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round thy throne.

GODFREY THRING. 1862.

## 383

6s, 5s.

**J**ESUS, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains;  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey:  
Be thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

GEORGE RUNDALL PRYNN. 1856.

## 384

6s, 4s.

**M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

3 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER. 1830.

## 385

S. M

**F**AR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest."

2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness  
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:  
On thee my hopes I cast;  
Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1864.

386

S. M.

- J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
- 2 Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On thee—almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind,  
The baits of pleasing ill;
- 4 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 5 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care;  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

387

6s, 4s.

**N**EARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1841.

388

7s, 6s. D.

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings:  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Toward heaven, thy native place:  
Sun and moon and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

3 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:

*So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.*

- 2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies;  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. 1742.

389

11s, 8s.

- O THOU in whose presence my soul  
takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day and my song in  
the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all!
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort  
with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley of death should  
I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 Oh, why should I wander, an alien  
from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows  
they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of  
thy face,  
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart.

And let the sweet tokens of pardoning  
grace  
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

390

8s. D.

- HOW tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers  
Have all lost their sweetness with me.  
The midsummer sun shines but dim;  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice:  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I;  
My summer would last all the year
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky

Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 391

C. M.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the fullness of thy love.  
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace;  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,  
But thy salvation's free;  
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

RICHARD BURNHAM. 1783.

## 392

C. M.

O H, that I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 393

C. M.

A THRONE of grace! then let us go  
And offer up our prayer;  
A gracious God will mercy show  
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! Oh, at that throne  
Our knees have often bent!  
And God has showered his blessings down  
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;  
That throne is open still;  
To God unbosom your complaints,  
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need  
Long as we draw our breath;  
A Saviour, too, to intercede,  
Till we are changed by death.

INGRAM CORBIN. 1825.

## 394

C. M.

D EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat  
My soul for shelter flies:  
'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
If thou, my God, art near;  
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,  
Thy constant aid impart;  
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word  
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat!  
Still let me trust thy power and love,  
And dwell beneath thy feet.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 395

C. M.

**L**ORD, when we bow before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore!

- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;  
True penitence impart;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
Oh, let our wills resign,  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly thine!
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,  
That grants it, or denies.

JOSEPH DAKE CARLEY. 1805.

## 396

C. M.

**P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1810.

## 397

L. M.

**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat—  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place of all on earth most sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL. 1832.

## 398

L. M.

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat;  
Yet who knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud  
withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath oft vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be;  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

## 399

S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell,  
To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows his gracious ear;  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He sees, he hears, and from on high  
Will make our cause his care.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 400

C. M.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake thy sympathy.

- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets thine ear divine;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

JANE FOX CREWSON. 1860.

## 401

7s. D.

S SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee,  
Low we bend th' adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies,  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;  
Oh, by all thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear thy people when they cry.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
By thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness;  
By thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By thy purple robe of scorn,  
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,  
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;  
By thy perfect sacrifice;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear thy people while they cry.

ROBERT GRANT. 1815.

## 402

8s, 4s.

- M Y God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet—  
The hour of prayer?
- 2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.



- 3 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:  
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
 And e'en the penitential tear  
 Is wiped away.
- 4 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
 No privilege so dear shall be  
 As thus my inmost soul to pour  
 In prayer to thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

## 403

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer.  
 He himself has bid thee pray;  
 Rise and ask without delay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring;  
 For his grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.
- 4 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord, remove this load of sin:  
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 404

7s.

L ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away thy face:  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
 Mercy heard and set him free:  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 3 Thou hast helped in every need;  
 This emboldens me to plead.  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 4 No! I must maintain my hold;  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold.  
 I can no denial take,  
 Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 405

L. M. D.

- SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour  
 of prayer!  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,  
 Make all my wants and wishes known.  
 In seasons of distress and grief,  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
 prayer!  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
 To him whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting souls to bless.  
 And since he bids me seek his face,  
 Believe his word and trust his grace,  
 I'll cast on him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
 prayer!  
 May I thy consolation share;

Fill from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. 1846.

406

8s, 7s. D.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry

Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,

Oh, what needless pain we bear,

All because we do not carry

Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,

Cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer;

In his arms he'll take and shield thee:

Thou wilt find a solace there.

UNKNOWN

407

11s, 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye  
languish;

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here  
tell your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven  
cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure:

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven  
cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters  
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure  
from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever  
knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can  
remove.

VR. 1, 2, THOMAS MOORE. 1816.  
V. 3, THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.

408

11s.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy  
name:

May thy kingdom holy on earth be the  
same:

Oh, give to us daily our portion of bread

It is from thy bounty that all must be fed

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach  
us to know

That humble compassion which pardons  
each foe;

Keep us from temptation, from evil  
and sin,

And thine be the glory, forever. Amen

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE. 1795—1879.

## 409

L. M.

**S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 410

L. M.

**A**WAKE, our souls; away, our fears;  
Let every trembling thought be gone;

Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply;  
While those who trust their native strength  
Shall melt away and droop and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

## 411

L. M.

**T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said  
If thou wouldst my disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after me,

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross,  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST. 1833

## 412

L. M.

**B**E still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and  
snarles;

They cast dishonor on the Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want, if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
He, who has helped thee hitherto,  
Will help thee all thy journey through.

4 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home apace to God.  
Then count thy present trials small;  
For heaven will make amends for all.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 413

L. M. D.

A RM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,  
With shield of faith, and Spirit's  
sword;

Forth to the battle may they go,  
And boldly fight against the foe,  
With banner of the cross unfurled,  
And by it overcome the world;  
And so at last receive from thee  
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,  
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;  
May each a living temple be  
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee.  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With seven-fold gifts of grace divine—  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in unity,  
One only God, and persons three,  
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,  
To thee we praise and glory give;  
Oh, grant us so to use thy grace,  
That we may see thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1804

## 414

C. M. D.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain:  
His blood-red banner streams afar,—  
Who follows in his train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save:  
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?

3 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed:  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain.  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!

REGINALD HERB. 1827.

## 415

7s. 6s. 8s

JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep.  
Let me be by grace restored;  
On me be all long-suffering shown;  
Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart;  
 Give, what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy grief unknown;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

- 8 See me, Saviour! from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die;  
 Life and happiness and love  
 Drop from thy gracious eye.  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

## 416

C. M.

- A WAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
 Shall blend in common dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

## 417

C. M.

- A M I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS. 1705.

## 418

C. M.

- THE Saviour bids us watch and pray  
 Through life's brief, fleeting hour;  
 And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
 To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
 Maintain a warrior's strife.  
 Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
 Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;  
 For soon the hour will come  
 That calls us from the earth away  
 To our eternal home.
- 4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,  
 And hear thy sacred voice,  
 And walk, as thou hast marked the way,  
 To heaven's eternal joys.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1723-1872.

## 419

C. M.

- HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return!"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
Oh, take the wanderer home!
- 3 And cast thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardoned rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Blest Saviour, I adore;  
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more!

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 420

6s, 5s. D.

- FORWARD! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind.  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight:  
Jordan flows before us,  
Zion beams with light!
- 2 Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:

Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold;  
Flows the gladdening river,  
Shedding joys untold;  
Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might:  
Pilgrims to **your country**,  
Forward into light!

- 3 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love him,  
One day to be shared:  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward, marching eastward,  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the vail be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight!

HENRY ALFORD. 1865.

## 421

6s, 5s. D

- ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus,  
Going on before.  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go.
- REF.—Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus,  
Going on before.



- 2 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

- 3 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King.  
This through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BAKING-GOULD. 1865.

## 422

S. M.

- M**Y soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH. 1781.

## 423

C. M.

- O**H, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling;  
With girded loins the call obey  
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run;  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road;  
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
And guide thee to thy God.

[UNKNOWN.]

## 424

S. M.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird your armor on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
The man who in the Saviour trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

- 4 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle and fight and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

425

7s, 6s.

**S**TAND up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall be led,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. 1858.

426

7s. D.

**B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end.

Forward, then with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls,—Come home!"

- 2 But, of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within.  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these:  
Then the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls,—Come home!"

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

427

9s, 8s.

**I**F thou but suffer God to guide thee,  
And hope in him through all thy ways,  
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,  
And bear thee through the evil days.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the Rock that cannot move.

- 2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,  
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help, if thou bewail thee,  
O'er each dark moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

- 3 Only be still, and wait his leisure  
In cheerful hope, with heart content  
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure  
And all-discerning love hath sent;  
No doubt our inmost wants are known  
To him who chose us for his own.

- 4 Sing, pray, and keep his ways un-  
swerving,  
So do thine own part faithfully.

And trust his word, though undeserving,  
 Thou yet shall find it true for thee;  
 God never yet forsook in need  
 The soul that trusted him indeed.

GEORGE NEUMARK. 1653.  
 Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1863.

428

L. M. D.

**H**E leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!  
 Oh, words with heavenly comfort  
 fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!  
 By his own hand he leadeth me:  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When by thy grace the victory's won,  
 Even death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE. 1861.

429

8s, 4s.

**M**Y God and Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home, on life's  
 rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
 "Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
 Let me be still and murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
 "Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
 Submissive still would I reply,  
 "Thy will be done!"

4 Though thou hast called me to resign  
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;  
 I have but yielded what was thine;  
 "Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;  
 Blend it with thine, and take away  
 All now that makes it hard to say,  
 "Thy will be done!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

430

S. M.

**O**H, what, if we are Christ's,  
 Is earthly shame or loss?  
 Bright shall the crown of glory be,  
 When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
 Bitter the cup of woe,  
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
 Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Br. ght is their glory now,  
 Boundless their joy above,  
 Where, on the bosom of their God,  
 They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
 Like them in faith to bear  
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
 May be our portion here.

- 5 Enough, if thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

HENRY WILLIAM BAKER. 1859.

431

S. M.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be;  
Oh, lead me by thine own right hand!  
Choose out the path for me.

- 1 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might;  
But choose thou for me, O my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

- 3 Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill;  
As ever best to thee may seem,  
Choose thou my good and ill.

- 4 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be thou my guide, my guard, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

432

S. M.

IF, on a quiet sea,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.

- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm  
Which drives us nearer home.

- 3 Teach us, in every state,  
To make thy will our own,  
And, when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. 1772.

433

6s. B

MY Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Oh, may thy will be mine!  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee:  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. 1710.  
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1854.

434

S. M.

MY times are in thy hand!  
My God, I wish them there!  
My life, my soul, my all, I leave  
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 My times are in thy hand,  
 Whatever they may be,  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand;  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,  
 Jesus, the crucified;  
 The hand my many sins have pierced  
 Is now my guard and guide.

WILLIAM FREEMAN LLOYD. 1835.

## 435

C. M. 61.

- FATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me;  
 The changes that will surely come,  
 I do not fear to see;  
 I ask thee for a present mind,  
 Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes;  
 A heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I ask thee for the daily strength  
 To none that ask denied,  
 A mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at thy side;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If thou be glorified.

ANNA LETITIA WARING. 1850.

## 436

6s. 5s.

- WHERE the mourner weeping  
 Sheds the secret tear,  
 God his watch is keeping,  
 Though none else be near.
- 2 Jesus ne'er will leave thee,  
 All thy wants he knows;  
 Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
 Sees thy hidden woes.
- 3 When in grief we languish,  
 He will dry the tear,  
 Who his children's anguish  
 Soothes with succor near.
- 4 All our woe and sadness  
 In this world below,  
 Balance not the gladness  
 We in heaven shall know.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX. 1841.

## 437

C. M.

- I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,  
 And all thy ways adore;  
 And every day I live, I long  
 To love thee more and more.
- 2 I love to kiss each print where thou  
 Hast set thine unseen feet;  
 I cannot fear thee, blessed will,  
 Thine empire is so sweet.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,  
 To him no chance is lost;  
 God's will is sweetest to him when  
 It triumphs at his cost.

- 4 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1832.

438

C. M.

**L**ORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before;  
No one into his kingdom comes,  
But through his opened door.

- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be?

RICHARD BAXTER. 1681.

439

L. M.

**M**Y gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend.

- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good,  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad

- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side

- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His saving love, his glorious power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

440

L. M

**I** SEND the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind;  
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of dark despair;  
And, while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me  
there.

- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;  
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!

LEAH WATTS. 1799.



## 441

L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,—  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,—  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 442

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 443

L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Purchased and saved by blood divine:  
 With full consent thine would I be,  
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
 Among the children of thy grace;  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die  
 Be thine through all eternity:  
 The vow is past beyond repeal,  
 Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
 The great engagement to perform;  
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
 And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES. 1760.

## 444

L. M.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be,  
 To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy:  
 That silent, secret thought shall be,  
 That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
 Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
 And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
 And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
 That all I want I find in thee.

JEAN FREDERICK OERTELIN. 1820.  
 Tr. by Mrs. DANIEL WILSON. 1860.

## 445

L. M.

1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;  
Let every idol be forgot;  
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this divine relief;  
Nor him forget, who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine;  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms,  
forget?

4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart:  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNU PAL. 1764—1822.

Tr. by JOSHUA MARSHMAN. 1861

## 446

L. M.

**J**ESUS, and shall it ever be—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1774.

Alt. by BENJAMIN FRANCIS. 1787.

## 447

C. M.

**I**'M thine, O Lord, and thine alone,  
I'm thine by every tie;  
By duty's claims, by love's glad choice,  
For thee to live or die.

2 There's not an angel blest in heaven  
So bound to thee as I;  
To them thy love its gifts has given,  
For me love's self did die.

3 My life, my time, my strength, my all,  
I'd hold and spend for thee;  
Oh, set my heart as free from earth  
As saints in glory be.

4 With single eye and fervent heart  
Let this poor life be spent;  
Eager to use for thy great name  
Whatever thou hast lent.

UNKNOWN.

## 448

C. M.

**Y**E men and angels, witness now,—  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To him we make our solemn vow,—  
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely;  
May he, with our returning wants,  
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOKE. 1818.

## 449

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No: there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

GEORGE NELSON ALLEN. 1852.

## 450

C. M.

AND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee?  
It is but right, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain,  
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
The loss of all things I could bear,  
And glory in my gain.

BENJAMIN BEDDOKE. 1770.

## 451

S.

WE give thee but thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:  
All that we have is thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angel's work below.

3 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring;  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

4 And we believe thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW. 1854

## 452

S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine  
By everlasting bands;  
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign  
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee, our Head;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

## 453

S. M.

**Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
With joy obey his heavenly word,  
And watch before his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak he's near:  
Mark every signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

## 454

S. M.

**A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
Who gave his Son my soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill—  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1707

## 455

88, 7s. D.

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought and hoped and known,  
Yet how rich is my condition—  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
And, while thou shalt smile upon me  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me.  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

- 4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"  
I have stayed my heart on thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

HENRY FRANCIS LAYE. 1827.

## 456

8s, 4s.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to thee,  
Who givest all?

- 2 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,  
But gav'st him for a world undone,  
And freely with that blessed One  
Thou givest all.

- 3 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to thee,  
Who givest all.

- 4 To thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever with thee live,  
Who givest all!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1863.

## 457

7s.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,  
Christ, the spring of all my joy,  
Still in thee let me be found,  
Still for thee my powers employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from thy fullness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
Be it "Christ for me to live."

- 3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;  
Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

- 4 Thus, oh thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky!  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it "gain to die."

RALPH WARDLAW. 1817

## 458

6s, 4s.

S AVIOUR, who died for me,  
I give myself to thee;  
Thy love, so full, so free,  
Claims all my powers.  
Be this my purpose high,  
To serve thee till I die,  
Whether my path shall lie  
'Mid thorns or flowers.

- 2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;  
Thy gracious aid I seek,  
For thou the word must speak  
That makes me strong.  
Then let me hear thy voice,  
Thou art my only choice;  
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,  
Be thou my song.

- 3 Saviour, with me abide;  
Be ever near my side;  
Support, defend, and guide;  
I look to thee.

I lay my hand in thine,  
And fleeting joys resign,  
If I may call thee mine  
Eternally.

MARY JANE MASON. 1822—.

459

6s, 6l.

I GAVE my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou done for me?

2 My Father's house of light,  
My glory-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for thee,  
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love;  
I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to me?

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836—1870.

460

H. M.

I BRING my sins to thee,  
The sins I cannot count:  
That all may cleansed be  
In thy once-opened fount;  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my grief to thee,  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well:  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

3 My joys to thee I bring,  
The joys that love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me near ~~er~~ heaven:  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My life I bring to thee;  
I would not be my own;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine ever, thine alone:  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836—1870.

461

6s, 4s

S SAVIOUR, thy dying love  
Thou gavest me,  
Nor should I aught withhold,  
Dear Lord, from thee:  
In love my soul would bow,  
My heart fulfill its vow,  
Some offering bring thee now,  
Something for thee.



- 2 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to thee—  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
 Something for thee.

- 3 All that I am and have—  
 Thy gifts so free—  
 In joy, in grief, through life,  
 Dear Lord, for thee!  
 And when thy face I see,  
 My ransomed soul shall be,  
 Through all eternity,  
 Something for thee.

SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS. 1862.

## 462

L. M.

**H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,  
 In sweet communion, kindred minds!  
 How swift the heavenly course they run,  
 Whose heart, whose faith, whose hopes,  
 are one!

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
 What tender love, what holy fear!  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow,  
 For human guilt and human woe;  
 Their ardent prayers united rise,  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire;  
 Then shall they meet in realms above,  
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. 1773.

## 463

F. M.

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

## 464

C. M. D

**C**OME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtained the prize,  
 And, on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joys celestial rise.  
 Let saints below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone;  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In earth and heaven, are one.

- 4 One family, we dwell in him,  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.  
 One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood  
 And part are crossing now.

- 3 E'en now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die.  
Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;  
And when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1759.

## 465

C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfill his word;—

- 3 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart;—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds,  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

## 466

L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labor to pursue,  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task th' wisdom hath assigned,  
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy good and perfect will
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,  
And labor on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.

- 4 For thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath  
- given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

## 467

L. M.

- GO, labor on; spend and be spent;  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went.  
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on: enough while here  
If he shall praise thee; if he deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

HERBERT BOWEN. 1897.

468

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful, from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief  
In deep distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel  
And swift our hands to aid.

- 4 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
To raise us from the ground,  
And made the richest of his blood  
A balm for every wound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1765

469

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

- 2 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

- 3 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1836.

470

S. M.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil;  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore;  
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge, with a tender zeal,  
The erring child along,  
Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
And pious teachers throng.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNET. 1841

471

7s, 6s. M

I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.

REF.--I love to tell the story;  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat,  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.
- I love to tell the story:  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word.

3 I love to tell the story;

For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
Twill be—the old, old story,  
That I have loved so long!

CATHERINE HANKEY. 1865.

472

P. M.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me;

But heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer  
Than yesterday to me;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.

REF.—One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus.

How glorious is my King!  
'Tis joy, not duty,  
To speak his beauty;  
My soul mounts on the wing  
At the mere thought,  
How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus.

How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,  
Where Christ's flock enter in!  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!

4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!

Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for him is sweet;  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day.

ANNA B. WARNER. 1874.

473

P. M.

RESCUE the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the  
grave;

Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

REF.—Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful,  
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,

Still he is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently,  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,

Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate  
once more.

- 4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will  
provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1876.

## 474

8s, 7s.

**H**E that goeth forth with weeping,  
Bearing precious seed in love,  
Never tiring, never sleeping,  
Findeth mercy from above.

- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine;  
Precious fruits will thus be given  
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy.
- 4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,  
See the rising grain appear;  
Look again! the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest-time is near.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1836.

## 475

P. M.

**N**OTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life;  
O'er sins indulged, while conscience slept,  
O'er vows and promises unkept,  
And reaps from years of strife—  
Nothing but leaves.

- 2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves  
Of life's fair ripening grain;  
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,  
We reap with toil and pain—  
Nothing but leaves.

- 3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves  
No veil to hide the past  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
Sadly we find at last—  
Nothing but leaves.

- 4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves?  
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat,  
Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
Nothing but leaves?

LUCY FEEHNA AKERMAN. —.

## 476

P. M.

**W**ORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work in the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER. 1865.

## 477

L. M.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope, my comfort, die?  
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word;  
That word which built the earth and  
sky.

- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives;  
Here I may build and rest secure.

- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;  
If Jesus is forever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 478

L. M.

WHITHER, oh, whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast,  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

- 2 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.

- 3 I have no might t' oppose the foe,  
But everlasting strength is thine;  
Show me the way that I should go,  
Show me the path I should decline

- 4 Foolish and impotent and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

## 479

L. M.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,  
My refuge, my almighty friend,  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord!  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford?

- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;  
On these my fainting spirit lives;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;  
While thou art near, in vain they call;  
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,  
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 480

L. M.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night,  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.



- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear;  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 With joy we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 481

L. M.

**J**ESUS, thy robe of righteousness  
 My beauty is, my glorious dress:  
 'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,—  
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

- 3 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years;  
 No age can change its glorious hue;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

- 4 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice—  
 Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness,

NICHOLAS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF. 1739.  
 JOHN WESLEY. 1740.

## 482

L. M.

**L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day,"  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I can do all things, or can bear  
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there;  
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains  
 While he my sinking head sustains.

- 3 I glory in infirmity,  
 That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
 When I am weak, then am I strong;  
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 483

L. M.

**W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
 'Tis God who justifies their souls;  
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
 'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;  
 And, their salvation to fulfill,  
 Behold him rising from the dead!

- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
 Forever interceding there;  
 Who shall divide us from his love,  
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

- 4 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below  
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
 Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love,

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 484

L. M.

**C**OMplete in thee—no work of mine,  
 May take, dear Lord, the place of thine  
 Thy blood has pardon bought for me,  
 And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee,—no more shall sin,  
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;  
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,  
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee,—each want supplied,  
And no good thing to me denied,  
Since thou my portion, Lord wilt be,  
I ask no more,—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour, when, before thy bar,  
All tribes and tongues assembled are,  
Among thy chosen may I be  
At thy right hand,—complete in thee.

AARON ROBERT WOLFE. 1821.

## 485

C. M.

L ORD Jesus, are we one with thee?  
Oh, height! Oh, depth of love!  
With thee we died upon the tree,  
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confessed and borne by thee;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,  
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us thou art;  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and thee can part.

JAMES GEORGE DECK. 1837

## 486

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief.  
For every pain I feel.

3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee!  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 487

C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest:  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my Star, my Sun;  
 So in the Light of life I'll walk  
 Till traveling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

488

C. M.

- UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
 And fixed as mountains be,  
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
 That leans, O Lord, on thee!
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
 Old Salem's happy ground,  
 As those eternal arms of love,  
 That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
 And lead them safely on  
 To the bright gates of paradise,  
 Where Christ, the Lord, is gone.

ISAAC WATTS. 1819.

489

C. M.

- FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
 My soul ne'er can be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All, whom his heavenly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.

- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
 His favorites from his breast;  
 Within the bosom of his love  
 They must forever rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

490

C. M.

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honor of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;  
 His name is all my trust;  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my soul be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands  
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the New Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

491

C. M.

- WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies.  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurled,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall!  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

IRAC WATTS. 1707.

## 492

C. M.

AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now I'm found:  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 493

7s.

CAST thy burden on the Lord;  
Lean thou only on his word:  
Ever will he be thy stay,  
Though the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,  
Thou shalt see his cheering form,  
Hear his pledge of coming aid:  
"It is I; be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;  
Linger near his mercy-seat:  
He will lead thee by the hand  
Gently to the better land

4 He will gird thee by his power,  
In thy weary, fainting hour:  
Lean, then, loving on his word;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

GEORGE KAWRON. 1857.

## 494

S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord  
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears creation up,  
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne  
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDIDGE 1755.

## 495

S. M

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 Oh, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the cover of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defense,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

496

7s. 6l.

**R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. 1776.

497

7s. 6l.

**H**ALLELUJAH! who shall part  
Christ's own church from Christ's  
own heart?  
Sever from the Saviour's side  
Souls for whom the Saviour died?  
Dash one precious jewel down  
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

- 2 Hallelujah! shall the sword  
Part us from our glorious Lord?  
Trouble dark, or dire disgrace,  
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?  
Famine, nakedness, or hate  
Bride and Bridegroom separate?
- 3 Hallelujah! life nor death,  
Powers above, nor powers beneath,  
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,  
Things that are nor things to come,  
Men nor angels, e'er shall part  
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

WILLIAM DICKINSON. 1846.

498

8s. 7s.

**A**LWAYS with us, always with us;—  
Words of cheer and words of love.  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From his dwelling-place above.

- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway, dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stillling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream;  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

EDWIN HENRY NEVIN. 1858.

499

78. D.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is thy Name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am:  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within  
Thou of life the Fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

500 8s, 7s. IAMBIC

- THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
And he is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 4 And so, through all the coming days,  
Thy love shall fail me never,  
And be the theme of all my praise  
Within thy house forever.

HENRY WILLIAM DARR. 1896.



## 501

JESUS, merciful and mild,  
 Lead me as a helpless child;  
 On no other arm but thine  
 Would my weary soul recline;  
 Thou art ready to forgive,  
 Thou canst bid the sinner live—  
 Guide the wanderer day by day,  
 In the straight and narrow way.

- 2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace  
 For the heavenly dwelling-place;  
 All thy promises are sure,  
 Ever shall thy love endure.  
 Then what more could I desire,  
 How to greater bliss aspire?  
 All I need, in thee I see;  
 Thou art all in all to me.

THOMAS HASTING. 1858

## 502

118.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of  
 the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent  
 word;  
 What more can he say than to you he  
 hath said,—  
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not  
 dismayed!  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give  
 thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

78. D. 3 "When through the deep waters I call  
 thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to  
 bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress

- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
 for repose

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should en-  
 deavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

GEORGE KEITH. 1787.

## 503

88, 78

THIS is not my place of resting—  
 Mine's a city yet to come;  
 Onward to it I am hasting—  
 On to my eternal home.

REF.—Nevermore, nevermore,  
 Nevermore to sin again;  
 Nevermore be sad or weary,  
 Nevermore to sin again.

- 2 In it all is light and glory;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day;  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse, hath passed away.

- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
 By the streams of life along;  
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
 Turns our sighing into song.

- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
 Nevermore are sad and weary,  
 Never, never sin again.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

## 504

C. P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,  
 And build on him alone;  
 For no foundation is there given  
 On which to place my hopes of heaven,  
 But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,  
 Wisdom and strength and righteousness,  
 And holiness complete;  
 Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh  
 Before the Ruler of the sky,  
 And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,  
 To solid joy or lasting peace,  
 But Christ, th' appointed road:  
 Oh, may we tread the sacred way,  
 By faith rejoice and praise and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God.

JOHN WINGROVE. 1785.

## 505

7s, 6s. D.

COME unto me, ye weary!  
 And I will give you rest."  
 Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to hearts oppress!  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace;  
 Of joy that hath no ending,  
 Of love that cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers,  
 And I will give you light."  
 Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to cheer the night!

Our hearts are filled with sadness,  
 And we had lost our way;  
 But morning brings us gladness,  
 And songs the break of day.

3 "And whosoever cometh,  
 I will not cast him out."  
 Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
 Which drives away our doubt!—  
 Which calls us very sinners,  
 Unworthy though we be  
 Of love so free and boundless,  
 To come, dear Lord, to thee!

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX. 1867.

## 506

11s.

O H, safe to the Rock that is higher  
 than I,  
 My soul, in its conflicts and sorrows,  
 would fly;  
 So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would  
 I be,  
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding  
 in thee.

REF.—Hiding in thee, hiding in thee,  
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages,"  
 I'm hiding in thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's  
 lone hour,  
 In times when temptation casts o'er me  
 its power;  
 In the tempests of life, on its wide,  
 heaving sea,  
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding  
 in thee.

- 2 How oft in the conflict, when pressed  
by the foe,  
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed  
out my woe!  
How often when trials, like sea-billows  
roll,  
Have I hidden in thee. O thou Rock  
of my soul!

W. O. CUSHING.

## 507

P. M.

WHAT things shall happen on the  
morrow

Thou kindly hidest from our gaze;  
But tellest us, in joy or sorrow,  
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

REF.—All the days, all the days,  
Lo! I am with you all the days.

- 4 When round our head the tempest rages,  
And sink our feet in miry ways,  
Thy voice comes floating down the ages,  
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

- 3 O thou who art our life and meetness!  
Not death shall daunt us or amaze;  
Hearing those words of power and  
sweetness,

"Lo! I am with you all the days."

ABRAHAM COLLE 1875.

## 508

88, Ts. D.

ALL the way my Saviour leads me;  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt his tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in him to dwell!  
For I know, what'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Cheers each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
Gushing from the rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Oh, the fullness of his love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's home above.  
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages—  
Jesus led me all the way.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNT. 1882.

## 509

P. M.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth  
my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;  
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me  
to say,

It is well, it is well with my soul.

REF.—It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though  
trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control:  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless  
estate,  
And hath shed his own blood for  
my soul.

- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—

My sin—not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O  
my soul!

H. G. SPAFFORD.

510

6s, 6l.

**B**LESSED are the sons of God,  
They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
They are ransomed from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have;  
With them numbered may we be  
Here, and in eternity.

- 2 They are justified by grace;  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great day;  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

- 3 They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun;  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS. 1743.

## THE CHURCH.

512

L. M.

**T**RIOUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head  
From dust and darkness and the  
dead;

Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's  
strength.

511

8s, 7s. D.

**I**'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
He loved me ere I knew him;  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus he bound me to him.  
And round my heart still closely twine  
Those ties which naught can sever;  
For I am his, and he is mine,  
Forever and forever.

- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
He bled, he died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But his own self he gave me.  
Naught that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver;  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are his, and his forever.

- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
So kind and true and tender;  
So wise a Counselor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender!  
From him who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul shall sever?  
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
No; I am his forever.

UNKNOWN.

- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;  
His hand thy ruins shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1775.

## 513

L. M.

**S**OON may the last glad song arise.  
Through all the millions of the skies;  
That song of triumph, which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;  
And over land and stream and main,  
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
Till not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

MRS. VORKE. 1810.

## 514

L. M.

**Z**ION, awake, thy strength renew;  
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;  
And let th' admiring world behold  
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine;  
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are.

- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,  
And shall admire and love thee too;—  
They come, like clouds across the sky;  
As doves that to their windows fly.

WILLIAM SHREVEBOLT, JR. 1795.

## 515

C. M.

**P**LANTED in Christ, the living vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy  
We yield to thee, O Lord.

- 2 Joined in one body may we be;  
One inward life partake;  
One be our heart; one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.

- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One wisdom be our guide;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In thee may we abide.

- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,  
Thy glorious work begun,  
O thou, in whom the church on earth  
And church in heaven are one.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1843.

## 516

C. M.

**O**H, where are kings and empires now  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church, O God!  
Though earthquake shocks are threat-  
ening her,  
And tempests are abroad.

- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. 1838.

517

7s, 6s. D.

THE church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation  
By water and the word:  
From heaven he came and sought her  
To be his holy Bride;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

Though with a scornful wonder,  
Men see her sore oppress,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest:  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great church victorious,  
Shall be the church at rest.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE. 1865.

518

8s, 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling  
Still is precious in thy sight;  
Judah's temple far excelling,  
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Round her habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

519

11s, 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad  
morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness  
have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and  
mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad  
morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-  
told!

Hail to the millions from bondage re-  
turning,

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision  
behold!

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are  
springing,

Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are  
ringing,

Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song



- 4 See, from all lands—from the isles of  
the ocean,—  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high!  
Fallen are the engines of war and  
commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.

## 520

S. M.

**I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800.

## 521

8s, 7s, 4.

**Z**ION stands with hills surrounded,—  
Zion, kept by power divine;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee:  
Thou art precious in his sight:  
God is with thee,—  
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

## 522

L. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;  
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;  
We die to sin, and seek a grave,  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
- 4 And as we rise, with thee to live,  
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

ADONIRAM JUDSON. 1788—1850.

## 523

L. M.

**H**OW blest the hour when first we gave  
Our guilty souls to thee, O God!  
A cheerful sacrifice of love,  
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!  
How blest the grace we now receive!  
Buried in baptism with our Lord,  
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals  
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven!  
How blest the emblem that reveals  
God reconciled, and peace with heaven!

4 Thus through the emblematic grave  
The glorious, suffering Saviour trod;  
Thou art our pattern, through the wave  
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1850.

524

L. M.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,  
Who loved our race ere time began,  
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,  
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,  
To mark the paths his saints should tread;  
With joy they trace the sacred way,  
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,  
The Saviour left his watery grave;  
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,  
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;  
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him.  
Happy beyond expression they  
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

THOMAS BALDWIN. 1819.

525

11s.

THOU who in Jordan didst bow thy  
meek head,  
And, 'whelmed in our sorrow, didst  
sink to the dead,

Then rose from the darkness to glory  
above,  
And claimed for thy chosen the king-  
dom of love;

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the  
tide,  
And are buried with thee in the death  
thou hast died;  
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in  
the way  
That brightens and brightens to shadow-  
less day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our  
Lord,  
By the life of thy passion, the grace  
of thy word,  
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,  
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from  
sin;

4 Till, crowned with thy glory, and  
waving the palm,  
Our garments all white from the blood  
of the Lamb,  
We join the bright millions of saint  
gone before,  
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise  
evermore.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE. 1857.

526

L. M.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,  
And meekly sought a watery grave—  
Come, see the sacred path he trod—  
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,  
And hither come to seek his face,  
To do his will, to feel his love,  
And join our songs with songs above.

- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!  
 Let endless glories round him shine;  
 High o'er the heavens forever reign,  
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

ADONIRAM JUBSON. 1788-1850.

## 527

C. M.

DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love  
 Embrace a wretch so vile?  
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
 And bless me with thy smile?

- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,  
 And all its shame despised?  
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
 With thee to be baptized?

- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling flood?  
 And shall my pride disdain the deed  
 That's worthy of my God?

- 4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love  
 Reproves my cold delays;  
 And now my willing footsteps move  
 In thy delightful ways.

JOHN FELLOWS. 1773.

## 528

C. M.

O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,  
 With joy thy cause maintain;  
 Like Jesus numbered with the dead,  
 Like him we rise and reign.

- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,  
 Obedient to thy word;  
 'Tis thus the world around shall know  
 We're buried with the Lord.

- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,  
 And boldly venture in;  
 Oh, may we rise to live anew,  
 And only die to sin!

ANON.

## 529

C. M.

THIS God the Father we adore  
 In this baptismal sign;  
 'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore  
 Proclaimed the Son divine.

- 2 The Father owned him; let our breath  
 In answering praise ascend,  
 As, in the image of his death,  
 We own our heavenly Friend.

- 3 We seek the consecrated grave  
 Along the path he trod:  
 Receive us in the hallowed wave,  
 Thou holy Son of God.

- 4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,  
 And future witness bear  
 That we to Zion's mighty Lord  
 Our full allegiance swear.

MARIA GRACE SAFFERY. 1816.

## 530

C. M.

WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,  
 We yield our spirits now,  
 Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,  
 And seal the cheerful vow.

- 2 All glory be to him whose life  
 For ours was freely given,  
 Who aids us in the Spirit's strife,  
 And makes us meet for heaven.

- 3 To thee we gladly now resign  
 Our life and all our powers;  
 Accept us in this rite divine,  
 And bless these hallowed hours.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1832.

## 531

C. M.

**I**N all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue;  
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes;  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command;  
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be—  
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;  
I'll gladly go with thee.

JOHN RYLAND. 1773.

## 532

C. M.

**M**EETLY in Jordan's holy stream  
The great Redeemer bowed;  
Bright was the glory's sacred beam  
That hushed the wondering crowd.

- 2 Thus God descended to approve  
The deed that Christ had done;  
Thus came the emblematic Dove,  
And hovered o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day  
To our baptismal scene;  
Let thoughts of earth be far away,  
And every mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy;  
This day to heaven belongs;  
Raised to new life, we will employ  
In melody our tongues.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1832.

## 533

C. M.

**B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,  
The great Redeemer lies;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.

- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day  
Their ardent zeal t' express;  
And, in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain;  
Like him be numbered with the dead  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee  
Our grateful voices raise;  
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,  
Our lives shall be thy praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

## 534

8s, 7s, 4.

**T**HOU hast said, exalted Jesus,  
Take thy cross and follow me;  
Shall the word with terror seize us?  
Shall we from the burden flee?  
Lord, I'll take it,  
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,  
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,  
Shall I shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave?  
No; I'll enter:  
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,  
Saviour, of thy love for me;

But more blest the love that binds me  
 In its deathless bonds to thee:  
 Oh, what pleasure,  
 Buried with my Lord to be.

- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,  
 Should I suffer shame or loss,  
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,  
 I have been where Jesus was,  
 Will revive me  
 When I faint beneath the cross.

- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,  
 Let me die to earth and sin;  
 Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing  
 Which the faithful soul shall win:  
 May I ever  
 Follow where my Lord has been.

JOHN EUSTACE GILES. 1837.

### 535

S. M.

**D**OWN to the sacred wave  
 The Lord of life was led;  
 And he who came our souls to save  
 In Jordan bowed his head.

- 2 He taught the solemn way;  
 He fixed the holy rite;  
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
 And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread  
 In thy appointed way;  
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
 And smile on us to-day.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1843.

### 536

S. M.

**W**ITH willing hearts we tread  
 The path the Saviour trod;  
 We love th' example of our head,  
 The glorious Lamb of God.

- 2 On thee, on thee alone,  
 Our hope and faith rely,  
 O thou who didst for sin atone,  
 Who didst for sinners die.

- 3 We trust thy sacrifice;  
 To thy dear cross we flee;  
 Oh, may we die to sin, and rise  
 To life and bliss in thee.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1843.

### 537

7s, 6s

**A**ROUND thy grave, Lord Jesus,  
 Thine empty grave we stand,  
 With hearts all full of praises,  
 To keep thy blest command:  
 By faith our souls rejoicing,  
 To trace thy path of love,  
 Through death's dark angry billows  
 Up to the throne above.

- 2 Lord Jesus, we remember  
 The travail of thy soul,  
 When, in thy love's deep pity,  
 The waves did o'er thee roll:  
 Baptized in death's cold waters,  
 For us thy blood was shed;  
 For us the Lord of glory  
 Was numbered with the dead.
- 3 Lord, now thou art arisen,  
 Thy travail is all o'er,  
 For sin thou once hast suffered,  
 Thou livest to die no more;  
 Sin, death, and hell are vanquished  
 By thee, thy church's Head;  
 And lo! we share thy triumphs,  
 Thou first-born from the dead.

4 Into thy death baptized,  
We own with thee we died;  
With thee, our life, are risen,  
And in thee glorified;  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransomed by thy blood,  
And now would walk as strangers  
Alive with thee to God.

JAMES GEORGE DECK. 1815.

538

L. M.

**A** MIDST us our Beloved stands,  
And bids us view his pierced hands;  
Points to the wounded feet and side,  
Blest emblems of the crucified.

2 What food luxurious loads the board,  
When at his table sits the Lord!  
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,  
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,  
We see the signs, but see not him,  
Oh, may his love the scales displace,  
And bid us see him face to face!

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. 1866.

539

7s. 6l.

**T**ILL he come," oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss;  
Death and darkness and the tomb  
Only whisper, "Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:  
Drink the wine, and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round his heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some:  
Severed only "Till he come."

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH. 1866

540

S. M.

**B**LEST feast of love divine!  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine,  
In memory, Lord, of thee.

3 That blood which flowed for sin,  
In symbol here we see,  
And feel the blessed pledge within  
That we are loved by thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love  
Be so divinely sweet,  
What will it be, O Lord, above,  
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

EDWARD DENNY. 1839.

541

S. M.

**J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined  
His glorious name to raise;  
Let holy love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise,

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.



## 542

**A** PARTING hymn we sing,  
Around thy table, Lord,  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.

- 2 Here have we seen thy face,  
And felt thy presence here,  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood,—  
By sin no longer led,—  
The path our dear Redeemer trod,  
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetful love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

AARON ROBERT WOLFE. 1821.

## 543

C. M.

- I**F human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh,
- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To him who died our fears to quell,  
And save from endless woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed!—  
“Meet and remember me.”

- S. M. 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
The griefs which thou didst bear!  
O memory, leave no other name  
But his recorded there!

GERARD THOMAS NOEL. 1813.

## 544

C. M.

- H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine;  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;  
Oh, what delightful food!  
We eat the bread and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler good.
- 3 Sure, there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour,—so divine;  
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

## 545

C. M.

- H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts and every song,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,  
“Lord, why was I a guest?”
- 3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

- 4 Pity the nations, O our God;  
 Constrain the earth to come;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 546

C. M.

**T**O him who loved the souls of men,  
 And washed us in his blood,  
 To royal honors raised our head,  
 And made us priests to God,—

- 2 To him let every tongue be praise,  
 And every heart be love,  
 All grateful honors paid on earth,  
 And nobler songs above.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 547

7s.

**B**READ of heaven, on thee we feed,  
 For thy flesh is meat indeed:  
 Ever let our souls be fed  
 With this true and living bread.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
 This blest cup of sacrifice:  
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give,  
 To thy cross we look and live.

- 3 Day by day, with strength supplied  
 Through the life of him who died,  
 Lord of life, oh, let us be  
 Rooted, grafted, built in thee!

JOSIAH CONDER. 1824.

## 548

7s. D.

**P**EOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,—  
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave.  
 Mine the God whom you adore;  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more;  
 Every idol I resign.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

## 549

8s, 7s. 4s.

**E**NTER, Jesus bids thee welcome  
 In the fullness of his grace;  
 With this hand of love we give thee  
 In our hearts the warmest place:  
 Hence together  
 Let us run the Christian race.

- 2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,  
 Crosses fill the path you trace,  
 But a victor's palm awaits thee;  
 Slacken not thy heavenward pace:  
 Firm together  
 Let us run the Christian race!

- 3 Welcome then to joys and sorrows,  
 Every foe and danger face;  
 God is with us, we shall triumph,—  
 Hallelujah to his grace!  
 Oh, what glory  
 Crowns the blessed Christian race!

SIDNEY DYER. 1863.

550

8s, 7s. 4s.

**N**OW in parting, Father, bless us;  
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;  
Gracious Comforter, be with us,  
As we from thy table go;  
Bless us, bless us,  
Father, Son, and Spirit now.

- 2 Bless us here, while still as strangers  
Onward to our home we move;  
Bless us with eternal blessings,  
In our Father's house above:  
Ever, ever,  
Dwelling in the light of love.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1808—

551

8s, 4s.

**B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord,  
Until he come.

- 2 His body broken in our stead,  
Is here in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until he come.

- 3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see;  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until he come.

- 3 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until he come.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

552

9s, 8s.

**B**READ of the world in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be thy feast to us the token  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

REGINALD HEER. 1920.

553

7s, 6s

**S**IT down beneath his shadow,  
And rest with great delight;  
The faith that now beholds him  
Is pledge of future sight.

- 2 Our Master's love remember,  
Exceeding great and free;  
Lift up thy heart in gladness,  
For he remembers thee.

- 3 A little while though parted,  
Remember, wait, and love,  
Until he comes in glory,  
Until we meet above.

- 4 Till in the Father's kingdom  
The heavenly feast is spread,  
And we behold his beauty,  
Whose blood for us was shed.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836 1879.

554

7s, 6s.

**O** LORD, I am not worthy  
That thou shouldst come to me;  
But speak the word of comfort,  
My spirit healed shall be.

- 2 And humbly I'll receive thee,  
The Bridegroom of my soul,  
No more by sin to grieve thee,  
Or fly thy sweet control.

UNKNOWN.

555

S. M.

**H**OW beautiful are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

556

C. M.

**L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego,—  
For souls, which must forever live,  
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1730.

557

L. M.

**F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for thee,  
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 Oh, clothe with energy divine  
Their words; and let those words be thine,  
To them thy sacred truth reveal;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—  
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

558

L. M.

**W**E bid thee welcome in the name  
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:  
Come as a servant: so he came;  
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep  
This fold from Satan and from sin;  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God,  
Charged his whole counsel to declare,  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with  
prayer.

- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,  
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

## 559

L. M.

GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:  
He shall be saved that trusts my word,  
And he condemned who'll not believe.

- 2 "I'll make your great commission known;  
And ye shall prove my gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands;  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in my hands:  
I can destroy, and I defend."

- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 560

L. M. 6l.

NOW, in this consecrated place,  
Dispense the treasures of thy grace,  
Benignant God, and largely bless  
Our deacons with thy righteousness;  
That by thy tables they may stand  
As servants of thine own right hand.

- 2 These, by their office, called to see  
The body broken on the tree,—  
To hold before our brotherhood

The sign of the redeeming blood;  
The service of the cross to share,  
May they the Saviour's image bear.

These, whom we call to bear relief  
And solace to the sons of grief;  
These, who shall cheer with due supplies  
And free and friendly ministries;  
Our pastor,—oh, thyself uphold,  
Thou greater Shepherd of the fold.

- 2 With heavenly zeal and wisdom fed  
Be they who bear the sacred bread;  
With generous pleasures may they glow,  
Who meet the wants and share the woe:  
And thee, at last, O Saviour, see,  
And spread the marriage feast for thee.

EDWIN THEODORE WINNELL. 1823—

## 561

C. M.

SPIRIT of holiness, descend;  
Thy people wait for thee;  
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;  
Let us thy mercy see.

- 2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,  
With wistful, longing eyes;  
Let us no more lie desolate;  
Oh, bid thy light arise!

- 3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone  
Leads us in hope to thee;  
Let us not feel its rays alone,—  
Alone thy people be.

- 4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God;  
Remember those we love,  
Fit them on earth for thine abode,  
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine

To hear our feeble prayer;  
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—  
Let us thy mercy share.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1832.

562

8s, 7s, 3s.

**L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.  
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me.  
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to thee;  
For I am longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.  
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak some word of power to me.  
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;  
Magnify it all in me.  
Even me.

ELIZABETH CODRER. 1890.

563

S. M.

**R**EVIVE thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for thee,  
And hungering for the bread of life,  
Oh, may our spirits be!

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers,  
The glory shall be all thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

ALBERT MIDLAND. 1860.

564

S. M.

**O** LORD, thy work revive  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer;  
Their sacred vows again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;  
Now listen to our cry;  
Oh, come and bring salvation near,  
Our souls on thee rely.

PERCIE HINSDALE BROWN. 1894



565

8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again.  
 Lord, revive us;  
 All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high;  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die.  
 Lord, revive us; etc.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;  
 Make us prevalent in prayers;  
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
 Lord, revive us; etc.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

566

C. P. M.

THE Lord into his garden comes,  
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,  
 The lilies grow and thrive;  
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
 From Jesus flow to every vine,  
 And make the dead revive.

2 Oh that this dry and barren ground  
 In springs of water may abound,—  
 A fruitful soil become;  
 The desert blossoms like the rose,  
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
 And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
 The gracious work is now begun,—  
 My soul a witness is;  
 Come, taste and see the pardon free  
 To all mankind, as well as me:  
 Who come to Christ may live

567

8s, 7s. D.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death!  
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,—  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor, benighted heart:  
 Come, and manifest thy favor  
 To the ransomed, helpless race;  
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace!

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins:  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit,  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744.

568

L. M.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains  
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains?  
 What anthems loud, and louder still,  
 So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

REF.—Glory, glory, let us sing,  
 While heaven and earth with  
 glory ring:  
 Hosanna, Hosanna,  
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings  
Hosanna to the King of kings:  
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim  
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—REF.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,  
For we will join this song of praise;  
Still, Israel's children forward press  
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.—REF.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;  
See David's Son and Lord appear!  
All praise on earth to him be given,  
And glory shout through highest  
heaven.—REF.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854.

569

L. M.

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
I, a poor child, and thou, so high,  
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? Let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee;  
And try in word and deed and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a Friend;  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me in thy love,  
To be thy better child above. Amen.

ANN TAYLOR GILBERT. 1809.

570

7s, 6L

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the Love, which from our birth,  
Over and around us lies,—  
Christ our God, to thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For thyself, best Gift Divine!  
To our race so freely given,  
For that great, great love of thine,  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven,—  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPONT. 1864

571

C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.

- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,  
And yield them up to thee;  
With humble trust that we are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1756.

## 572

C. M.

**B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shakethesoul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passions rage.

- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HERB. 1827.

## 573

C. M.

**A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children, whose sins are all forgiven.  
A holy, happy band.

- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,—  
Where all is peace and joy and love?  
How came those children there?

- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood  
Behold them white and clean!

ANNE SHEPHERD. 1841.

## 574

S. M.

**G**REAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend,  
The subjects of thy grace.

- 2 Oh, what a pure delight  
Their happiness to see;  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.

- 3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
The word of truth divine;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And make these children thine.

JOHN FELLOWS. 1778.

## 575

S. M.

**T**HE Saviour kindly calls  
Our children to his breast;  
He folds them in his gracious arms,  
Himself declares them blest.

- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these,  
For such as these I came."

- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee,  
Imploring, that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

HENRY USTICK UNDERDOW. 1826.

576

8s, 7s, 4s.

3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;  
 Much we need thy tenderest care;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us;  
 For our use thy folds prepare:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We thir day thy glory sing;  
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing  
 We would loftier tribute bring:  
 Glad hosannas  
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

UNKNOWN. 1850.

578

P. M.

ANGEL voices ever singing  
 Round thy throne of light,  
 Angel hearts forever ringing,  
 Rest not day nor night:  
 Thousands only live to bless thee,  
 And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
 Mental eye can scan,  
 Can it be that thou regardest  
 Songs of sinful man?  
 Can we feel that thou art near us,  
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of thine own to thee;  
 And for thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest melody.

FRANCIS POTT. 1861.

577

8s, 7s, 4s.

ONCE was heard the song of children,  
 By the Saviour, when on earth;  
 Joyful in the sacred temple  
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth;  
 And hosannas  
 Loud to David's Son broke forth.

Palms of victory strewn around him,  
 Garments spread beneath his feet,  
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,  
 In fair Salem's crowded street;  
 While hosannas  
 From the lips of children greet.

579

P. M.

AT the feet of Jesus, listening to his  
 word,  
 Learning wisdom's lesson from her  
 loving Lord,  
 Mary, led by heavenly grace,  
 Chose the meek disciple's place.  
 At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,  
 There a humble learner would I choose  
 to be.

DOROTHY ANN THURFF. 1838.

2 At the feet of Jesus, pouring perfume  
rare,  
Mary did her Saviour for the grave  
prepare;  
And from love the good work done,  
She her Lord's approval won.  
At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,  
There in the sweetest service would I  
ever be.

3 At the feet of Jesus in that morning hour,  
Loving hearts receiving resurrection  
power,  
Haste with joy to preach the word,  
"Christ is risen, praise the Lord!"  
At the feet of Jesus, risen now for me,  
I shall sing his praises through eternity.

PHILIP P. BLISS. 1838—1877.

580

7s, 6s. D.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing,  
Hosannas to his name:  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But, as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill.  
We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon his throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

JOSHUA KING. 1833.

581

7s, 6s. D.

WE bring no glittering treasures,  
No gems from earth's deep mine:  
We come with simple measures,  
To chant thy love divine.  
Children, thy favors sharing,  
Their voice of thanks would raise,  
Father, accept our offering,  
Our songs of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,  
Love's written word of truth,  
To us is early given,  
To guide our steps in youth;  
We hear the wondrous story,  
The tale of Calvary;  
We read of homes in glory,  
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!  
Oh, teach us how to pray,  
That each, thy fear possessing,  
May tread life's onward way;  
Then, where the pure are dwelling,  
We hope to meet again,  
And, sweeter numbers swelling,  
Forever praise thy name

HARRIET PHILLIPS.

582

8s, 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share:

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MÜHLENBERG. 1820.

583

8s, 7s.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light.

- 2 All this day thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and  
fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer:
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
'Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. 1830.

584

7s, 6s. D.

GLORY and praise and honor  
To thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

- REF.—Glory and praise and honor  
To thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.
- 2 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before thee we present.—REF.
  - 3 Thou wentest to thy passion  
Amid their shouts of praise;  
Thou reignest now in glory,  
While we our anthems raise.—REF
  - 4 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King!—REF

THEODULPH, Bp. OF ORLEANS. 821.  
Tr. by JOHN MARSH NEALE. 1856.

585

7s, 6s. D

- COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and accents blend;  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only Friend:  
His holy soul rejoices,  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave;



And in our hour of danger,  
We'll trust his love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on the throne.

- 3 Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day;  
For those who here confess him,  
He will in heaven confess;  
And faithful hearts that bless him,  
He will forever bless.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE. 1850.

## 586

6s, 5s.

NOW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose,  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee,  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Through the long night-watches  
May thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

SAMUEL BARING-GOULD. 1865.

## 587

H. M.

A BOVE the clear blue sky,  
In heaven's bright abode,  
The angel host on high  
Sing praises to their God.  
Alleluia,  
They love to sing  
To God their King;  
Alleluia.

- 2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise,  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise.  
Alleluia,  
We too will sing  
To God our King;  
Alleluia.

- 3 Oh, may thy holy word  
Spread all the world around:  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound  
Alleluia,  
All then shall sing  
To God their King;  
Alleluia.

JOHN CHANDLER. \*441.

## 588

H. M.

- HUSHED was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark:  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark;  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine
- 2 The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;

His watch the temple-child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of thy word;  
Like him to answer at thy call,  
And to obey thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,  
A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To thee in life and death;  
That I may read with child-like eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNES. 1856.

589

6s, 5s. D.

JESUS Christ our Saviour,  
Once for us a child,  
In thy whole behavior  
Meek, obedient, mild;  
In thy footsteps treading,  
We, thy lambs, will be,  
Foe nor danger dreading  
While we follow thee.

2 We thy children, raising  
Unto thee our hearts,  
In thy constant praising  
Bear our duteous parts:  
As thy love hath won us  
From the world away,  
Still thy hands put on us;  
Bless us day by day.

3 Let thine angels guide us;  
Let thine arms enfold;  
In thy bosom hide us,  
Sheltered from the cold;  
To thyself us gather,  
'Mid the ransomed host,  
Praising thee, the Father,  
And the Holy Ghost.

WILLIAM WHITING. 1860.

590

P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet  
story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs  
to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them  
then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed  
on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown  
around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind  
look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I  
may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above.

JEMIMA LUKER. 1841.

591

C. M. D.

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be,  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face  
 I see not, though so near;  
 The sweetness of thy soft, low voice,  
 I am too deaf to hear.

- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand  
 With pressure light and mild,  
 To check me as my mother did,  
 When I was but a child:  
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,  
 Rebuking sin for me;  
 And, when my heart loves God, I know  
 The sweetness is from thee.

- 3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
 Morning and night, to prayer,  
 Something there is within my heart  
 Which tells me thou art there.  
 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:  
 Thy prayer is all for me;  
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
 But watchest patiently.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1849.

### 592

6s, 4.

LEAD them, my God, to thee,  
 Lead them to thee,  
 These children dear of mine,  
 Thou gavest me;  
 Oh, by thy love divine,  
 Lead them, my God, to thee;  
 Lead them to thee.

- 2 E'en for such little ones,  
 Christ came a child,  
 And through this world of sin  
 Moved undefiled;  
 Oh, for his sake, I pray,  
 Lead them, my God, to thee.  
 Lead them to thee.

- 3 Yea, though my faith be dim,  
 I would believe  
 That thou this precious gift  
 Wilt now receive;  
 Oh, take their young hearts now,  
 Lead them, my God, to thee;  
 Lead them to thee.

UNKNOWN.

### 593

7s, 6s. D

GO preach the blest salvation  
 To every sinful race,  
 And bid each guilty nation  
 Accept the Saviour's grace;  
 But bear, oh, quickly bear it,  
 Where thronging millions roam,  
 And bid them freely share it,  
 Who dwell with us at home.

- 2 Where blooms the broad savanna,  
 Where mighty waters roll,  
 There let the gospel banner  
 Beam hope on every soul;  
 Go where the West is teeming,  
 And yet behold they come!  
 The richest fields are gleaming  
 For those who reap at home!

- 3 Our children there are dwelling,  
 Neglected and astray,  
 Whose hearts are often swelling  
 To learn of Zion's way.  
 Bear, bear to them the treasure,  
 And bid the exiles come;  
 There is no sweeter pleasure  
 Than preaching Christ at home.

SIDNEY Dyer 1859.

594

7s, 6s. D. 3 And when our labors all are o'er,

OUR country's voice is pleading;  
Ye men of God, arise!  
His providence is leading,  
The land before you lies;  
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
Invite the reaper's toil.  
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,  
And promise clothes the soil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking,  
On California's shore,  
Christ's precious gospel taking,  
More rich than golden ore;  
On Allegheny's mountains,  
Through all the Western Vale,  
Beside Missouri's fountains,  
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed on from east to west,  
Till all, his cross beholding,  
In him are fully blest.  
Great Author of Salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day,  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy sceptre shall obey.

MARIA FRANCES ANDERSON. 1849.

595

L. M.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

Then shall we meet to part no more;  
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,

And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

B. H. DRAFER, D. D. 1808.

596

L. M.

ARISE in all thy splendor, Lord;  
Let power attend thy gracious word,  
Unveil the beauties of thy face,  
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,  
And be thou known th' almighty God;  
Make bare thy arm, thy power display,  
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway,

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;  
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;  
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,  
That all the world thy power may own.

SARAH SLINN. 1779.

597

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song:  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 598

L. M.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,  
O God of mercy and of might!  
In pity look on those who stray,  
Benighted in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from thee!

- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened  
old,

A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

- 4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM CELLEN BRYANT. 1794-1878.

## 599

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;  
Now let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!  
Soon may our wandering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
Through every clime, of every name  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHREVE, JR. 1796.

## 600

L. M.

UPLIFT the banner! Let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun shall light its shining folds,  
The cross on which the Saviour died.

- 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

- 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, gathering at the call,  
Their spirits kindle in its light.

- 4 Uplift the banner! Let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory only in the cross,  
Our only hope the Crucified.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE. 1824.

## 601

C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure;  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor.

- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

WILLIAM CROSWELL. 1843.

602

C. M.

**D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust;  
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.

2 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge!"  
And "Keep not back, O North!"

4 They come! they come! thine exiled  
bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

603

7s. D.

**H**ARK! the song of jubilee;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore:

Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:  
See Jehovah's banners furled:  
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—  
'tis done,

And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away:  
Then the end; beneath his rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819

604

7s. D.

**H**ASTEN Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel call obey.  
Mightiest kings his power shall own,  
Heathen tribes his name adore;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness and joy and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.



Bless we then our gracious Lord;  
 Ever praise his glorious name;  
 All his mighty acts record,  
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUDBER. 1829.

## 605

7s, 6s. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HESER. 1819.

## 606

7s, 6s. D.

THE morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness disappears;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To penitential tears;  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
 Brings tidings from afar  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
 In many a gentle shower,  
 And brighter scenes before us  
 Are opening every hour:  
 Each cry, to heaven going,  
 Abundant answers brings,  
 And heavenly gales are blowing,  
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
 A nation in a day.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1843

## 607

8s, 7s, 4s

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
 See the promises advancing  
 To a glorious day of grace;  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
 Let the rude barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
 Once obtained on Calvary:  
 Let the gospel,  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.  
 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
 Now, from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night:  
 Let redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.  
 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
 Win and conquer,—never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase:  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1772.

608

8s, 7s, 4s.

- YES, my native land, I love thee;  
 All thy scenes, I love them well;  
 Friends, connections, happy country,  
 Can I bid you all farewell?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?  
 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—  
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;  
 Happy home, indeed I love thee;  
 Can I, can I say "Farewell?"  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?  
 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,

- Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
 Can I say a last farewell?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?  
 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I loved so well;  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
 Lovely, native land, farewell!  
 Pleased I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.  
 5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvas swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell.  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell, farewell!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1833.

609

8s, 7s, 4s.

- ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welome news to Zion bearing,—  
 Zion, long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.  
 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.  
 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double;  
 In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

## 610

C. M.

- O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,  
 Built over earth and sea,  
 Accept the walls that human hands  
 Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
 Within these courts to bide,  
 The peace that dwelleth without end,  
 Serenely by thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here  
 Be taught the better way;  
 And they who mourn and they who fear,  
 Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
 And pure devotion rise,  
 While round these hallowed walls the  
 storm  
 Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1835.

## 611

C. M.

- DEAR Shepherd of thy people! here  
 Thy presence now display;  
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
 And love and concord dwell;  
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
 The wounded spirit heal.

- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
 The humble mind bestow;  
 And shine upon us from on high,  
 To make our graces grow.

- 4 May we in faith receive the word,  
 In faith present our prayers;  
 And in the presence of our Lord  
 Unbosom all our cares.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

## 612

C. M.

- SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,  
 And make this house thy home;  
 Descend with all thy gracious power;  
 Oh, come, great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light,—to us reveal  
 Our sinfulness and woe;  
 And lead us in the paths of life,  
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,  
 Like sacrificial flame;  
 Let every soul an offering be  
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,  
 The wings of peaceful love;  
 And let the church on earth become  
 Blest as the church above.

ANDREW REED. 1941.

## 613

H. M.

- IN loud, exalted strains,  
 The King of glory praise;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days:  
 But Zion, with his presence blest,  
 Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 Great King of glory, come,  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy dome,  
This people as thy own:  
Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below!

3 Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
All fragrant to the skies:  
Here may the word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around!

4 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long succeeding days:  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand and men adore.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS. 1787.

614

7s.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise;  
Thou thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heavenly bread;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand  
While the sea shall gird the land;  
Here reveal thy mercy sure  
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah!—hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1821.

615

L. M.

O GOD the Father, Christ the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Accept the gift our hearts have sought,—  
Our hands in Christian love have wrought

2 Here may the light of gospel truth  
Illumine age, enlighten youth:  
In many hearts that grace begin,  
Which saves from sorrow and from sin

3 May Jesus here that power display  
Which changes darkness into day,  
And open wide those gates of love  
That lead to blessedness above.

4 O Jesus Christ, our sovereign Lord,  
By angels and by saints adored,  
Accept this tribute of our praise,  
And with thy glory fill this place.

UNKNOWN.

616

L. M

AND wilt thou, O eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honor raise;  
Long may they echo in thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
Thousands were born for glory here.

PHILIP DODDGE. 1755.

## TEMPERANCE.

617

S. M.

**M**OURN for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show his saving love.

UNKNOWN.

618

C. M.

**'T**HIS thine alone, almighty Name,  
To raise the dead to life,  
The lost inebriate to reclaim  
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!  
How widely roll its waves!  
How many myriads hath it brought  
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still  
Are maddened by the bowl,  
Led captive at the tyrant's will  
In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King  
And break the galling chain;  
Deliverance to the captive bring,  
And end th' usurper's reign.

EDWIN FRANCIS HATFIELD. 1872.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

619

L. M.

**H**OW blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms  
are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

620

L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in  
haste,

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

621

L. M. D.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!  
How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—  
The glory of a passing hour.

2 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain  
Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:  
If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
Though passing through a vale of  
tears.

DAVID EVERARD FORD. 1838.

622

S. H. M.

FRIEND after friend departs:  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end:  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

2 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone:  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away;  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own  
light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1824.



## 623

C. M.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,

Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, followers of our suffering Lord,  
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,  
The vital spark shall lie:  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes, too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the archangel's trump shall break  
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long-silent voice awake  
With shouts of endless praise.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1807.

## 624

7s, 6s. D.

AS flows the rapid river,  
With channel broad and free,  
Its waters rippling ever,  
And hasting to the sea,  
So life is onward flowing,  
And days of offered peace,  
And man is swiftly going  
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,  
As hastes the sun away,  
As storm and winds, complaining,  
Bring on the wintry day,  
So fast the night comes o'er us,  
The darkness of the grave:  
And death is just before us;  
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure  
Laid up in worlds above?  
And is it all thy pleasure  
Thy God to praise and love?  
Beware, lest death's dark river  
Its billows o'er thee roll,  
And thou lament forever  
The ruin of thy soul.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1845

## 625

11s.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not  
to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark  
o'er the way:  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on  
us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough  
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no,—welcome  
the tomb;  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not  
its gloom:  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me  
arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending 'the  
skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from  
his God,—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful  
abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright  
o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally  
reigns?

- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast  
of the soul.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. 1823.

## 626

L. M.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour:  
So peacefully he sinks to rest,  
When faith, endued from heaven with  
power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

- 3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

- 3 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to  
bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST. 1831.

## 627

C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we.

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we stray,  
We're traveling to the grave.

- 3 Eternal joy or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death!

- 4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 628

C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,  
Is equal warning given;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
And far above is heaven.

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its perils every hour.

- 3 Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know;  
Where'er thy feet can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.

- 4 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply  
To truths which hourly tell  
That they who underneath thee lie  
Shall live in heaven or hell.

REGINALD HIBBS. 1827.

629 8s, 7s. D.

**M**Y days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.

**REF.**—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over;  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave:  
"Let every lamp be burning;"  
We look afar across the wave,  
Our distant home discerning.—**REF.**

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,  
We will not yield to sorrow;  
For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
There's glory on the morrow.—**REF.**

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,  
Forever! oh, forever!—**REF.**

DAVID NELSON. 1835.

630

P. M.

**A** FEW more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more storm-clouds dreary,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more days the cross to bear,  
And then with Christ a crown we'll wear;  
A few more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home.

**REF.**—O'er times' rapid river,  
Soon we'll rest forever.

2 A few more nights of weeping,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more watches keeping,  
Then we'll gather home;

A few more victories over sin,  
A few more sheaves to gather in,  
A few more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home.—**REF.**

3 A few more sweet links broken,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more kind words spoken,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more partings on the strand,  
And then away to Canaan's land;  
A few more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home.—**REF.**

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

631

S. M

**A** FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest,  
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857

632

S. M

**I**T is not death to die—  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose,  
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with thee on high.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE. 1847.

## 633

S. M.

OH, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

- 2 Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky,
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.

4 Oh, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1831.

## 634

S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found,—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh:  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

## 635

7s, 6s. D

TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,—  
A journey to the tomb:  
Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,—  
A journey to the tomb:  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above,  
Where no worldly griefs annoy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

JOHN BURTON. 1815

## 636

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than e'er I've been before.

REF.—I'm nearer my home, nearer my  
home,  
Nearer my home to-day;  
Yes, nearer my home in heaven  
to-day,  
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 For even now my feet  
May stand upon its brink;  
I may be nearer home,  
Nearer than now I think.

PHOEBE CARY. 1854.

## 637

SHALL we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel-feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

REF.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.

6s. 3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY. 1864.

## 638

6s. 5s

WHEN shall we meet again?—  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose  
Safe from each blast that blows  
In this dark vale of woes,—  
Never,—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless forever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never,—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever!  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever:

Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never,—no, never!

V. 1, ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS. 1821.  
VS. 2, 3, 4, S. F. SMITH.

639

L. M.

**A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to  
weep;

A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
'To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

MARGARET MACKAY. 1832.

640

L. M.

**U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear  
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed thro' the grave and blessed  
the bed;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break and pierce the shade.

ISAAC WATTS. 1734.

641

8s, 7s.

**S**ISTER, thou was mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—  
Peaceful in the grave so low;  
Thou no more wilt join our number;  
Thou no more our songs shalt know

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled;  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1843.

642

C. M.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord, we, too, shall fly  
At the great rising day.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.



## 643

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven  
proclaims

For all the pious dead:

"Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from sin released,  
They're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward."

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 644

10s.

GO to the grave in all thy glorious  
prime!

In full activity of zeal and power;  
A Christian cannot die before his time;  
The Lord's appointment is the ser-  
vant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor  
cease;

Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task  
is done;

Come from the heat of battle, and in  
peace,

Soldier! go home; with thee the  
fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay  
In death's embraces, ere he rose on  
high;

And all the ransomed, by that narrow  
way,

Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave! no, take thy seat above!  
Be thy pure spirit present with the  
Lord,

Where thou for faith and hope hast  
perfect love,

And open vision for the written  
word. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

## 645

11s, 12s.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we  
will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness en-  
compass the tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its  
portals before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no  
longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the  
world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread  
to enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the  
Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its  
mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt  
lingered long;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed  
bright on thy waking,

And the sound thou didst hear was  
the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we  
will not deplore thee,  
Since God was thy Ransom, thy  
Guardian, thy Guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he  
will restore thee;  
And death has no sting, since the  
Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER. 1812.

646

4s, 6s.

**S**LEEP thy last sleep,  
Free from care and sorrow;  
Rest, where none weep,  
Till th' eternal morrow;  
Though dark waves roll  
O'er the silent river,  
Thy fainting soul  
Jesus can deliver.

- 2 Life's dream is past,  
All its sin, its sadness;  
Brightly at last  
Dawns a day of gladness.  
Under thy sod,  
Earth, receive our treasure,  
To rest in God,  
Waiting all his pleasure.

- 3 Though we may mourn  
Those in life the dearest,  
They shall return,  
Christ, when thou appearest!  
Soon shall thy voice  
Comfort those now weeping,  
Bidding rejoice  
All in Jesus sleeping.

EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN. 1809.

647

8s, 7s, 7s.

**T**ENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled  
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:  
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

- 2 In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To the sunny, heavenly plain  
Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with thee in light.

- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving;  
Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though thou take what most we love.

JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD. 1797-1851.  
Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1853.

648

S. M.

**S**ERVANT of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

- 2 The voice at midnight came;  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;  
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 The pains of death are past;  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

- 4 Soldier of Christ, well done;  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

649 7s, 6s. D.

THE day of resurrection!  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The passover of gladness,  
The passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our Christ has brought us over  
With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection light:  
And, listening to his accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail;" and, hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Invisible and visible  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. 8TH CENT.  
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE. 1862.

650 S. M.

THE church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.

- 2 How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood?
- 3 We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then.  
As now we share thy grace.
- 4 Come, Lord and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1845.

651 S. M.

- COME, Lord, and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!  
Dost thou not hear the cry?
- 3 Come, and make all things new;  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.
- 4 Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness!

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

652 L. M. 6l.

COME, quickly come, dread Judge of all;  
For, awful though thine advent be,  
All shadows from the truth will fall,  
And falsehood die in sight of thee;

Come, quickly come; for doubt and fear  
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.  
Come, quickly come; for thou alone  
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come; true Life of all;  
The curse of death is on the ground;  
On every home his shadows fall,  
On every heart his mark is found:  
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain  
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come; sure Light of all;  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall,  
With weary watching for the day:  
Come, quickly come; for round thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.

LAWRENCE TUTTLETT. 1825—.

## 653

C. M. D.

**B**EHOLD the Bridegroom cometh in  
the middle of the night,  
And blest is he whose loins are girt,  
whose lamp is burning bright;  
But woe to that dull servant whom the  
Master shall surprise  
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and  
with slumber in his eyes.

2 That day, the day of fear, shall come;  
my soul, slack not thy toil,  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well,  
and make it bright with oil;

Thou knowest not how soon may sound  
the cry at eventide,

"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise!  
go forth to meet the Bride."

3 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed,  
lest thou in slumber lie,  
And, like the five, remain without, and  
knock and vainly cry;  
But watch, and bear thy lamp un-  
dimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on  
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—  
the glory of the Son.

GERARD MOULTRIE. 1867.

## 654

7s, 6s D.

**R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers!  
And let your lights appear;  
The shades of eve are thickening,  
And darker night is near;  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon he will draw nigh;  
Up! pray and watch and wrestle!  
At midnight comes the cry.

2 O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till in your jubilations  
Ye meet the angel choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!

With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with thee.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI. 1660—1722  
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1864.

## 655

C. M.

**L**O! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God  
resides—

That holy, happy place,—  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,—  
“Mortals! behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.

4 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains and groans and griefs and  
fears,  
And death itself shall die!”

5 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 656

8s, 7s, 4s.

**O**'ER the distant mountains breaking,  
Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;  
'Tis the Saviour,  
On his bright returning way.

2 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand,  
Keep me in my lowly station,  
Watching for thee till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In thy bright and promised land!

3 With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for thy glad returning,  
To restore me to my home;  
Come, my Saviour!  
O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL. 1863.

## 657

8s, 7s, 4s

**C**HRIST is coming! let creation  
Bid her groans and travail cease;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore and faith increase;  
Christ is coming!  
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Long thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest and home and thee!  
But in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall thy glory see;  
Christ is coming!  
Haste the joyous jubilee.

3 With that “blessed hope” before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:  
Christ is coming!  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF. 1863.

658

8s, 7s, 4s.

**L** J! he comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favored sinners slain:  
 Thousand thousand saints attending  
 Swell the triumph of his train:  
 Hallelujah!  
 God appears on earth to reign.

9 Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty!  
 Those who set at naught and sold him,  
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,  
 See, in solemn pomp appear;  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air:  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the day of God appear.

Altered from JOHN CENNICK. 1752.

659

7s. D.

**W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star.  
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Traveler! yes; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveler! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveler! ages are its own;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveler! darkness takes its flight;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

660

P. M.

**G**REAT God, what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of all men doth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,—  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone:  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet him.



4 Great God, what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of all men doth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 Low at his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away.  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

BARTHOLOMAUS RINGWALDT. 1585, and  
 WILLIAM BENDIS COLLYER. 1812

## 661

C. M.

**T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice  
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around  
 And hang upon thy breast;  
 Without a gracious smile from thee,  
 My spirit cannot rest.

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name  
 Is graven on thy hands!  
 Show me some promise in thy book,  
 Where my salvation stands!

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

## 662

C. P. M.

**W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge,  
 shalt come  
 To take thy ransomed people home,  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all;  
 But—can I bear the piercing thought?  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
 In this, th' accepted day;  
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
 When'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face;  
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

SELINA SHIRLEY. 1772.

## 663

8s. 7s. 4s.

**D**AY of judgment, day of wonders,  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round:  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine;  
 You who long for his appearing  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine:"  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea:

All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee?

- 4 But to those who have confessed,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You forever  
Shall my love and glory know."

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## 664

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away!

What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

"DIES IRÆ."  
Tr. by WALTER SCOTT. 1805.

## 665

S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away?

- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread!

- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

## 666

S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,—  
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him, I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,—  
Home of my soul,—how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

- 4 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfill.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

## 667

7s, 6s. D

JERUSALEM, the golden,  
With milk and honey blest!  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed,

I know not, oh, I know not  
What joys await me there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I e'er see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I e'er win thy grace?  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his forever  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150.  
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE. 1861.

## 668

L. M.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light;  
It hath no need of suns to rise  
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the paradise of God.

GURDON ROBINS. 1844.

## 669

C. M.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,  
And pastures ever green,  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
In God's own light it lies;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy that never dies.

3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie  
In life's last struggling breath;  
But I shall only seem to die,—  
I shall not taste of death.

4 Far from this guilty world to be,  
Exempt from toil and strife,  
To spend eternity with thee,  
My Saviour, this is life.

JOHN EAST. 1834.

## 670

7s, 6s. D

FOR thee, O dear, dear country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep,  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep;  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love and life and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!  
O paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;

The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

- 3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, about 1145.  
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE. 1868.

## 671

7s, 6s.

BRIEF life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.

- 2 Oh, happy retribution;  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.
- 3 But he whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see him  
Shall have him for their own.
- 4 There God, our King and portion,  
In fullness of his grace,  
Shall we behold forever,  
And worship face to face.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, about 1145.  
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE. 1861.

## 672

C. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast;  
'Tis found alone in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sins and sorrows driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear,—'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
The heart no longer riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN. 1829.

## 673

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land  
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide, extended plains  
Shines one eternal day:  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

674

P. M.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steepes of light:  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

- 2 What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
Oh, day for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
Oh, joy for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid!

- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore!  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

HENRY ALFORD. 1866.

675

P. M.

HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs  
are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's  
wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed  
strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be  
no more!

REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims  
of the night!

- 2 Onward we go; for still we hear them  
singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids  
you come!"  
And through the dark its echoes sweetly  
ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs  
above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night  
of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in  
cloudless love.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1849.

676

7s. D.

WHO are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches to obtain;  
New dominion every hour.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great afflictions came;  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

677

7s, 4s.

- I'M but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand,  
Heaven is my Father-land,  
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home:  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,—  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,—  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,—  
Heaven is my home:

There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
And there I, too, shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR. 1835.

678

11s, 10s.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly  
gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and  
distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heav-  
enly Father,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest

- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's  
dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows'  
never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the  
heavenly hymn.

- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in  
gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too  
rudely pressed;  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

CATHERINE H. WATERMAN. 1848.

679

8s, 6s, 7s.

WE shall meet beyond the river,  
By and by, by and by;  
And the darkness shall be over,  
By and by, by and by;  
With the toilsome journey done,  
And the glorious battle won,  
We shall shine forth as the sun,  
By and by, by and by.



2 We shall strike the harps of glory,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 We shall sing redemption's story,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the strains forevermore  
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
 Yonder everlasting shore,  
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 Who a crown of life will give us,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the angels who fulfill  
 All the mandates of his will  
 Shall attend and love us still,  
 By and by, by and by.

JOHN ATKINSON.

## 680

P. M.

I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,  
 Where white-robed angels are;  
 Where many a friend is gathered safe  
 From fear and toil and care.

REF.—There'll be no parting,  
 There'll be no parting.  
 There'll be no parting,  
 There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 Where my Redeemer reigns,  
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,  
 In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 The saint's eternal home,  
 Where palms and robes and crowns  
 ne'er fade,  
 And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 That promised land so fair;  
 Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
 To be forever there!

Altered from LOUIS HARTBOUGH

## 681

8s, 8s, 7s.

UPWARD where the stars are burning  
 Silent, silent in their turning,  
 Round the never-changing pole;  
 Upward where the sky is brightest,  
 Upward where the blue is lightest,  
 Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
 By ten thousand voices greeted:  
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
 Son of man, they crown, they crown him;  
 Son of God, they own, they own him;  
 With his name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,  
 Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
 Lay we at his blessed feet.  
 Poor the praise that now we render,  
 Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
 When before his throne we meet.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1868.

## 682

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me!  
 When shall my labors have an end,  
 In joy and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
scenes,  
I onward press to you.

4 Jerusalem, my glorious home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

LATIN HYMN. 8TH CENT.  
WILLIAMS AND BODEN'S COLLECTION. 1801.

683

P. M.

OH, Paradise! oh, Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

2 Oh, Paradise! oh, Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near.

3 Oh, Paradise! oh, Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1862.

684

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,—  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

685

8s, 7s. D.

DAILY, daily sing the praises  
Of the city God hath made;  
In the beauteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation-stones are laid.  
From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the city  
Like a sudden beam of light.

2 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs and the elders,  
And the great redeemed throng.  
Oh, I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain!  
Oh, I would my eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. 1834.

686

8s.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,

From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!

- 4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe  
For heaven our spirits' prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS. 1829.

## OCCASIONAL.

687

**S**WELL the anthem, raise the song;  
Praises to our God belong;  
Saints and angels, join to sing  
Praises to the heavenly King.

- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand  
Flow around this happy land;  
Kept by him, no foes annoy;  
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway  
May we cheerfully obey;  
Never feel oppression's rod;  
Ever own and worship God.

- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong,

NATHAN STRONG. 1799.

688

**P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

7s.

- 2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

- 4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

689

P. M.

**W**E plow the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft, refreshing rain.

7s.

REF.—All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above;  
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank  
the Lord,  
For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey him,  
By him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, his children,  
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food:  
Accept the gifts we offer,  
For all thy love imparts,  
And, what thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. 1782.  
Tr. by J. M. CAMPBELL. 1861.

690

7s. D.

COME, ye thankful people, come.  
Raise the song of harvest home!  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin:  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;

First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest! grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take his harvest home;  
From his field shall purge away  
All that doth offend that day;  
Give his angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In his garner evermore.

HENRY ALFORD. 1844.

691

6s, 4s

THE God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice;  
The valleys smile and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty,—but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along;  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1828.

692

6s, 4s.

**G**OD bless our native land;  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of winds and wave,  
 Do thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayers shall rise  
 To God, above the skies;  
 On him we wait;  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guardian with watchful eye,  
 To thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the state.

From German, by REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.  
 Improved by JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. 1844.

693

C. M.

**G**REAT King of nations, hear our  
 prayer,  
 While at thy feet we fall;  
 And humbly with united cry,  
 To thee for mercy call.

- 2 When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
 Beset our country round,  
 To thee we looked, to thee we cried,  
 And help in thee was found.
- 3 With one consent we meekly bow  
 Beneath thy chastening hand,  
 And, pouring forth confession meet,  
 Mourn with our mourning land.
- 4 With pitying eye behold our need,  
 As thus we lift our prayer;  
 Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,  
 Then let thy mercy spare.

JOHN HAMPTON GURNEY. 1851.

694

C. M.

**L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 Oh, hear us for our native land,  
 The land we love the most.

- 2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
 With peace our borders bless;  
 With prosperous times our cities crown  
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love  
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;  
 And let our hills and valleys shout  
 The songs of liberty.

- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
 Our country we commend;  
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
 Her everlasting friend,

JOHN REYNELL WRE福德. 1837

695

C. M.

**S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne,  
 Thy mourning people bend;  
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
 Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
 Thy dreadful power display;  
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
 By thy resistless grace;  
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
 And humbly seek thy face.

ANNE STOKES. 1756.

## 696

**M**Y country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light:  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1833.

## 697

L. M.

**L**ORD, let thy goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by thine almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

6s, 4s. 2 Let every public temple raise  
Triumphant songs of holy praise;  
Let every peaceful, private home  
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk as in thy glorious sight;  
Still in thy precept and thy fear,  
Till life's last hour to persevere.

UNKNOWN.

## 698

L. M.

**G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future,—all to us unknown,—  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

## 699

L. M.

**O**UR helper, God, we bless thy name,  
Whose love forever is the same;  
The tokens of whose gracious care  
Begin and crown and close the year.



- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,  
Supported by thy guardian hand;  
And see, when we review our ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;  
Thus far we make thy mercy known;  
And while we tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,  
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1751.

## 700 11s, 5s.

- COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labor  
of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
The arrow is flown—the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.  
Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,  
“I have fought my way through:  
I have finished the work thou didst  
give me to do!”  
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive  
the glad word,  
“Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne!”

CHARLES WESLEY. 1780.

## 701

7s, 6s. D.

- ANOTHER year of labor,  
And labor not in vain;  
For while the seed we've planted,  
God gave the promised rain.  
His love has been our comfort,  
His strength has been our stay,  
Hold fast his hand, march onward,  
Still trusting day by day.
- 2 Hold fast his hand, march onward,  
The reaping soon will come,  
And then our harvest bearing,  
We'll gladly gather home.  
Toil on, O Christian workers,  
To each and all we say,  
Hold fast his hand, march onward,  
Still trusting day by day.
- 3 Oh, blessed, blessed harvest  
Of souls for Christ our King,  
When we who toil in weakness  
With joy our fruit shall bring.  
Then let us not be weary,  
But work and watch and pray;  
Hold fast his hand, march onward,  
Still trusting day by day.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1823.

## 702

7s.

- WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Nevermore to meet us here:  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

703

C. M.

OUR Father, through the coming year  
We know not what shall be;  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair;  
And all the good we thought to gain,  
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;  
No fears our trust shall move;  
Thou knowest what for each is best,  
And thou art perfect Love.

UNKNOWN.

704

C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal  
And make thy glory known,  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free;  
And let the year we now begin,  
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more;  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

## SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

## 705

*Psalm ciii*

- P**RAISE the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | praise his | holy |  
name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and healeth .. all | thine in- | firmities.
- 4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee with | mercy  
and | loving- | kindness.
- 5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his; ye that ex- | cel in | strength; || ye that  
fulfill his commandment, and hearken un- | to the | voice of .. his | word.
- 6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye servants of | his that | do his |  
pleasure.
- 7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye | works of | his || in all | places .. of | his  
dominion.
- 8 Praise thou the Lord, | O my | soul, || praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul.

## 706

*Psalm c.*

- O**H, be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: || serve the Lord with gladness, and  
come before his | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God: || it is he that hath made us, and not we  
ourselves: we are his people, | and the | sheep of .. his | pasture.
- 3 Oh, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with |  
praise: || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever | lasting; || and his truth endureth  
from gener- | ation .. to | gener- | ation.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end.  
A- | men.

## 707

- G**LORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will towards | men.
- 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we  
give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.
- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- | mighty;
- 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God, |  
Son | of the | Father:

- 5 That taketh away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.  
 6 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.  
 7 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.  
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- |  
 on— | us.  
 9 For thou | only .. art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord.  
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory  
 of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

708

*Psalm xcv.*

- O H, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength  
 of | our sal- | vation.  
 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves |  
 glad in | him with | psalms.  
 5 For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.  
 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills  
 is | his— | also.  
 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.  
 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |  
 Maker.  
 7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, and the |  
 sheep of | his— | hand.  
 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty .. of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand  
 in | awe of | him.  
 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to  
 judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.  
 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.  
 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without |  
 end. A- | men.

709

*Psalm xxviii.*

- THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in  
 green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.  
 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his  
 name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow  
 of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy  
 staff | they— | comfort me.

- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup " runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. || A- | men.

## 710

- O**H, sing unto the Lord a | new | song; | for he | hath done | marvelous | things; ||  
 2 With his own right hand, and with his | ho-ly | arm, || hath he gotten him- | self the | victo- | ry.  
 3 The Lord declared | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly | showed in the | sight of the | heathen.  
 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the | house of | Israel, || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God. ||  
 5 Sing unto the Lord | with " the | harp, || with the harp | and " the | voice " of a | psalm.  
 6 With trumpets and | sound " of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore " the Lord " the | King.  
 7 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness " there- | of; || the world, and | they " that dwell " there- | in.  
 8 Let the floods | clap " their | hands, || let the | hills " be | joyful " to- | gether  
 9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to | judge " the | earth; || with righteousness shall he judge the world, | and " the | people " with | equity.

## 711

**G**LO-RY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men.  
 A-men.

## 712

*Psalm c.*

- M**AKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | pres-ence | with— | singing.  
 2 Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God? || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of " his | pasture  
 3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him | and— | bless his | name.  
 4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev-er | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gen-e- | rations.

- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the .. Son, || and | to .. the | Ho-ly | Ghost.  
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever—shall be, | world without | end.—A- | men.

713

*Psalm cxviii.*

- I WAS glad when they said | un-to | me, || let us go in- | to the | house of the | Lord.  
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | Je— | ru-sa- | lem!  
2 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com | pact to- | gether:  
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of  
Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name of the | Lord.  
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.  
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem: || they shall | prosper .. that | love— | thea  
7 Peace be with- | in thy walls, || and prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.  
8 For my brethren and com- | panions' sakes || I will now say, | Peace— | be  
with- | in thee.  
9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, || I will | seek | thy— | good.

714

- O H, come, let us lift our | hearts to | God; || let us gratefully be glad, and re- |  
joice in | his sal- | vation;  
2 Let us bow ourselves before him | with de- | vo-tion, || and hallow his | name  
with | songs of | praise.  
3 The Lord hath prepared his | throne in | heaven; || he hath covered himself with |  
light as | with a | garment;  
4 Yet his mercy is over | all that | love him, || and his dwelling with | those who |  
trust in | him.  
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.  
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end.  
A- | men. || A-men.

715

*Psalm cxviii.*

- I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills, || from whence | com-eth | my— | help.  
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || which | made— | heaven and | earth.  
3 He will not suffer thy | foot .. to be | moved; || be that | keepeth .. thee | will  
not | slumber.  
4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.  
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.  
6 The sun shall not | smite thee .. by | day, || nor the | moon— | by— | night.



- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.  
 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com-ing | in || from this time  
 forth, and | even .. for | ev-er- | more.

## 716

*Psalm li.*

- H**AVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness: || accord-  
 ing unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, | blot out | my trans- | gressions. ||  
 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine in- | iqui- | ty, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin. ||  
 3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is | ever .. be- | fore me. ||  
 4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: || that  
 thou mightest be justified when thou speakest and be | clear— | when thou |  
 judgest. ||  
 5 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God! || and re- | new .. a right | spirit .. with- |  
 in me. ||  
 6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit |  
 from me. ||  
 7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold me | with thy |  
 free— | Spirit. ||  
 8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors .. thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- |  
 verted | unto | thee. ||  
 9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and  
 my tongue shall sing a- | loud .. of thy | righteous- | ness. ||  
 10 O Lord! open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth .. shall show | forth thy |  
 praise. ||

## 717

*Psalm cxvii.*

- O**UT of the | depths || have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||  
 2 Lord, hear my | voice: || let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my  
 suppli- | cations. ||  
 3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||  
 4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || that thou mayest be | feared. ||  
 5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait; || and in his word do I | hope. ||  
 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning; || I  
 say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||  
 7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him  
 is plenteous re- | demption. ||  
 8 And he shall redeem | Israel || from all his in- | iquities. ||

718

*Psalm xxvii.*

- THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall I | fear? || The Lord is  
the strength of my life; of whom | shall I | be a- | fraid?
- 2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall not | fear; || though  
war should rise against me, in | this will | I be | confident.
- 3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek— | after, || that I may  
dwell in the house of the Lord | all the | days of . . my | life.
- 4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord, || and to in- | quire— | in his | temple.
- 5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion: || in the secret  
of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up up- | on a | rock.
- 3 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round a- | bout me; ||  
therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing; yea, I  
will sing | prais-es | unto . . the | Lord.
- 7 Hear, O Lord! when I cry | with my | voice: || have mercy also upon me, |  
and— | answer | me.
- 8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face, || my heart said unto thee, Thy face, |  
Lord,— | will I | seek.
- 9 Hide not thy face | far— | from me; || put not thy | servant . . a- | way in | anger
- 10 Thou hast | been my | help; || leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of |  
my salvation.

719

*Matthew vi. 9-13.*

- OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom  
come: thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses as we for-  
give them that | trespass . . a- | gainst— | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is  
the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

720

*Psalm lxxv.*

- GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and show us the light of his coun-  
tenance, and be | merci-ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known up- on | earth; || thy saving | health a- | mong  
all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk right-  
eously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

- 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.  
 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own | God,  
 shall | give us " his | blessing.  
 7 God | shall— | bless us; || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.  
 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without |  
 end. A- | men.

## 721

*Matt. 12. 28-30. Rev. xxii. 17.*

- COME unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy || laden, || and | I will | give  
 you | rest.  
 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly " in |  
 heart; || and ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.  
 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden " is | light; || for my yoke is easy, | and  
 my | burden " is | light.  
 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth " say |  
 Come. || And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take  
 the | water " of | life— | freely. || A- | men.

## 722

*Matt. vi. 9-13.*

- OUR Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom  
 come: thy will be done on | earth " as it | is in | heaven.  
 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: || and forgive us our tresspasses, as we for-  
 give | those who | tresspass " a- | gainst us.  
 3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || for thine is the  
 kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, " for- | ever. A- | men.

## 723

*Matt. xi. 28-30. Rev. xxii. 17.*

- COME unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, || and | I will | give  
 you | rest.  
 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly " in |  
 heart: || and ye shall find | rest " unto | your— | souls.  
 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden " is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and  
 my | burden " is | light.  
 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth " say, |  
 Come. || And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take  
 the | waters " of | life— | freely. || A- | men.

724

- WITH tearful eyes I look around;  
 Life seem a dark and | stormy | sea;  
 Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;  
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress,  
 How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me!
- 3 Come, for all else must fail and die;  
 Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;  
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;  
 I am thy | portion | Come to | me.
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!  
 In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,  
 Support me, cheer me from above,  
 And gently | whisper, | Come to | me
- CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841.

725

Rev. iv. 8-11; v. 12, 13.

- HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord " God Al- | mighty! ||
- 2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come. ||
- 3 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and | honor " and | power; ||
- 4 For thou hast created all things; and for thy pleasure they | are and | were  
 cre- | ated. ||
- 5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ||
- 6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and | honor, and |  
 glory, and | blessing. ||
- 7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ||
- 8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for- | ever " and | ever.

726

Isaiah liii. 5.

- HE is despised and re- | jected " of | men; || a man of sorrows, " and ac- |  
 quainted " with | grief:
- 2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him: || he was despised, and | we es- |  
 teemed him | not.
- 3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried " our | sorrows: | yet we did  
 esteem him stricken, | smitten " of | God, " and af- | flicted.
- 4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was | bruised for " our in- | firm-  
 ities: || the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his | stripes—  
 | we are | healed.
- 5 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his | own— |  
 way: || and the Lord hath laid upon | him " the in- | iquity " of us | all.

## 727

- L**ORD, let me know my end, and the number | of .. my | days: || that I may  
 be certified how | long .. I | have .. to | live.
- 2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span .. = | long: || and mine  
 age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is |  
 al-to- | geth-er | vanity.
- 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self .. in | vain: || he  
 heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who .. shall | gath-er | them.
- 4 And now, Lord, | what is .. my | hope: || truly my | hope .. is | even .. in |  
 thee.
- 5 Deliver me from all | mine .. of- | fenses: || and make me not a re- | buke ..  
 un- | to .. the foolish.
- 6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to  
 consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting .. a | garment: || every man  
 | there-fore | is but | vanity.
- 7 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider .. my | calling: ||  
 hold not thy | peace .. — | at .. my | tears;
- 8 For I am a | stranger .. with | thee: || and a sojourner as | all .. my | fathers  
 | were.
- 9 Oh, spare me a little .. that I may re- | cover .. my | strength: || before <sup>^</sup> ge  
 hence, | and .. be | no .. more | seen.

## 728

*Psalms xcv.*

- O** COME, let us sing .. | unto .. the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice .. in the  
 | strength of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his pres .. ence | with thanks- | giving, || and show .. our-  
 selves | glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord .. is a | great— | God, || and a great .. | King a- | bove all |  
 gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the cor .. ners | of the | earth; || and the strength .. of the |  
 hills is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his .. | and he | made it; || and his hands .. pre- | pared .. the | dry  
 — | land.
- 6 O come, let us wor .. ship | and fall | down; || and kneel .. be- | fore the |  
 Lord our | Maker.

- 7 For he .. is the | Lord our | God ; || and we are the people of his pas .. ture,  
| and the | sheep .. of his | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord .. in the | beauty .. of | holiness ; || let the whole earth ..  
| stand in | awe of | him.
- 2D PART. 9 For he cometh, for he co .. meth to | judge the | earth ; || and with  
righteousness to judge the world .. and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Fa .. ther | and .. to the | Son, || And .. | to the | Holy |  
Ghost ;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now .. and | ever | shall be, || world .. |  
without | end. A- | men.

## 729

- G LORY be .. to | God on | high, || and on earth .. | peace, good | will to-  
wards | men.
- 2 We praise thee, we bless thee .. we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give  
thanks .. to | thee for | thy great | glory.
- 3 O Lord God .. | heavenly | King, || God .. the | Father | Al— | mighty ;
- 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son .. | Jesus | Christ ; || O Lord God, Lamb ..  
of | God, Son | of the | Father :
- 5 That takest away .. the | sins .. of the | world, || have mer .. cy | upon | us.
- 6 Thou that takest away .. the | sins .. of the | world, || have mer .. cy | up-  
on | us.
- 7 Thou that takest away .. the | sins .. of the | world, || re .. | ceive our |  
prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand .. of | God the | Father, || have mer .. cy |  
upon | us.
- 9 For thou .. | only .. art | holy ; || thou .. | only | art the | Lord.
- 10 Thou only, O Christ .. with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high .. in the |  
glory .. of | God the | Father. || A— | men.

## 730

*Psalm ctti.*

- P RAISE the Lord .. | O my | soul, || and all that is within .. me | praise  
his | ho - ly | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord .. | O my | soul, || and forget not .. | all his | bene- | fits.



- 3 Who forgiv · eth | all thy | sin, || and healeth all · | taine in- | firmi- | ties.  
 4 Who saveth thy life · | from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee · with |  
 mercy · and | loving | kindness.  
 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye · that ex- | cel in | strength; || ye  
 that fulfil his commandment, and hearken · un- | to the | voice of ·  
 his | word.  
 3 O praise the Lord, · all | ye his | hosts; || ye ser · vants of | his that | do  
 his | pleasure.  
 7 O speak good of the Lord, all · ye | works of | his, || in all · | places · of  
 | his do- | minion.  
 8 Praise thou the Lord · | O my | soul, || praise thou · the | Lord— | O my  
 | soul.

## 731

*Psalm xcvi.*

- O** SING unto the Lord · a | new— | song; || for · he | hath done | marvel ·  
 ous | things;  
 2 With his own right hand, and with · his | holy | arm, || hath he got · ten  
 him- | self the | victo- | ry.  
 3 The Lord hath declar · ed | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he  
 openly showed · in the | sight— | of the | heathen.  
 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards · the | house of | Israel, ||  
 and all the ends of the world have seen · the sal- | vation | of our | God.  
 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord · | all ye | lands; || sing, · re- | joice  
 and | give— | thanks.  
 6 Praise the Lord · up- | on the | harps; || sing to the harp · with a | psalm  
 of | thanks— | giving.  
 7 With trum · pets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise · be- | fore  
 the | Lord the | King.  
 8 Let the sea roar · and the | fulness · there- | of, || the world · and | they that  
 | dwell there- | in.  
 9 Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful togeth · er be- | fore the  
 | Lord; || for · he | cometh · to | judge the | earth;  
 10 With righteousness shall · he | judge the | world, || and · the | people · with  
 | equi- | ty.

## 732

*Psalm zoti.*

- IT is a good thing to give thanks .. | unto .. the | Lord, || and to sing praises  
 un .. to thy | name— | O Most | Highest ;  
 2 To tell of thy loving-kindness ear .. ly | in the | morning ; || and of thy .. |  
 truth .. in the | night— | season ;  
 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and .. up- | on the | lute ; || upon a loud  
 in .. strument | and up- | on the | harp.  
 4 For thou Lord hast made me glad .. | through thy | works ; || and I will re-  
 joice in giving praise for the op .. er- | ations | of thy | hands.

## 733

- G LORY be to the Fa .. ther | and .. to the | Son, || and .. | to the | Holy |  
 Ghost ;  
 2 As it was in the beginning, is now .. and | ever | shall be, || world .. | with-  
 out | end. A- | men.

## 734

*Psalm lxxiv.*

- G OD be merciful un .. to | us and | bless us ; || and show us the light of his  
 countenance, and .. be | merci .. ful | unto | us ;  
 2 That thy way .. may be | known up .. on | earth, || thy sav .. ing | health a-  
 | mong all | nations.  
 3 Let the people praise .. | thee, O | God ; || yea, let all .. the | people | praise  
 — | thee.  
 4 O let the nations rejoice .. | and be | glad ; || for thou shalt judge the folk  
 righteously, and gov .. ern the | nations | upon | earth.  
 5 Let the people praise .. | thee, O | God ; || yea, let all .. the | people | praise  
 — | thee.  
 6 Then shall the earth .. bring | forth her | increase, || and God, even our own  
 God .. shall | give— | us his | blessing.  
 2D PART. 7 God .. shall | bless— | us, || and all the ends .. of the | world shall  
 | fear— | him.

## 735

*Psalm c.*

- O BE joyful in the Lord .. | all ye | lands : | serve the Lord with gladness,  
 and come before .. his | presence | with a | song.

- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord .. | he is | God : || it is he that hath made us, and  
not we ourselves ; we are his people and .. the | sheep of | his— | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and in .. to his | courts with  
| praise : || be thankful unto him .. and | speak good | of his | name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his mer .. cy is | ever- | lasting ; || and his truth en-  
dureth from gen .. er- | ation .. to | gener- | ation.

## 736

*Luke 1 : 68-76.*

- B**LESSED be the Lord God .. of | Isra- | el ; || for he hath vis .. ited | and  
re- | deemed .. his | people ;
- 2 And hath raised up a migh .. ty sal- | vation | for us, || in the house .. | of  
his | servant | David.
- 3 As he spake by the mouth .. of his | holy | prophets, || which have been ..  
| since the | world be- | gan ;
- 4 That we should be sa .. ved | from our | enemies, || and from .. the | hand of  
| all that | hate us.
- 5 Through the tender mer .. cy | of our | God ; || whereby the dayspring from ..  
on | high hath | visit .. ed | us ;
- 6 To give light to them .. that | sit in | darkness, || and to guide our feet .. |  
into .. the | way of | peace.

## 737

*Psaln xxiv.*

- T**HE earth is the Lord's .. and the | fulness .. there- | of ; || the world .. and |  
they that | dwell there- | in.
- 2 For he hath foun .. ded it up- | on the | seas, || and estab .. lished | it up- |  
on the | floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the hill .. | of the | Lord ? || or who shall stand .. |  
in his | holy | place ?
- 4 He that hath clean hands .. and a | pure— | heart ; || who hath not lifted up  
his soul unto vanity, nor .. | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
- 5 He shall receive the bles .. sing | from the | Lord, || and righteousness from ..  
the | God of | his sal- | vation.
- 6 This is the genera .. tion of | them that | seek him, || that .. | seek thy | face,  
O | Jacob.

- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev · er- | lasting | doors ;  
 || and the King · of | glory | shall come | in.
- 8 Who · is this | King of | glory ? || The Lord strong and mighty · the | Lord  
 — | mighty · in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev · er- | lasting | doors ;  
 || and the King · of | glory | shall come | in.
- 10 Who · is this | King of | glory ? || The Lord of hosts, · | he · is the |  
 King of | glory.

## 738

*Psalm cxxxvi.*

- O** GIVE thanks unto the Lord · for | he is | good : || and · his | mer · cy en-  
 | du · reth for | ever.
- 2 O give thanks · unto the | God of | gods : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du ·  
 reth for | ever.
- 3 O give thanks · to the | Lord of | lords : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du ·  
 reth for | ever.
- 4 To him who alone · | doeth · great | wonders : || for · his | mer · cy en- |  
 du · reth for | ever.
- 5 To him that by wis · dom | made the | heavens : || for · his | mer · cy en- |  
 du · reth for | ever.
- 6 Who stretched out the earth · a- | bove the | waters : || for · his | mer · cy  
 en- | du · reth for | ever.
- 7 Who · hath | made great | lights : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for  
 | ever.
- 8 The sun · to | rule by | day : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
- 9 The moon and the stars · to | govern · the | night : || for · his | mer · cy en-  
 | du · reth for | ever.
- 10 Who remembered us in · our | low es- | tate : || for · his | mer · cy en- |  
 du · reth for | ever.
- 11 Who giveth food · to | all— | flesh : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du · reth  
 for | ever.
- 12 O give thanks · unto the | God of | heaven : || for · his | mer · cy en- | du ·  
 · reth for | ever.

## 739

- LIFT .. | up your | hearts. || We lift .. them | up un- | to the | Lord.  
 2 Let us give thanks .. unto the | Lord our | God. || It is meet .. and |  
 right— | so to | do.  
 3 Therefore with an .. gels | and arch- | angels, || and all .. the | compa- | ny  
 of | heaven,  
 4 We laud and magnify .. thy | glorious | name, || Evermore .. | praising |  
 thee and | saying :  
 5 Ho .. ly | Holy | Holy, || Lord .. | God— | —of | Hosts.  
 6 Heaven and earth are full .. | of thy | glory. || Glory be .. to | thee, O |  
 Lord most | high.

## 740

*Hab. iii : 3-18*

- GOD came from Teman, and the Holy One .. from | mount— | Paran. || His  
 glory covered the heavens .. and the | earth was | full of .. his | praise.  
 2 And his bright .. ness was | as the | light ; || He had rays coming forth from  
 his hand : and there .. was the | hiding | of his | power.  
 3 Before .. him | went the | pestilence, || and burning coals .. | went forth | at  
 his | feet.  
 4 He stood .. and | measured .. the | earth, || he beheld .. and | drove a- | sunder  
 .. the | nations.  
 5 The mountains saw .. thee | and they | trembled : || the overflow .. ing | of the  
 | water .. passed | by.  
 6 The deep .. | uttered .. his | voice, || and lif .. ted | up his | hands on high.  
 7 The sun and moon stood still .. in their | habi- | tation : || at the light of thine  
 arrows they went, at the shin .. ing | of thy | glitter .. ing | spear.  
 8 Thou wentest forth for the salva .. tion | of thy | people, || even for salva ..  
 tion with | thine a- | noin— | ted.  
 9 Although the fig .. tree | shall not | blossom, || nei .. ther shall | fruit be |  
 in the | vines.  
 10 The labor of .. the | olive .. shall | fail, || and the fields .. shall | yield— |  
 no— | meat ;  
 11 The flock .. shall be | cut off .. from the | fold, || and there shall be .. no |  
 herd— | in the | stall ;

12 Yet I will re- | joice in the | Lord, || I will joy in the | God of | my  
sal- | vation.

741

HO - LY, ho - ly, ho - ly, Son of God most high, Hear us, we be -  
seech thee, Save as we draw nigh.

742

*Psalm xix*

THE heavens declare the | glory of | God, || and the fir - mament | show-  
eth his | handy- | work.

2 Day unto day | utter eth | speech, || and | night unto | night show-  
eth | knowledge.

3 There is no | speech nor | language ; || their | voice can- | not be | heard.

4 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth, || and their | words to the  
| end of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a tab - ernacle | for the | sun ; || which is as a bride-  
groom coming out of his chamber, and rejoic eth as a | strong man to  
| run his | course.

6 His going forth is unto the end of the heaven, and his cir - cuit unto the |  
ends of | it ; || and there is nothing hid | from the | heat there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is per - fect con- | ver - ting the | soul ; || the testimony  
of the Lord is sure | making | wise the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right re- | joicing the | heart ; || the com-  
mandment of the Lord is pure en- | lighten- | ing the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean en- | during for- | ever ; || the judgments of  
the Lord are true and | righteous | alto- | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea - than | much fine | gold ; ||  
sweeter also than ho - ney | and the | honey- | comb.

11 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned ; || and in keep - ing of them  
| there is | great re- | ward.

12 Who can un - der- | stand his | errors ? || Cleanse thou | me from | secret  
| faults.

13 Keep back thy servant al - so from pre- | sumptuous | sins ; || let them  
not have do- | minion | over me.



- 14 Then .. shall | I be | upright, || and I shall be in .. nocent | from the |  
 great trans- | gression.  
 15 Let the words .. | of my | mouth, || and the me .. di- | tation | of my |  
 heart,  
 16 Be accep .. table | in thy | sight ; || O Lord .. my | strength and | my re- |  
 deemer.  
 17 Glory be to the Fa .. ther | and .. to the | Son, || and .. | to the | Holy  
 | Ghost ;  
 18 As it was in the beginning, is now .. and | ever | shall be, || world .. | with-  
 out | end. A- | men.

## 743

- W**E praise .. | thee, O | God ; || we acknowl .. edge | thee to | be the | Lord,  
 2 All the earth .. doth | worship | thee, || the .. | Father | ever- |  
 lasting.  
 3 To thee all an .. gels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens .. and | all the | powers ..  
 there- | in.  
 4 To thee cher .. ubim and | sera- | phim || con .. | tin .. ual- | ly do | cry.  
 5 Ho .. ly, | holy | holy, || Lord .. | God of | Saba- | oth ;  
 6 Heaven .. and | earth are | full || of .. the | majes .. ty | of thy | glory.  
 7 The glorious company of the apos .. tles | praise— | thee ; || the goodly fellow-  
 ship of .. the | prophets | praise— | thee.  
 8 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee ; || the holy church throughout all  
 the world .. | doth ac- | knowledge | thee ;  
 9 The Father of .. an | infi .. nite | majesty ; || thine ado .. rable | true and only  
 | Son ;  
 10 Al .. so the | Holy | Ghost, || the .. | Com— | —for- | ter.  
 11 Thou .. | art the | King || of .. | glory, | O— | Christ.  
 12 Thou art the e .. ver- | lasting | Son || of | —the | Fa— | ther.  
 13 When thou tookest upon thee .. to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble  
 thyself .. to be | born— | of a | virgin.  
 14 When thou hadst overcome .. the | sharpness .. of | death || thou didst open  
 the king .. dom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.

- 15 Thou sittest at the right · | hand of | God, || in · the | glory | of the |  
 Father.
- 16 We believe · that | thou shalt | come || to · | be— | our— | Judge.
- 17 We therefore pray · thee | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redee ·  
 med | with thy | precious | blood.
- 18 Make them to be num · bered | with thy | saints, || in · | glory | ever- |  
 lasting.
- 19 O Lord · | save thy | people; || and · | bless thine | heri- | tage.
- 20 Gov- | —ern | them, || and · | lift them | up for | ever.
- 21 Day | —by | day || we · | magni- | fy— | thee;
- 22 And · we | worship · thy | name, || e · ver | world with- | out — | end.
- 23 Vouch · | safe, O | Lord, || to keep · us this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 24 O Lord · have | mercy · up- | on us, || have · | mercy · up- | on— | us.
- 25 O Lord, let thy mer · cy | be up- | on us; || as · our | trust — | is in |  
 thee.
- 26 O Lord, in thee · | have I | trusted; || let · me | never | be con- | founded.

744

*Psaln xxvii.*

- T**HE Lord is my light · and | my sal- | vation; || whom | — shall | I — |  
 fear?
- 2 The Lord · is the | strength · of my | life; || of whom · | shall I | be  
 a- | fraid?
- 3 One thing have I · de- | sired · of the | Lord; || that | — will | I seek |  
 after;
- 4 That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all · the | days · of my | life, ||  
 to behold the beauty of the Lord · and to in- | quire— | in his | temple.
- 5 For in the time of trouble shall he hide · me in | his pa- | vilion; || he shall  
 set · me | up up- | on a | rock.
- 6 Therefore will I offer in his dwel · ling sacri- | fi · ces of | joy; || I will sing,  
 yea I will sing · | prai · ses un- | to the | Lord.
- 7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry · | with my | voice; || have mercy al · so up- |  
 on me · and | answer | me.
- 8 When thou saidst · Seek | ye my | face, || my heart said unto thee · Thy |  
 face, Lord | will I | seek.

- 9 Hide not thy face .. | far — | from me ; || put not .. thy | servant .. a- |  
way in | anger.
- 10 Thou .. hast | been my | help ; || leave me not, neither forsake .. me, O |  
God of | my sal- | vation.
- 11 Wait .. | on the | Lord ; || be .. | of good | cou — | rage ;
- 12 And he .. shall | strength .. en thine | heart. || Wait | — .. I say | on the |  
Lord.

## 745

*Psalm xliii : 5-6.*

- O** SEND out .. thy | light and .. thy | truth. || Let | — them | lead — | me  
2 Let .. them | bring — | me || unto thy ho .. ly | hill and | to thy |  
dwelling.
- 3 Then will I go .. unto the | altar .. of | God ; || un .. to | God .. my ex- |  
ceeding | joy.
- 4 Yea .. up- | on the | harp || will I praise .. | thee, O | God my | God.
- 5 Why art thou cast down .. | O my | soul ? || And why art thou .. dis- | quiet-  
| ed with- | in me ?
- 6 Hope .. | thou in | God ; || for I shall yet praise him, who is the health ..  
of my | counte .. nance | and my | God.

## 746

*Psalm xlv.*

- G**OD .. is our | refuge .. and | strength, || a ve .. ry | present | help in |  
trouble.
- 2 Therefore will we not fear, though .. the | earth .. be re- | moved, || and  
though the mountains be carried in .. to the | midst — | of the | sea.
- 3 Though the waters thereof .. | roar .. and be | troubled, || though the moun ..  
tains | shake .. with the | swelling | thereof.
- 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad .. the | city .. of | God,  
|| the holy place of the ta .. bernacles | of the | Most — | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her, she .. shall | not be | moved ; || God .. shall | help  
her .. and | that right | early.
- 6 The heathen raged .. the | kingdoms .. were | moved ; || He uttered .. his |  
voice, the | earth — | melted.
- 7 The Lord .. of | hosts is | with us, || the God .. of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

- 8 Come behold .. the | works .. of the | Lord, || what desolations he .. hath |  
made— | in the | earth.
- 9 He maketh wars to cease .. unto the | end .. of the | earth ; || he breaketh the  
bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, he bur .. neth the | chari .. ot | in  
the | fire.
- 10 Be still and know .. that | I am | God ; || I will be exalted among the  
heathen, I .. will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
- 11 The Lord .. of | hosts is | with us, || The God .. of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

## 747

- O** SAVIOUR of the world .. the | Son Lord | Jesus, || stir up thy strength,  
and help us .. we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 2 By thy cross and precious blood .. thou | hast re- | deemed us ; || save us and  
help us .. we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 3 Thou didst save thy disci .. ples when | ready .. to | perish ; || hear us and  
save us .. we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 4 Let the pitifulness .. of | thy great | mercy || loose us from our sins .. we | hum-  
bly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 5 Make it appear that thou art our Saviour .. and | mighty .. De- | liverer ; || O  
save us that we may praise thee .. we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 6 Draw near, according to thy promise, from the throne .. | of thy | glory ; ||  
look down and hear our crying .. we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 7 Come again and dwell with us .. O | Lord Christ | Jesus ; || abide with us  
for ev .. er we | humbly .. be- | seech — | thee.
- 8 And when thou shalt appear with po .. wer | and great | glory, || may we be  
made like unto thee .. | in thy | glori .. ous | kingdom.
- 9 Thanks .. be to | thee, O | Lord. || Hal .. le- | lujah ! | A— | men.

## 748

*Psal. cxviii.*

- I** WAS glad when they said .. | unto | me, || let us go .. into the | house—  
| of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand .. with- | in thy | gates, || O | —Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is buil .. ded | as a | city || that .. | is com- | pact to- | gether.
- 4 Whith .. er the | tribes go | up, || the .. | tribes— | of the | Lord ;

- 5 Unto the tes · timony of | Isra- | el, || to give thanks · unto the | name—  
| of the | Lord.
- 6 For there are set · | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones · | of the |  
house of | David.
- 7 Pray for the peace · of Je- | rusa- | lem ; || they · shall | prosper · that |  
love— | thee.
- 8 Peace · be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosper · ity with- | in thy | pala-  
| ces.
- 9 For my brethren and · com- | panions' | sakes || I will now · say, | Peace—  
| be with- | in thee.
- 10 Because of the house · of the | Lord our | God, || I | — will | seek thy |  
good.

## 749

*Psalms xvi.*

- I WILL lift up mine eyes · | unto · the | hills, || from · | whence— |  
com · eth my | help.
- 2 My help com · eth | from the | Lord, || which · | made— | heaven and |  
earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot · | to be | moved ; || he · that | keepeth · thee  
| will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keep · eth | Isra- | el || shall · | neither | slum · ber nor  
| sleep.
- 5 The Lord · | is thy | keeper ; || the Lord is thy shade · up- | on thy |  
right— | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite · | thee by | day, || nor · the | moon— | by— |  
night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve · thee | from all | evil ; || he · | shall pre- | serve  
thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and · thy | coming | in || from this  
time forth · and | even · for | ever- | more.

## 750

- O COME, let us lift · our | hearts to | God ; || let us gratefully be glad · and  
re- | joice in | his sal- | vation.

- 2 Let us bow ourselves before · him | with de- | votion ; || and hal · low his |  
name with | songs of | praise.
- 3 The Lord hath prepar · ed his | throne in | heaven ; || he hath covered him-  
self · with | light as | with a | garment.
- 4 Yet his mercy is o · ver | all that | love him, || and his dwel · ling with |  
those who | trust in | him.
- 5 Glory be to the Fa · ther | and · to the | Son, || and · | to the | Holy |  
Ghost ;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now · and | ever | shall be, || world · | with-  
out | end. A- | men.

751

*Psal'm xxiii.*

- T**HE Lord · | is my | shepherd ; || I · | shall — | not — | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down · | in green | pastures ; || he leadeth me ·  
be- | side the | still — | waters.
  - 3 He · re- | storeth · my | soul ; || he leadeth me in the paths of right · eous-  
ness | for his | name's — | sake.
  - 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I · will | fear  
no | evil ; || for thou art with me ; thy rod · and thy | staff they | com-  
fort | me.
  - 5 Thou prepar · est a | table · be- | fore me, || in · the | presence | of mine |  
enemies.
  - 6 Thou anoin · test my | head with | oil ; || my · | cup — | runneth | over.
  - 7 Surely goodness and mer · cy shall | follow | me || all | — the | days of ·  
my | life.
  - 3 And I · will | dwell · in the | house || of | — the | Lord for | ever.

752

*Mat't. v. 3-10.*

- B**LES · SED are the | poor in | spirit ; || for · | theirs · is the | kingdom  
· of | heaven.
- 2 Bles · sed are | they that | mourn ; || for · | they · shall be | comforted.
  - 3 Bles · sed | are the | meek ; || for · | they · shall in- | herit · the | earth.
  - 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst · after | righteous- | ness ; || for  
· | they — | shall be | filled.



- 5 Blessed are .. the | merci- | ful ; || for .. | they .. shall ob- | tain — | mercy.  
 6 Bles .. sed are the | pure in | heart ; || for .. | they shall | see — | God.  
 7 Blessed are .. the | peace-ma- | kers ; || for they .. shall be | call .. ed the |  
 children .. of | God.  
 8 Blessed are they which are per .. secuted for | righteous .. ness' | sake ; || for  
 .. | theirs .. is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.

## 753

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

- FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit, our humble prayer ascends, .. O | Father  
 | hear it ; ||  
 Borne on the trembling wings .. of | fear and | meekness, || for- .. | give its  
 | weakness.  
 2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy the lowly sac .. rifice we |  
 pour be- | fore thee. ||  
 What can we offer thee .. O | thou most | holy, || but .. | sin and | folly ?  
 3 We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us ; we hear thy voice, it coun .. sels |  
 and it | courts us ; ||  
 And then we turn away .. yet | still thy | kindness || for .. | gives our |  
 blindness.  
 4 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to every generous thought .. and |  
 grateful | feeling ? ||  
 O, who can hear the ac .. cents | of thy | mercy, || and .. | never | love thee ?  
 5 Kind Benefactor, plant within this bosom .. the | seeds of | holiness || and let  
 them blossom  
 In fragrance, and in beau .. ty | bright and | vernal, || and .. | spring e- |  
 ternal.  
 6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens, where angels walk, and se- ..  
 raphs | are the | wardens ; ||  
 Where every flower, brought safe .. through | death's dark | portal, || be .. |  
 comes im- | mortal.

## 754

H. F. LYTH.

A BIDE with me ; fast falls .. the | even- | tide ;  
 The darkness deepens ; Lord .. with | me a- | bide.

When other helpers fail .. and | comforts | flee,  
Help of the helpless, O .. a- | bide with | me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out .. life's | little | day.  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo .. ries | fade a- | way.  
Change and decay in all .. a- | round I | see;  
O thou who changest not .. a- | bide with | me.

3 I need thy presence ev .. ery | passing | hour;  
What but thy grace can foil .. the | tempter's | power?  
Who like thyself my guide .. and | stay can | be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord .. a- | bide with | me.

4 I fear no foe with thee .. at | hand to | bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears .. no | bitter- | ness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave .. thy | victo- | ry?  
I triumph still if thou .. a- | bide with | me.

5 Hold thou thy cross .. before my | closing | eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point .. me | to the | skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's .. vain | shadows | flee!  
In life, in death, O Lord .. a- | bide with | me.

755

OUR Father who art in heaven, hal .. lowed | be thy | name; || thy king-  
dom come, thy will be done .. on | earth .. as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this day .. our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we  
forgive .. | those that | trespass .. a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deli .. ver | us from | evil; || for thine  
is the kingdom, the pow .. er and the | glory .. for | ever. .. A- | men.

756

*Matt. vi. 13-17.*

JESUS cometh from Galilee to Jor .. dan | unto | John, || to .. | be bap- |  
tized of | him.

- 2 But John .. for- | bade him | saying, || I have need to be baptized of thee ..  
and | comest | thou to | me?
- 3 And Jesus answering .. said | unto | him, || Suf .. fer | it to | be so | now.
- 4 For thus .. it be- | cometh | us || to .. ful- | fill all | righteous- | ness.
- 5 Then .. he | suffered | him. || And Je .. sus | when he | was bap- | tized,
- 6 Went up straight .. way | out .. of the | water ; || and lo, the heavens .. were  
| opened | unto | him.
- 7 And he saw the Spirit of God descen .. ding | like a | dove, || and .. | light  
ing | upon | him.
- 8 And lo, a voice .. from | heaven — | saying, || This is my beloved Son .. in  
| whom I | am well | pleased.

*Rom. vi. 3-11. Jude 24, 25.*

- 9 Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized in .. to | Jesus | Christ, ||  
were .. bap- | tized in- | to his | death?
- 10 Therefore we are buried with him by bap .. tism | into | death, || that like  
as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so  
we also .. should | walk in | newness .. of | life.
- 11 For if we .. have been | planted .. to- | gether || in .. the | likeness | of his  
| death,
- 12 We .. | shall be | also || in the like .. ness | of his | resur- | rection.
- 13 Now if we .. be | dead with | Christ, || we believe .. that | we shall | live  
with | him.
- 14 For in that he died, he died .. | unto .. sin | once, || but in that he liveth ..  
he | liveth | unto | God.
- 15 Likewise reckon .. on ye | also .. your- | selves || to .. be | dead in- | deed ..  
unto | sin,
- 16 But .. a- | live .. unto | God, || through .. | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
- 17 Now unto him who is a .. ble to | keep us .. from | falling, || and to present  
us faultless before the presence of his glo .. ry | with ex- | ceeding joy, ||
- 18 To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and ma .. jesty, do- | minion ..  
and | power, || both now .. and | ever. | A — | men.

757

H. W. EAKER.

- O** WHAT .. if | we are | Christ's,  
Are .. | earthly | gain or |  
loss? ||  
Bright shall the crown .. of | glory  
| be,  
When .. | we have | borne the  
| cross.
- 2** Keen .. was the | trial | once,  
Bit .. | ter the | cup of | woe, ||  
When martyred saints .. bap- | tized  
in | blood,  
Christ's .. | suff'rings | shared  
be- | low.
- 3** Bright .. is their | glory | now,  
Bound- .. | less their | joy a- |  
bove, ||  
Where on the bo .. som | of their |  
God  
They .. | rest in | perfect | love.

- 4** Lord .. may that | grace | be ours,  
Like .. | them in | faith to |  
bear ||  
All that of sor .. row | grief or |  
pain  
May .. | be our | portion | here.
- 5** Enough .. if | thou at | last  
The .. | word of | blessing |  
give, ||  
And let us rest .. be- | neath thy |  
feet,  
Where .. | saints and | angels |  
live.
- 6** All glo .. ry | Lord to | thee  
Whom .. | heaven and | earth a-  
| dore, ||  
To Father, Son .. and | Holy |  
Ghost,  
One : | God for | ever- | more.

758

A. COLES.

- T**O sit .. at | Jesus' | feet  
And .. | listen | all the | day ||  
To words of truth .. and | grace is  
| sweet,  
But .. | sweeter | to o- | bey.
- 2** 'Tis ex .. cel- | lent to | know,  
But .. | O, di- | viner | still, ||  
To do what God .. en- | joins and  
| so  
All .. | righteous- | ness ful- |  
fill.

- 3** The least .. of | his com- | mands  
In .. | any | wise to | break ||  
Is like the attempt .. of | impious |  
hands  
His .. | very | throne to | shake.
- 4** Without .. de- | fect or | flaw,  
Fit .. | holy | just and | good, ||  
We may not change .. in | aught his  
| law,  
Nor .. | would we | if we | could.

5 The time .. this | rite was | done  
 To .. | speak the | Father |  
 seized : ||  
 "Lo, this is my .. be- | loved | Son,  
 In .. | whom I | am well |  
 pleased."

6 The bu .. ried | Christ a- | rose ;  
 So .. | here in | figure | plain, ||  
 O'er our dead selves .. the | waters  
 | close ;  
 We .. | die, but | live a- | gain.

## 759

Psalm zii

**A**S the hart panteth af .. ter the | water | brooks, || so panteth my soul .. |  
 after | thee, O | God.  
 2 My soul thirsteth for God .. for the | living | God ; || when .. shall I | come  
 .. and ap- | pear be .. fore | God ?  
 3 My tears have been my meat .. | day and | night, || while they continually  
 say .. unto me, | Where is | now thy | God ?  
 4 When I remember these things, I pour out .. my | soul with- | in me ; || for  
 I went with the throng .. and | led them .. to the | house of | God ;  
 5 With the voice .. of | joy and | praise, || with a mul .. titude | keeping | holy  
 | day.  
 6 Why art thou .. cast | down .. O my | soul ? || and why art thou .. dis- |  
 quiet .. ed | within | me ?  
 7 Hope .. | thou in | God ; || for I shall yet praise him for the help .. | of his  
 | counte- | nance.  
 8 Hope .. | thou in | God ; || for I shall yet praise him, who is the health .. of  
 my | counte .. nance | and my | God.

## 760

Psalm li

**H**AVE mer .. cy upon | me, O | God, || accor .. ding | to thy | loving |  
 kindness ;  
 2 According unto the multitude of .. thy | tender | mercies, || blot | — out | my  
 trans- | gressions.  
 3 Wash me thoroughly from mine .. in- | iqui- | ty, || and .. | cleanse me |  
 from my | sin.  
 4 For I acknowl .. edge | my trans- | gressions ; || and .. my | sin is | ever ..  
 be- | fore me.

- 4 Against thee, thee on .. ly | have I | sinned, || and done .. this | evil | in thy  
| sight;
- 6 That thou mightest be jus .. tified | when thou | speakest, || and .. be | clear  
— | when thou | judgest.
- 7 Hide thy face .. | from my | sins; || and blot .. out | all mine .. in- | iqui-  
| ties.
- 8 Create in me a clean .. | heart, O | God; || and .. re- | new a .. right | spirit  
.. with- | in me.
- 9 Cast me not away .. | from thy | presence; || and take .. not thy | Holy |  
Spirit | from me.
- 10 Restore unto me the joy .. of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold .. me | with  
thy | free — | Spirit.
- 11 Then will I teach .. trans- | gressors .. thy | ways, || and sinners shall be ..  
con- | verted | unto | thee.
- 12 O Lord, o .. pen | thou my | lips, || and .. my | mouth .. shall show | forth  
thy | praise.

761

*Psalm cxx.*

- OUT of the depths have I cried un .. to | thee, O | Lord. || Lord .. | hear —  
| my — | voice.
- 2 Let thine ears .. | be at- | tentive || to .. the | voice of .. my | suppli- | cation.
- 3 If thou, Lord .. shouldst | mark in- | iquities, || O .. | Lord, who | — shall  
| stand?
- 4 But there is .. for- | giveness .. with | thee, || that .. thou | mayest .. be | fear  
— | ed.
- 5 I wait for the Lord .. my | soul doth | wait, || and in .. his | word — | do I  
| hope.
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch .. | for the |  
morning; || I say, more than they .. that | watch — | for the | morning.
- 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord .. | there is | mercy, || and ..  
with | him is | plenteous .. re- | demption.
- 8 And he shall redeem .. | Isra- | el || from .. | all — | his in- | iquities.



## 762

Isaiah liii. 3-6

- H**E was despised and .. re- | jected .. of | men, || a man of sor .. rows | and ac-  
 | quainted .. with | grief.  
 2 And we hid as it were .. our | faces | from him; || he was despised .. and |  
 we es- | teemed .. him | not.  
 3 Surely he .. hath | borne our | griefs, || and .. | carried .. our | sor- | rows.  
 4 Yet we did .. es- | teem him | stricken, || smitten .. of | God .. and af- | fic-  
 | ted.  
 5 But he was wounded .. for | our trans- | gressions; || he was bruise .. ed for |  
 our in- | iqui- | ties.  
 6 The chastisement of .. our | peace was .. up- | on him; || and .. with | his  
 stripes | we are | healed.  
 7 All we like sheep .. have | gone a- | stray; || we have turned ev .. ery | one  
 to | his own | way.  
 8 And the Lord .. hath | laid up .. on | him || the .. in- | iqui .. ty | of us  
 | all.

## 763

Numbers vi. 24-26.

- T**HE Lord .. | bless us .. and | keep us; || the Lord make his face shine up-  
 on us, and .. be | gracious | unto | us;  
 2 The Lord lift up his coun .. tenance | upon | us, || and .. | grant — | us — |  
 peace.

## 764

Psalm xxxix. 4-13.

- L**ORD, let me know mine end, and the num .. ber | of my | days, || that |  
 may be certified .. how | long I | have to | live.  
 2 Behold thou hast made my days as a span long, and mine age is even as no ..  
 thing in re- | spect of | thee; || and verily every man living is al .. to- |  
 gether | vani- | ty.  
 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disqui .. eteth him- | self in | vain;  
 || he heapeth up riches, and can .. not tell | who shall | gather | them.  
 4 And now Lord .. what | is my | hope? || Tru .. ly my | hope is | even .. in |  
 thee.  
 5 Deliver me from all .. | mine of- | fences, || and make me not .. a re- | buke  
 — | unto .. the | foolish.

- 6 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears .. con- | sider .. my | calling ;  
 || hold not .. thy | peace — | at my | tears.
- 7 For I .. am a | stranger .. with | thee, || and a so .. journey, as | all my |  
 fathers | were.
- 8 O spare me a little that I .. may re- | cover .. my | strength, || before I go  
 hence .. | and be | no more | seen.

765

- L**ORD, thou hast been .. our | dwelling | place, || in | —all | gene- | rations.  
 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed ..  
 the | earth and .. the | world, || even from everlasting to e .. ver- | last-  
 ing | thou art | God.
- 3 Thou turnest man .. | to de- | struction, || and say .. est, Re- | turn ye | chil-  
 dren .. of | men.
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes .. terday when | it is | past,  
 || and as .. a | watch— | in the | night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they .. are | as a | sleep ; || in the  
 morn .. ing they are like | grass which | groweth || up ;
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and .. | groweth | up ; || in the evening it is ..  
 cut | down and | wither- | eth.
- 7 For all our days are passed .. away | in thy | wrath ; || we spend .. our |  
 years .. as a | tale that .. is | told.
- 8 So teach us .. to | number .. our | days, || that we may .. ap- | ply our |  
 hearts .. unto | wisdom.

## DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings  
flow ;

Praise him, all creatures here below ;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

C. M.

**L**ET God the Father, God the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him  
known,  
Or saints to love the Lord

7s.

**S**ING we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love ;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6s, 4s.

**T**O God,—the Father, Son,  
And Spirit,—three in one,  
All praise be given !  
Crown him in every song ;  
To him your hearts belong ;  
Let all his praise prolong,—  
On earth, in heaven.

6s, 4s.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore ;  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

# INDEX OF HYMN WRITERS.

HYMN.	HYMN
ADAMS, MRS. SARAH FLOWER.....(1805-1848).....	387
ADDISON, JOSEPH.....(1672-1719).....	75, 89
AKERMAN, MRS. LUCY EVELINA.....(.....).....	475
ALEXANDER, MRS. CECIL FRANCES.....(1823).....	131, 228
ALEXANDER, JAMES WADDELL, D. D.....(1804-1859).....	123
ALEXANDER, JOSEPH ADDISON, D. D.....(1809-1860).....	247
ALFORD, HENRY, D. D.....(1810-1871).....	420, 674, 690
ALLEN, REV. GEORGE NELSON.....(1812-1877).....	449
ALLEN, REV. JAMES.....(1734-1804).....	159, 353
ALLEN, REV. JONATHAN.....(1801).....	272
ANDERSON, MRS. MARIA FRANCES.....(1819).....	594
ANSTICE, JOSEPH.....(1808-1836).....	310
ATKINSON, JOHN.....(.....).....	679
AUBER, MISS HARRIET.....(1773-1862).....	31, 45, 209, 604
BAKER, REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS.....(1821-1877).....	95, 430, 500
BAKEWELL, REV. JOHN.....(1721-1819).....	178
BALDWIN, THOMAS.....(1753-1825).....	524
BARBAULD, MRS. ANNA LÆTITIA.....(1743-1825).....	28, 42, 271, 462, 619, 688
BARING-GOULD, REV. SABINE.....(1834).....	421, 586, 685
BATHURST, REV. WILLIAM HILEY.....(1796-1877).....	195, 379, 626
BAXTER, MRS. LYDIA.....(1809-1874).....	180
BAXTER, REV. RICHARD.....(1615-1691).....	438
BEDDOME, REV. BENJAMIN.....(1717-1795).....	221, 260, 343, 347, 448, 450, 533, 557
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.....(1091-1153).....	123, 162, 339, 348
BERNARD OF CLUNY.....(about 1122).....	667, 670, 671
BETHUNE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, D. D.....(1805-1862).....	181, 525, 585, 632
BICKERSTETH, REV. EDWARD HENRY, M. A.....(1825).....	539
BLACKLOCK, REV. THOMAS.....(1721-1791).....	190, 282, 579
BLISS, PHILIP P.....(1836-1876).....	160, 266
BODEN, REV. JAMES.....(1757-1841).....	357
BONAR, MRS. CATHERINE JANE.....(.....).....	127, 213, 237, 243, 356, 406, 431, 467, 487, 503, 550, 631, 650, 651, 681
BONAR, HORATIUS, D. D.....(1808).....	254, 313, 433, 654
BORTHWICK, MISS JANE.....(.....).....	151
BOWRING, SIR JOHN, LL. D.....(1792-1872).....	74, 126, 229, 659
BOWRING, REV. GEORGE.....(1800-1852).....	202
BRIDGES, MATTHEW.....(1680-1732).....	59, 564
BROWN, MRS. PEGGY HINSDALE.....(1782-1862).....	598, 610
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.....(1794-1878).....	71
BURDER, REV. GEORGE.....(1752-1832).....	588
BURNHAM, REV. JAMES DRUMMOND.....(1823-1864).....	391
BURTON, REV. RICHARD.....(1749-1810).....	241
BURTON, HENRY.....(.....).....	635
BURTON, JOHN.....(1773-1822).....	203
BURTON, JOHN.....(1803).....	689
CAMPBELL, MISS J. M.....(.....).....	395
CARLISLE, REV. JOSEPH DACRE.....(1759-1804).....	636
CARY, MISS PHOEBE.....(1825-1871).....	162, 185, 188, 333, 348
CASWALL, REV. EDWARD.....(1814-1878).....	109
CAWOOD, REV. JOHN.....(1773-1852).....	307, 359, 658
CENNIACK, REV. JOHN.....(1717-1765).....	587
CHANDLER, REV. JOHN, M. A.....(1806-1876).....	360
CLARK, REV. ALEXANDER.....(1834-1881).....	689
CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS.....(1740-1815).....	376
CLEVELAND, REV. BENJAMIN.....(1790).....	393
COBBIN, INGRAM.....(1777-1851).....	507
COLES, ABRAHAM, M. D.....(1813).....	257, 289
COLLYER, WILLIAM BENGIO, D. D.....(1782-1854).....	96, 547
CONDER, JOSIAH.....(1789-1855).....	562
CODNER, MRS. ELIZABETH.....(1835).....	135
COOK, WILLIAM.....(.....).....	212
COOPER, JOHN.....(1808).....	26, 81, 219,
COWPER, WILLIAM.....(1731-1800).....	231, 316, 335, 375, 398
COX, MISS FRANCES ELIZABETH.....(.....).....	436
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, D. D.....(1818).....	118, 516
CRABBE, REV. GEORGE.....(1754-1832).....	269
CREWSON, MRS. JANE FOX.....(1809-1863).....	400
CROSWELL, WILLIAM, D. D.....(1804-1854).....	601
CRUGER, JOHANN.....(1598-1662).....	268
CUSHING, REV. W. O.....(.....).....	506
CUTTING, SEWALL S., D. D.....(1813-1882).....	73
DAVIES, REV. SAMUEL, M. A.....(1724-1761).....	443
DAYMAN, REV. EDWARD ARTHUR.....(1807).....	646
DECIUS, NICOLAUS.....(1530?).....	88
DECK, JAMES GEORGE.....(1802).....	338, 485, 537
DE FLEURY, MISS MARIA.....(.....).....	187
DENNY, SIR EDWARD.....(1796).....	114, 540
DICKINSON, REV. WILLIAM.....(1816-1868).....	497
DIX, WILLIAM CHATTERTON.....(1837).....	104, 505
DOANE, BV. GEORGE WASHINGTON.....(1799-1859).....	62, 115, 600
DODDGE, PHILIP, D. D.....(1702-1751).....	44, 93, 102, 148, 250, 259, 329, 342, 416, 439, 452, 463, 468, 494, 512, 556, 571, 616, 665, 693, 699
DRAPER, B. H., D. D.....(.....).....	595
DUFFIELD, REV. GEORGE, JR.....(1818).....	425
DUNCAN, MRS. MARY (LUNDIE).....(1814-1840).....	583
DWIGHT, TIMOTHY, D. D.....(1752-1817).....	251, 526
DWIGHT, REV. JOHN SULLIVAN.....(1812).....	692
DYER, REV. SIDNEY.....(1814).....	548, 595
EAST, BP. JOHN.....(about 1836).....	669
EASTBURN, REV. JAMES WALLIS.....(1798-1819).....	210
EDMESTON, JAMES.....(1791-1867).....	48, 340
ELLERTON, REV. JOHN.....(1826).....	39, 64
ELLIOTT, MISS CHARLOTTE.....(1789-1871).....	258, 283, 318, 402, 429
ELVEN, REV. CORNELIUS.....(1797-1873).....	286
ENGLISH BAPTIST COLLECTION.....(.....).....	528
EVANS, REV. JONATHAN.....(1749-1809).....	132
EVEREST, CHARLES WILLIAM.....(.....).....	411
FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM, D. D.....(1814-1863).....	54, 346, 437, 591, 675, 683
FAWCETT, JOHN, D. D.....(1739-1817).....	20, 22, 216, 468
FELLOWS, JOHN.....(1785).....	527, 574

	HYMN.		HYMN.
FORD, REV. DAVID EVERARD.....(1828—)	621	MARRIOTT, REV. JOHN.....(1780-1825)	207
FORTUNATUS, VENANTIS.....(530-609)	133	MARSHMAN, JOSEPH, D. D.....(1768-1837)	446
FRANCIS, REV. BENJAMIN.....(1734-1799)	613	MASON, REV. JOHN.....(—1694)	458
		MASON, MISS MARY JANE.....(1822—)	336
GERHARDT, REV. PAUL.....(1606-1676)	310, 273	MAUDE, MRS. MARY FAWLER.....(1849—)	175
GILBERT, MRS. ANN TAYLOR.....(1782-1865)	549	McCOMB, WILLIAM.....(—)	304
GILES, REV. JOHN EUSTACE.....(1805-1875)	534	McDONALD, REV. W. H.....(—)	371, 192, 275
GILMORE, REV. JOSEPH HENRY.....(1834—)	428	MEDLEY, REV. SAMUEL.....(1738-1799)	647
GOODE, REV. WILLIAM.....(1702-1816)	176	MEINHOLD, REV. WILHELM.....(1797-1851)	663
GRANT, SIR ROBERT.....(1785-1858)	1, 122, 401	MIDLAND, REV. ALBERT.....(1825—)	119, 124
GRIGG, REV. JOSEPH.....(1725-1768)	265, 106	MILMAN, HENRY HART, D. D.....(1791-1868)	881, 686
GURNEY, REV. ARCHEB THOMPSON.....(1820—)	106	MILLS, MRS. ELIZABETH.....(1805-1829)	24
GURNEY, REV. JOHN HAMPTON.....(1802-1862)	693	MILTON, JOHN.....(1608-1674)	332
GUYON, MADAME JEANNE BOUVIER.....(1648-1717)	408	MONSELL, REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY, LL. D.....(1811-1875)	193, 377, 656
		MONTGOMERY, JAMES.....(1771-1854)	17, 34, 100, 112, 117, 172, 396, 469, 548, 558, 568, 602, 603, 614, 622, 633, 634, 644, 648, 666, 676
HALE, MRS. SARAH JOSEPH.....(1795-1878)	326	MOORE, THOMAS.....(1779-1852)	407
HALL, MRS. ELYNIA M.....(1818—)	326	MOREHOUSE, HENRY L.....(1834—)	302
HAMMOND, REV. WILLIAM, B. A.....(1719-1783)	53, 158	MORRISON, JOHN, D. D.....(1749-1798)	103
HANKEY, MISS CATHERINE.....(—)	206, 273, 284	MOTE, REV. EDWARD.....(1797-1874)	309
HART, REV. JOSEPH.....(1712-1768)	303, 680	MOULTRIE, REV. GERRARD, M. A.....(1839—)	653
HARTSOUGH, REV. LOUIS.....(1828—)	279, 363, 407, 418, 474, 501, 519	MUHLBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, D. D.....(1796-1877)	582, 625
HASTINGS, THOMAS, MUS. DOCT.....(1764-1872)	277, 618		
HATFIELD, EDWIN FRANCIS, D. D.....(1807—)	618	NEALE, JOHN MASON, D. D.....(1818—)	245, 584, 649, 667, 670, 671
HAYVERAL, MISS FRANCES RIDLEY.....(1836-1879)	246, 320, 459, 640, 553	NEEDHAM, REV. JOHN.....(1710-1787)	16
		NELSON, REV. DAVID.....(1793-1844)	629
HAWES, REV. THOMAS.....(1732-1820)	238	NEVIN, EDWIN HENRY, D. D.....(1814—)	498
HAWKER, ROBERT, D. D.....(1753-1827)	20	NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, D. D.....(1801—)	317
HAWKS, MRS. ANNIE SHERWOOD.....(1835—)	364	NEUMARK, GEORGE.....(1621-1681)	427
HAYWARD, THOMAS.....(Dobell's Collection, 1806)	37	NEWTON, REV. JOHN.....(1725-1807)	36, 170, 179, 290, 294, 390, 399, 403, 404, 412, 492, 518, 565, 611, 663, 702, 704
HEATH, REV. GEORGE.....(1781—)	422	NOEL, REV. GERARD THOMAS, M. A.....(1782-1851)	543
HEBER, BP. REGINALD.....(1732-1826)	113, 121, 209, 414, 552, 572, 605, 628, 645		
HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY, D. D.....(1805—)	94	OBERLIN, REV. JEAN FREDERIC.....(1740-1826)	444
HEDINBOTHAM, REV. OTTOWELL.....(1744-1768)	10	OCCUM, REV. SAMSON.....(1723-1792)	226, 276
HERVEY, REV. JAMES.....(1714-1758)	14	ONDERDONK, BP. HENRY USTICK.....(1789-1858)	262, 265, 575
HILLHOUSE, AUGUSTUS LUCAS.....(1792-1859)	341		
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, LL. D.....(1809—)	72	PAGE, EDGAR, D. D.....(—)	322
HOPE, HENRY JOY MCKENKEN.....(1809-1872)	355	PALMER, RAY, D. D.....(1808—)	186, 334, 384
HOW, REV. WILLIAM WALSHAM, M. A.....(1823—)	240, 451	PERRONET, REV. EDWARD.....(1726-1792)	161
		PHELPS, SYLVANUS DRYDEN, D. D.....(1816—)	461
HUMPHREYS, REV. JOSEPH.....(1720—)	510	PHILLIPS, MISS HARRIET.....(—)	581
HYDE, MRS. ANN BEADLEY.....(1799-1872)	278	PIERPONT, FOLLIOTT SANDFORD.....(1835—)	570
		PLUMPTRE, REV. EDWARD HAYES.....(1821—)	149
JOHN OF DAMASCUS.....(—780)	649	POTT, REV. FRANCIS.....(1832—)	134, 578
JONES, REV. EDMUND.....(1722-1768)	274	PRENTISS, MRS. ELIZABETH (PAYSON).....(1819-1878)	387
JUDSON, ADONIRAM, D. D.....(1788-1850)	522, 526	PRYNN, REV. GEORGE RUNDLE.....(—)	583
KEBLE, REV. JOHN.....(1792-1868)	56, 351		
KRITH, GEORGE.....(—)	602	RAWSON, GEORGE.....(1807—)	493, 551
KELLY, REV. THOMAS.....(1769-1855)	128, 141, 152, 183, 521, 609	REED, ANDREW, D. D.....(1787-1862)	194, 612
		REED, MRS. ELIZABETH.....(1794-1867)	253
KEMPHORN, REV. JOHN.....(1775-1838)	23	RINGWALT, REV. BARTHOLOMAUS.....(1530-1598)	660
KEN, BP. THOMAS.....(1637-1711)	49, 57	RINKART, REV. MARTIN.....(1586-1649)	92
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.....(1779-1843)	194	ROBINS, GURDON.....(1813-1883)	668
KING, REV. JOSHUA.....(1788-1858)	580	ROBINSON, REV. ROBERT.....(1735-1790)	177
KRISHNU, PAL.....(1764-1822)	445	RYLAND, JOHN, D. D.....(1753-1825)	581
LAURENTI LAURENTIUS.....(1669-1722)	654	SAFFERY, MRS. MARIA GRACE.....(1773-1858)	529
LELAND, REV. JOHN.....(1754-1841)	65	SCHAEFER, JOHANN ANGELUS.....(1624-1677)	331
LOYD, WILLIAM FREEMAN.....(1791-1853)	434	SCHMOLKE, REV. BENJAMIN.....(1672-1737)	136, 433
LOWRY, ROBERT, D. D.....(1826—)	637	SCOTT, REV. THOMAS.....(1708-1776)	138, 267
LUKE, MRS. JEMIMA.....(1813—)	590	SCOTT, SIR WALTER.....(1771-1832)	664
LUTHER, MARTIN, D. D.....(1483-1546)	94	SEAGRAVE, REV. ROBERT, M. A.....(1693-1769)	388
LYTTE, REV. HENRY FRANCIS, M. A.....(1793-1847)	9, 19, 311, 352, 362, 385, 455	SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON, D. D.....(1810-1876)	110
		SHEPHERD, MRS. ANNE HOULDTCH.....(1809-1867)	672
MACDUFF, JOHN ROSS, D. D.....(1818—)	639		
MACKAY, MRS. MARGARET.....(1801—)	216		
MACKAY, REV. WILLIAM PATON.....(—)	173		
MADAN, REV. MARTIN.....(1726-1790)	173		
MANT, RICHARD, D. D.....(1776-1848)	182		

## HYMN.

SHIRLEY, MRS. SELINA (Countess of Huntingdon)...	(1707-1791).....662
SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM, JR.....(1759-1829).....	53, 514, 599
SIGOURNEY, MRS. LYDIA HUNTLY.....(1791-1865).....	470
SLINN, MISS SARAH.....(.....)	596
SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS, D. D.....(1808.....)	61, 263, 280,
515, 523, 530, 532, 535, 536, 561, 606, 608, 624, 638, 641, 696	
SPAFFORD, H. G.....(.....)	509
SPURGEON, REV. CHARLES HADDON.....(1834.....)	538
STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRYN, D. D.....(1815-1881).....	142
STEELE, MISS ANNE.....(1716-1778).....	85, 116, 146,
167, 169, 189, 198, 218, 232, 242, 314, 371, 374, 394,	
419, 477, 479, 486, 695	
STENNETT, SAMUEL, D. D.....(1727-1795).....	40, 130,
168, 292, 544,	673
STEPHEN THE SABAITE.....(725-794).....	245
STOKE, MRS. EMMA LESLIE.....(.....)	140
STONE, REV. SAMUEL JOHN, M. A.....(1839.....)	321, 517
STOWELL, REV. HUGH.....(1799-1865).....	397
STRONG, NATHAN, D. D.....(1748-1816).....	687
SWAIN, REV. JOSEPH.....(1761-1796).....	389, 426, 465
TAPPAN, REV. WILLIAM BINGHAM.....(1791-1849).....	672
TATE AND BRADLEY COLLECTION.....(1696).....	4, 83, 380
TATE, NAHUM.....(1652-1715).....	8
TAYLOR, JOHN.....(.....)	298
TAYLOR, THOMAS RAWSON.....(1807-1835).....	677
TERSTEEGEN, REV. GERHARD.....(1697-1769).....	254
THEODULPH, BP. OF ORLEANS.....(.....821).....	584
THRING, REV. GODFREY.....(1823.....)	300, 382
THRUPP, MISS DOROTHY ANN.....(1779-1847).....	576
TONNA, MRS. CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.....(1790-1846).....	270
TOPLADY, REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE.....(1740-1778).....	239, 299, 312, 432, 496
TUTTIETT, REV. LAURENCE.....(1825.....)	652
UNKNOWN.....	47, 55, 101, 248, 354, 423, 447, 511,
554, 566, 577, 592, 615, 617, 682, 697, 703	
VAN ALSTYNE, MRS. FRANCES JANE (CROSBY).....	(1823.....)
63, 98, 111, 153, 174, 244, 261, 281,	
324, 325, 361, 365, 367, 473, 508, 630,	701
VOKE, MRS. ... (1788.....)	513
WALFORD, REV. WILLIAM W.....(1849.....)	405

## HYMN.

WALKER, MRS. ANNIE L.....	476
WALWORTH, REV. CLARENCE AUGUSTUS.....(1820.....)	211
WARDLAW, RALPH, D. D.....(1779-1853).....	457
WARDING, MISS ANNA LETITIA.....(1820.....)	435
WARNER, MISS ANNA B.....(.....)	472
WATKIN, MISS CATHERINE H.....(.....)	678
WATKIN, ALARIC ALEXANDER.....(1799-1864).....	638
WATTS, ISAAC, D. D.....(1674-1748).....	3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12,
15, 17, 18, 25, 27, 29, 30, 32, 35, 38, 43, 46, 50, 51, 52,	
58, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 76, 77, 78, 79, 82, 84, 86, 87, 90,	
91, 97, 105, 120, 125, 129, 143, 145, 147, 155, 156,	
163, 165, 166, 191, 196, 197, 199, 204, 214, 217, 220,	
222, 223, 224, 227, 230, 233, 234, 236, 249, 252, 256,	
285, 288, 291, 296, 308, 328, 330, 345, 349, 350, 368,	
370, 372, 392, 409, 410, 417, 440, 441, 442, 480, 482,	
483, 488, 489, 490, 491, 495, 541, 545, 546, 555, 559,	
597, 620, 627, 640, 642, 643, 655, 661, 684	
WELLS, M. M.....(1858.....)	208
WESLEY, REV. CHARLES.....(1708-1788).....	2, 107, 108,
137, 139, 144, 164, 201, 208, 226, 235, 264, 287, 293,	
295, 297, 305, 306, 323, 344, 358, 366, 369, 378, 386,	
415, 424, 454, 464, 466, 478, 499, 567, 704	
WESLEY, REV. JOHN.....(1703-1791).....	310, 331, 481
WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.....(1785-1806).....	154, 623
WHITEFIELD, REV. FREDERICK.....(1829.....)	171, 315
WHITING, WILLIAM.....(1825.....)	586
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.....(1802.....)	327
WILLIAMS, MISS HELEN MARIA.....(1762-1827).....	13
WILLIAMS, REV. WILLIAM.....(1717-1791).....	99, 607
WILLIAMS, REV. ISAAC.....(1802-1865).....	444
WILSON, MRS. DANIEL.....(.....)	301
WINGROVE, JOHN.....(1720-1793).....	500
WINKLER, EDWIN THEODORE.....(1823.....)	88,
WINKWORTH, MISS CATHERINE.....(1829-1878).....	92, 136, 427, 647
WOLFE, REV. AARON ROBERT.....(1821.....)	484, 482
WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER, D. D.....(1807.....)	41,
60, 413, 456	
WREFOED, JOHN REYNELL, D. D.....(1799-1841).....	694
XAVIER, FRANCIS.....(1506-1552).....	333
ZINZENDORF, COUNT NICHOLAS LUDWIG.....(1705-1760).....	313, 481



# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS.

Abide with me.....362  
 Activity, Christian.....410, 416,  
 420-422, 441, 458, 468, 469-476  
 Adoration.....8, 16, 382  
 Almost Persuaded.....282  
 Anxiety cast Aside.....42, 374,  
 412, 427, 429 493, 496  
 Asleep in Jesus.....633, 639, 643,  
 646, 647  
 Baptism.....522-537  
 Buried with Christ in.....523-526, 533, 534, 537  
 Following Christ in.....524-536  
 Holy Spirit Invoked at.....522,  
 530, 532  
 Joy in.....523  
 Believer. Security of.....477,  
 483-485, 488  
 Bridegroom, Christ the.....653, 654  
 Burial of a Child.....647  
 Christian.....623, 640, 643, 645, 646  
 Friend.....622, 624  
 Pastor.....644, 648  
 Sister.....641  
 Children.....568-592  
 Hosannas of.....568, 570, 577,  
 578, 580, 584, 587  
 In heaven.....573  
 Prayer for.....569, 576, 583, 589-591  
 Christ.....102-193  
 Advent of.....102-113  
 All in all.....150  
 Ascension of.....139-144  
 Blood of.....127, 188, 223, 228,  
 231, 238, 246  
 Bound on the tree.....124  
 Compassion of.....131, 165, 176,  
 225, 260  
 Condescension of.....238, 242  
 Coronation of.....151, 161, 176, 183  
 Cross of.....126-128, 174, 237, 238  
 Crucified.....124, 125, 130, 132,  
 268, 273  
 Death of.....124, 125, 127-132  
 Defender.....511  
 Friend.....179, 238, 287, 302, 315,  
 347, 355, 359, 391, 406, 445, 479, 511  
 Gulde.....315, 363, 364, 427, 428,  
 431, 501  
 Helper.....121, 122

Inviting.....227, 229, 232, 233,  
 245, 248, 256, 261, 271  
 King.....109, 150, 500  
 King of Glory.....139, 151, 156,  
 158-160, 166, 174, 191, 215, 235, 236  
 Lamb of God.....115, 189  
 Life, our.....114, 116, 118, 124,  
 132, 373  
 Love of.....119  
 Majesty of.....117, 149  
 Miracles of.....315, 362, 364  
 Need of.....120  
 Our pattern.....152, 153, 172, 175,  
 182, 185, 187, 188, 354  
 Praise to.....124  
 Prayer of, on the Tree.....109, 145, 147, 148, 150,  
 212, 235  
 Priest.....135, 175  
 Prince of Life.....109, 145, 150, 212  
 Prophet.....478, 479  
 Refuge.....129, 133-139, 155  
 Resurrection of.....116, 121, 123, 125, 192  
 Saviour.....650-659  
 Second coming of.....315  
 Sharer of sorrows.....356, 500  
 Shepherd.....112  
 Son of David.....118, 124, 215  
 Son of God.....124  
 Son of Man.....315  
 Strength and Stay.....123-125  
 Sufferings of.....112  
 The Lord's Anointed.....315  
 The Sinner's Plea.....115  
 The Truth.....115  
 The Way.....208  
 The Word.....521  
 Church, Beloved of God.....615  
 Fellowship with.....518, 519  
 Glorious.....520  
 Love to the.....517  
 Militant.....512-514  
 Triumphant.....409, 413  
 Confidence.....414, 417, 420-426  
 Conflict, Christian.....447, 448, 450-452  
 Consecration.....226,  
 360, 361  
 Conversion, Prayer for.....141, 151,  
 161, 176, 183, 680  
 Coronation of Jesus.....694, 695, 696  
 Country, our.....692-697

Prayer for.....692-697  
 Cross, Bearing the.....411, 449, 455  
 Of Christ.....126-128, 174, 237,  
 238, 442  
 Crown of Thorns.....124  
 Deacons, Prayer for.....560  
 Death.....619-633  
 Early.....647  
 Decision.....283, 285, 290, 292, 342  
 Dedication Hymns.....610-616  
 Devotion, Daily.....13, 11  
 Dismission, Hymns for.....20, 54  
 Early Death.....647  
 Evening Hymns.....54-65, 583  
 For Lord's Day.....47, 48, 54, 61  
 Faith Assured.....305, 306, 308,  
 309, 323  
 Exercised.....384, 386  
 Grace of.....346  
 Joy in.....344  
 Our Guide.....480  
 Prayer for.....379  
 Simple.....322  
 Unshaken.....488, 489, 325  
 Fellowship, Christian.....462-465  
 Friend, Christ a.....179, 238, 287,  
 302, 347, 353, 355, 391, 406, 445,  
 479, 511  
 Funeral Hymns.....619-623, 626,  
 632-635, 639-648  
 Glory of Christ.....178, 182, 184,  
 187, 188, 191, 192  
 Saints in.....190, 420, 674, 676,  
 683, 686  
 God, Faithful.....85, 88, 374  
 Father.....91, 97  
 Fortress.....427, 428  
 Guide.....79, 80, 83, 97, 99  
 Infinite.....69  
 Judge.....652, 660-665  
 Love of.....71, 74, 90, 95, 127, 128  
 Merciful.....76, 77, 84, 98, 101  
 Omniscient.....67, 68  
 Our Helper.....98  
 Our Strength.....12, 15-19,  
 Praise to.....1, 3-10, 12, 15-19,  
 21-23, 73, 79

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

255

- Providence of.....80-83  
 Refuge.....78, 79  
 Shepherd.....75, 100  
 Sovereign Grace of.....96  
 Support.....370  
 Throne of.....393, 395  
 Walk with.....376
- Gospel Armor.....409, 413, 422-425  
 Feast.....244  
 Invitations.....220, 251  
 Trumpet.....233, 235  
 Grace.....86, 91, 93, 492
- Hand of Fellowship.....515, 548, 549  
 Heart, a Broken.....285, 286
- Heaven.....600-685  
 Happiness of.....667, 670,  
 674-676, 678, 786  
 Home in.....426, 630, 672,  
 677-680, 681-684  
 Longing for.....381, 666, 667,  
 670, 673, 677, 678, 679, 680, 682,  
 683, 685  
 Society of.....667, 670, 674, 676, 679  
 High Priest.....145, 147, 148, 150, 235
- Holy Spirit.....194-208  
 Enlightening.....204  
 Entreated.....194-196, 201-208, 561  
 Guide.....200-202, 205  
 Inviting.....262  
 Renewing Power of.....196-198  
 Sanctifying.....206, 366  
 The Comforter.....199, 200, 206, 208  
 Hosannas of Children.....568,  
 577, 680, 584, 587
- Immortality.....666, 671, 679,  
 680, 683, 684
- Importunity in Prayer.....392,  
 393, 399, 403, 404
- Inspiration.....216, 218-221
- Invitation of Christ.....245, 248,  
 256, 260, 262, 271  
 Accepted.....274, 283, 285-287,  
 290-293, 295, 303-306  
 Of the Spirit.....262
- Jesus, Blood of.....127, 145, 175,  
 188, 223, 228, 231, 238, 242, 246  
 Our Light.....54  
 Praise to.....145, 151-153,  
 155-164, 170-183, 185, 188, 189  
 The Name of.....2, 153, 161, 164,  
 169-171  
 Work for.....472
- Joy.....341, 344-359  
 Jubilee, the Year of.....235  
 Judgment Day.....226, 263, 680-685
- King, Children of a.....199  
 Christ a.....105-110, 129, 139, 141, 150  
 Of Glory.....144, 152  
 Kings and Priests, Christians,  
 191
- Lamb of God.....139, 151, 156  
 Song of Moses and the.....158
- Worship of the.....159, 160,  
 166, 680
- Life, the Day of Grace.....250-253, 259
- Looking to Jesus.....241
- Lord's Day.....28, 30, 31, 35-48  
 Evening Hymn for the.....47, 54  
 Love for the.....44  
 Joy on the.....30, 31, 35-37, 39, 41  
 Welcome to the.....37, 46  
 Worship on the.....27, 28, 31, 34
- Lord's Supper.....538-553  
 Closing Hymn at.....542, 546,  
 547, 550  
 Commemorative.....539, 543, 544  
 Love to Christ.....329, 331,  
 334-339, 363  
 Love to God.....332, 333
- Man, Fallen.....223  
 Mercy-seat.....26, 40, 394, 397,  
 398, 407
- Missions.....593-609  
 Foreign.....595-600, 602-607  
 Home.....593, 594, 601  
 Missionaries' Farewell.....608
- Morning Hymn.....49-53  
 Of the Lord's Day.....37, 39, 41-46  
 Name of Jesus.....2, 86, 170, 171,  
 180, 181, 329, 348
- National Calamity, Prayer in  
 693, 694, 695
- Nearness, to God desired.....32,  
 365, 370, 376, 380, 382, 387  
 To Heaven.....666, 670, 682, 683  
 New Jerusalem.....655, 667, 670, 682  
 New Year.....698-704
- Old, Old Story.....184, 471
- Paradise.....668, 683-685
- Pastors. Charge to.....556  
 Prayer for.....557  
 Welcome to.....558  
 Work of.....555, 559
- Penitence.....285-288, 290, 292,  
 296-302, 321
- Pilgrim and Stranger.....315
- Praise, Universal.....3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9
- Prayer.....368-389  
 Comfort in.....393, 394, 397, 399, 400  
 Confession in.....401  
 Exhortation to.....403, 406  
 For Converting Grace.....360, 361  
 For God's Guidance.....363, 385  
 For God's Presence.....362, 364,  
 368, 375  
 For Likeness to Christ.....367, 369  
 Hindrances to.....398  
 Hour of.....402, 405  
 Lord's.....408  
 Urgent.....404  
 Promises of Jesus, Sure.....501  
 Pure in Heart, Blessing of.....351
- Quickening Grace.....197  
 Power of the Spirit.....196
- Refuge, God our.....486
- Regeneration.....197  
 Necessity of.....224, 225  
 Resignation to God's will.....374, 412, 427-439
- Rest.....369, 375  
 Heavenly.....381, 672  
 Resurrection, the day of.....649  
 Reverence.....5, 7, 8, 16, 18  
 Revival, Prayer for.....561-567  
 River of God.....243, 637
- Rock of Ages.....496  
 That is higher than I.....495, 506
- Saints, Complete in Christ.....484  
 Security of.....477, 483, 485, 488-491  
 Salvation.....234  
 Saviour, Knocking.....248, 254, 255
- Second Coming of Christ.....653, 657  
 Prayer for.....650, 651, 652  
 Shortness of Life.....620-631, 635, 671
- Sinner Coming to Christ.....283-304  
 Yielding.....295, 342
- Sinners Invited.....227-230, 232,  
 233, 238, 239, 241, 245, 248, 250,  
 254-258, 261, 271, 281  
 Their Perfect Pleasure.....315  
 Warned.....247, 249-253, 255, 263-270
- Star, Guiding to Jesus.....104  
 Of Bethlehem.....154
- Temperance Hymns.....617, 618
- Time, flight of.....629, 635, 636  
 Shortness of.....630, 631  
 Thanksgiving.....687-692, 696,  
 697, 698
- Trinity, Praise to the.....208-211,  
 213-215  
 Prayer to the.....207, 208, 211, 212
- Trust in Christ.....305-309, 311,  
 313, 315, 318, 320, 322, 442, 443, 456  
 In God.....310, 312, 316, 317, 318
- Union, Christian.....462-465
- Vanity of Earthly Things.....621
- Victory.....409, 413, 414, 416, 420,  
 421-425
- Vine.....547
- Warfare, Christian.....413, 414,  
 417, 420-426
- Wasted Life, a.....475
- Watchfulness, Christian.....418,  
 422, 453, 454
- Watchman.....650

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Will of God, Acquiesced in.....	428-438	Reward of.....	469, 471, 474	New.....	698, 699, 703, 704
Revealed.....	216-222	Worship, Call to.....	1, 3, 5, 7, 8,	Of Jubilee.....	235
Worshipped.....	437	15, 17-19		Work Through the.....	701
Word of God, Excellence of		Close of ... ..	54, 57, 64, 65	Zion, Arising.....	514
the.....	216, 218, 220, 221	Evening.....	54-65	Glory of.....	518, 519
Glory of the.....	219	Joy in.....	3, 5, 11, 12	Kept by God.....	521
Love to the.....	217, 222	Lord's Day.....	27-38	Love to.....	30, 35, 521
Work, Christian.....	466-476	Morning.....	49-53	Praise in.....	9, 25, 27
		Year, Close of.....	700, 701	Triumphant.....	512

# SCRIPTURE INDEX

THE FIGURES DESIGNATE HYMNS.

## GENESIS.

1: 1.....	5, 18, 24
1: 3.....	24
1: 16.....	24
1: 16.....	486
2: 3.....	41
3: 8.....	67, 68
3: 15.....	108, 110, 170
3: 19.....	623, 628
3: 24.....	5
5: 24.....	375, 387
6: 3.....	27
6: 9.....	349
7: 1.....	499, 723
15: 8.....	491
16: 13.....	67, 68
17: 7.....	477, 602
17: 18.....	561
18: 25.....	82
18: 26.....	693
19: 17.....	253, 277
19: 22.....	267, 279, 280
22: 3.....	49
22: 5.....	11
22: 14.....	74, 316
22: 18.....	161
24: 40.....	697
24: 56.....	490
24: 63.....	11, 59, 372
26: 24.....	502
28: 10.....	22, 387
28: 15.....	502, 698
28: 20.....	317, 428
31: 42.....	83
31: 45.....	177
32: 24.....	33, 399, 403-405
32: 26.....	33, 398, 399, 404
35: 15.....	387
47: 9.....	629, 635, 677
48: 15, 16.....	574, 582
49: 10.....	107, 307
50: 10.....	622

## EXODUS.

3: 5.....	12, 52
3: 12.....	480, 595
3: 14.....	5
13: 21, 22.....	99, 428, 431, 518
14: 15.....	423
14: 19, 20.....	486, 595
15: 2.....	495
15: 11.....	16
15: 18.....	89
15: 26.....	89

16: 15.....	99, 518
19: 5.....	70, 309
25: 17, 22.....	26, 398, 404, 407
28: 29.....	146, 148

## LEVITICUS.

3: 2, 8.....	236, 384
10: 3.....	429, 431, 437, 438
16: 21.....	382
19: 2.....	351, 378

## NUMBERS.

14: 21.....	513, 596
23: 10.....	619, 633
23: 19.....	70

## DEUTERONOMY.

3: 25.....	673, 683
7: 6, 8.....	93, 96
9: 56.....	93, 96
12: 9.....	388, 503, 634
26: 17.....	342, 443, 448
30: 19.....	226, 250, 634
31: 6.....	157, 316, 502, 595
32: 11.....	89, 410
32: 29.....	250, 265, 267, 628
32: 49.....	673, 684
33: 25.....	424, 482, 502
33: 27.....	78, 482

## JOSHUA.

1: 8.....	59, 217, 219
1: 11.....	629, 673
23: 14.....	70
24: 15.....	342

## JUDGES.

8: 4.....	317
10: 15.....	280, 288, 298

## RUTH.

1: 16.....	342, 510, 548
1: 20.....	428, 431
2: 12.....	78, 394

## I. SAMUEL.

1: 13.....	396, 398
1: 17.....	20
2: 3.....	67, 68
2: 9.....	78, 83
3: 1.....	216, 219

3: 18.....	429, 431
4: 9.....	409, 424, 425
7: 12.....	177, 412, 533, 698
20: 3.....	627, 628

## II. SAMUEL.

7: 18, 19.....	59, 96
7: 22.....	72, 73
10: 12.....	424, 426, 490
12: 23.....	622, 623, 627, 629, 647
15: 15.....	418, 453
15: 26.....	429, 431, 437, 438
22: 3.....	78, 83
22: 4.....	316
23: 5.....	309

## I. KINGS.

2: 2.....	424, 425, 472, 476
8: 57.....	694, 696
18: 21.....	250, 253, 254, 270
20: 28.....	66, 83
18: 44.....	562, 566

## II. KINGS.

5: 13.....	2, 496
5: 14.....	484
7: 3.....	250, 265, 274, 277
7: 19.....	18, 164
20: 1.....	627, 628, 635
20: 19.....	431, 437
23: 3.....	452

## I. CHRONICLES.

4: 10.....	435
16: 12.....	18, 89
16: 31.....	2
16: 34.....	6, 14, 17, 76
17: 16.....	89, 96, 234, 545
21: 8.....	225, 288
28: 20.....	409, 423, 425
29: 15.....	621, 627, 629
29: 17.....	67, 68

## II. CHRONICLES.

1: 10.....	177, 378, 435
20: 6.....	81
20: 17.....	424, 425
30: 9.....	232, 275
34: 31.....	452, 479

## EZRA.

3: 11.....	76, 79
------------	--------

## NEHEMIAH.

1: 3, 11.....	224, 564
4: 6.....	576
8: 10.....	353
9: 15.....	339, 547
9: 17.....	76, 77

## ESTHER.

4: 16.....	250, 274, 277
------------	---------------

## JOB.

1: 11.....	429, 437, 438
2: 10.....	80, 81, 428, 481
3: 17.....	632, 643, 672
5: 19.....	78, 79
7: 16.....	620, 625, 642
9: 33.....	236, 323
13: 15.....	412, 432
19: 25.....	142, 305, 306, 623, 642
33: 13.....	81
34: 25.....	429, 431, 437, 438
35: 10.....	163, 172, 350
42: 6.....	288

## PSALMS.

3: 8.....	234, 606
6: 3.....	49, 51, 52
14: 2.....	198, 227
14: 7.....	234, 599
15: 1.....	53, 395, 619
32: 8.....	118, 129, 489
17: 15.....	340, 366, 370, 438, 440
19: 1.....	220
23: 2, 5.....	75, 100, 314, 445, 500, 576, 582
24: 10.....	159, 183
27: 8.....	33
31: 5.....	85, 311, 433
31: 15.....	431, 434
32: 7.....	496
32: 8.....	99, 312, 384, 428
36: 7.....	13, 83
36: 7.....	29, 57, 312, 499
36: 9.....	73
37: 25.....	602, 625
39: 12.....	318, 385, 630, 631, 677
41: 1.....	524
42: 1.....	27, 32, 380, 387
43: 3.....	27, 220, 387
46: 1.....	78, 94, 496
47: 5.....	139, 143

## SCRIPTURE INDEX.

45: 1.....5	9: 10.....277, 418, 422, 425
50: 12.....66, 79, 83, 502	11: 1.....469, 470
51: 12.....175, 285, 288, 296	11: 6.....469, 470, 473, 475
51: 10.....198, 225, 290, 415	12: 1.....443, 522, 532
53: 2.....198, 225, 285	12: 14.....653, 655, 658, 663

55: 22.....379, 412, 493
56: 3.....80, 83, 310
56: 12.....29, 448, 548
60: 4.....518
61: 2.....309, 495, 496
63: 1.....27, 32, 51, 380
65: 1.....13, 89, 533
66: 16.....9, 18, 34
66: 18.....395, 441
71: 5.....13, 89, 347
72: 8.....112, 597
73: 24.....99, 428, 431
80: 19.....564, 565
84: 1.....27, 38, 46
84: 11.....25, 518
85: 9.....23, 634
87: 3.....518

89: 1.....50, 76, 79, 80
89: 1.....12, 45
85: 1.....18, 350, 707
98: 1.....2, 105, 116
00: 1.....3, 5, 22
02: 13.....105, 596, 657
03: 13.....17, 76, 87
112: 6.....619
116: 7.....29, 477
117: 1.....6
118: 24.....36, 41, 43
119: 9.....216, 218, 219, 221
119: 105.....217, 387, 432
119: 151.....189, 216, 221
125: 2.....72, 387
126: 6.....422, 488
130: 1.....79, 716
135: 1.....2, 22, 23
136: 1.....2, 14, 24
137: 5.....30, 85, 518, 520
138: 2.....10, 17, 79
139: 1.....67, 68
139: 17.....13, 89
139: 23.....194, 354, 375
145: 18.....10, 84, 399, 405

## PROVERBS.

1: 23.....264, 268, 279, 280
3: 5, 6.....75, 428, 493
3: 12.....75, 80, 81, 387, 600
6: 4, 11.....687
8: 17.....443, 522, 532
10: 4, 5.....328, 410, 418, 423
10: 7, 25.....639, 642, 543
11: 30.....556, 576
13: 4, 11.....328, 410, 418, 423
15: 11.....67, 68
18: 24.....146, 179, 324
21: 21.....353, 491, 683
22: 6.....571, 572, 574
25: 26.....415
24: 11, 12.....67, 68
28: 13.....286, 288, 298

## ECCLESIASTES.

1: 2, 3, 14.....440
7: 11.....13, 80, 81

## CANTICLES.

2: 4.....139, 233
4: 16.....565, 567
5: 1.....545
5: 4, 6.....201, 375, 473, 475

## ISAIAH.

1: 18.....275, 303
2: 2, 4.....513, 518, 596, 597, 687
6: 3.....209
7: 14.....103, 108, 110, 113, 230

8: 10.....66, 33
21: 11.....606, 659
27: 5, 6.....355
28: 16.....309, 517, 518
32: 17.....309, 517, 518
35: 10.....307, 352, 674, 676
40: 11.....75, 109, 359, 500
40: 31.....17, 410
43: 2.....310, 438, 502
45: 22.....236, 307
49: 14.....565
52: 7.....555, 609
54: 8.....412
55: 1.....231, 232, 233, 256
57: 20.....250, 271
60: 1, 2.....512, 514, 606, 607
61: 10.....308, 481
63: 1.....125, 183

## JEREMIAH.

3: 4.....99, 303
8: 20.....26, 27, 254, 277
17: 9.....198, 227
23: 6.....227, 309, 481
31: 33.....309
48: 5, 6.....349, 435

## LAMENTATIONS.

1: 4.....196, 513, 565
3: 26.....13, 312, 438

## EZEKIEL.

3: 4, 9.....559
3: 18.....556, 558
11: 19.....198, 206, 415
18: 21, 23.....272
33: 11.....257, 264, 276
36: 37.....393, 396, 398, 399

## DANIEL.

2: 44.....161
4: 34, 35.....81
5: 25, 28.....661, 665
9: 5, 28.....296, 298
12: 2.....628, 642, 663
12: 3.....575, 576

## HOSEA.

4: 17.....278
5: 15.....419
11: 8.....264, 292, 297
13: 9.....227, 236
14: 1.....276, 289, 303, 361

## JOEL.

2: 1.....272, 660, 663
2: 12, 13.....76
2: 27.....66, 83
2: 28, 29.....203, 561
3: 14.....226, 249, 253, 663

## AMOS.

3: 3.....271
4: 12.....660, 665
5: 4.....272
6: 1.....375
7: 3.....254
9: 2, 3.....67

## JONAH.

2: 4, 7.....419
2: 9.....234
3: 9.....254
3: 10.....292, 297

## MICAH.

2: 10.....503, 677
3: 12.....112, 607
4: 7.....518
6: 6.....28, 29, 236
7: 18, 19.....323

## NAHUM.

1: 3.....76, 288
1: 7.....78, 496
1: 15.....555

## HABAKKUK.

2: 4.....480
2: 14.....605, 607
3: 2.....196, 564, 565
3: 17.....66, 316, 319

## ZEPHANIAH.

1: 14-18.....25
3: 9, 10.....599
3: 17.....312

## ZECHARIAH.

1: 5.....633
2: 10.....83
4: 6.....567
4: 10.....575
13: 1.....231, 323
14: 7.....619

## MALACHI.

4: 2.....220
--------------

## MATTHEW.

1: 21.....86, 167, 181, 329, 338
2: 9.....104, 113, 154
3: 16.....524, 526, 582, 587

## MARK.

1: 9, 11.....524, 526, 531, 535, 587
--------------------------------------

4: 1.....120, 122, 141
4: 4.....96
4: 16.....103, 104
5: 3.....273, 367
5: 8.....256, 369, 374
5: 6, 227, 232, 236, 303, 339
5: 7.....114, 572
5: 8.....351, 91
5: 9.....114, 462
5: 10.....118, 245, 561
5: 16.....441, 510
6: 4.....67
6: 6.....393, 403
6: 9.....14, 85, 91, 716
6: 10.....112, 429, 513, 696, 597, 651
6: 11.....316, 319
6: 12.....111, 286, 288, 571
6: 13.....366, 426, 715
6: 19, 20.....440
6: 24.....249
6: 25.....319, 412, 494
6: 32.....85
6: 34.....412
7: 7.....309, 403, 404
7: 8.....392, 393, 399
7: 11.....254
7: 13.....249
7: 14.....249, 634
7: 24.....309
9: 2.....150, 341, 344
10: 32.....335, 446, 490
10: 42.....574, 582, 601
11: 5.....112, 367
11: 28, 303.....248, 258, 271, 273, 274, 407
13: 1, 9.....469
13: 17.....184, 555
13: 24, 30.....653, 655, 658
14: 27.....502
16: 18, 309, 497, 516, 517, 518
16: 24.....249, 455, 449, 496
16: 28.....248, 278, 694
16: 27.....653, 655, 658
18: 11.....116, 165, 29, 28
18: 20.....573, 575, 576, 582
19: 13.....413, 526, 532
19: 14.....102, 165
20: 28.....399, 403
21: 22.....233
22: 4, 9.....322
22: 37.....628, 660
24: 13.....418, 453, 653, 654
25: 31.....665
25: 34.....658
25: 40.....451, 574, 582
25: 41.....661
26: 26, 30.....539, 544, 547
26: 41.....422, 425, 426
26: 75.....123
27: 35.....181
27: 37.....146
28: 1, 8.....137, 144
28: 6.....498, 502, 559, 595, 597
28: 18, 20.....595, 597



# SCRIPTURE INDEX.

259

4: 17.....	273, 276, 279
3: 27.....	102, 105, 277
6: 34.....	114, 117, 468
6: 50.....	486, 493, 502
8: 34.....	446, 449, 455
8: 38.....	490, 504
8: 39.....	386, 446, 494
9: 5.....	32, 46, 48
9: 24.....	227, 230, 240
10: 11.....	443, 526, 532, 571
12: 37.....	172, 190, 568
13: 37.....	422, 425
14: 22, 24.....	444, 547
14: 36, 38.....	418, 422, 423
14: 36, 38.....	429, 437
16: 15, 16.....	537, 559, 595, 597

## LUKE.

1: 31.....	86, 167, 337, 338
1: 35.....	107, 230
1: 68.....	86, 87
1: 78.....	567
2: 8, 14.....	109, 112, 113
2: 13, 14.....	108, 109, 110, 675
2: 21.....	96, 197, 181, 337, 338
3: 21, 22.....	524, 532, 543
4: 1, 2.....	122, 147
4: 18.....	230, 232
6: 20.....	272, 273, 367
6: 22, 23.....	112, 360, 367
7: 12.....	112, 360, 367
9: 23.....	249, 419, 455, 490
9: 26.....	386, 446, 490
9: 33.....	32, 46, 48
10: 20.....	344
10: 42.....	260, 364
11: 2.....	4, 85, 91, 513, 596
11: 4.....	286, 288, 366, 426
11: 9.....	399, 403, 404
11: 10.....	392, 393, 399
11: 13.....	196, 203
12: 30.....	85
12: 32.....	502, 518
12: 35.....	418, 422, 423, 453
13: 6.....	84, 297, 473, 474, 475
13: 24.....	251, 252, 259, 265, 267
13: 34.....	260, 277
14: 22.....	233
14: 27.....	449, 455, 490
15: 2.....	273, 275
15: 7.....	276, 356
15: 11, 24.....	294, 351
15: 18.....	238, 371
16: 13.....	249
17: 5.....	384, 387
18: 1.....	308, 309, 404
18: 13.....	284, 288, 361
18: 16.....	443, 526, 532
19: 10.....	116, 165, 230
20: 41, 44.....	111, 260, 468
21: 36.....	418, 422, 423, 453
22: 69.....	145, 155, 156, 161, 166, 191
23: 33, 34.....	114, 118
23: 42.....	231
23: 46.....	130, 132
24: 29.....	56, 362
24: 51.....	139, 143, 360

## JOHN.

1: 1.....	208, 213, 214
1: 3.....	124, 125, 137
1: 4.....	109, 115, 382
1: 29.....	236, 383
1: 32.....	532, 533
3: 3.....	197, 198, 225
3: 14.....	123
3: 16.....	87, 116, 128, 229, 230
3: 18.....	367, 369, 323
4: 14.....	232, 233, 339
4: 37.....	474, 469
5: 24.....	308, 309
5: 39.....	189, 218, 219
6: 29.....	493, 502
6: 29.....	307, 308
6: 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, 517	
6: 68.....	320, 340
7: 37.....	232, 233, 275
7: 46.....	345, 425
8: 12.....	162, 399
9: 4.....	252, 576
9: 25.....	492
10: 11.....	100, 356
10: 28.....	485, 497
11: 25.....	340
11: 35.....	114, 122
12: 21.....	334
12: 32.....	123, 242
13: 7.....	81, 82
14: 2.....	139, 671
14: 2, 3.....	539, 651, 666, 677
14: 6.....	115, 307
14: 16, 17.....	199, 202, 204
14: 19.....	489
14: 23.....	362
14: 26.....	292, 204, 205
14: 27.....	355, 504
15: 1.....	175, 615, 547
15: 4.....	56, 186, 362
15: 5.....	482
15: 11.....	353, 355
15: 12.....	462, 463, 465
15: 13.....	125, 179
15: 16.....	202, 206
16: 8, 11.....	198, 204, 205
16: 16.....	539, 653, 654
19: 2.....	123, 141, 178
19: 30.....	127, 130, 132
19: 34.....	496
21: 15.....	335, 336, 525, 529, 532
21: 17.....	322, 229, 337, 338

## ACTS.

1: 11.....	551, 655, 657
1: 24.....	67, 68
2: 1, 2.....	197, 206, 522, 561
2: 3.....	203, 206
2: 24.....	129, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137
2: 33.....	145, 155, 156, 158, 183, 191
2: 39.....	412, 531
2: 41.....	531, 534
3: 13.....	145, 155, 158, 161, 166, 191
3: 14.....	129, 133-8
3: 21.....	668, 664, 669, 499, 309
4: 12.....	499, 309

5: 30.....	129, 133, 138
5: 31.....	145, 155, 161, 166, 183, 191
7: 55.....	161, 191
10: 38.....	109, 201
10: 39.....	124, 125, 127
10: 40.....	129, 133, 138
10: 42.....	663, 664, 665
13: 1, 3.....	564, 567
13: 39.....	231, 367, 369, 324
13: 52.....	150, 353, 358
14: 22.....	152, 417, 422, 425
15: 11.....	93, 234
15: 9.....	576, 601
16: 31.....	116, 227, 323
17: 11.....	189, 218, 219, 220
17: 31.....	653, 655, 658, 663
20: 24.....	643, 644, 648
21: 14, 37, 39, 43, 48, 50, 2	
22: 21.....	593, 595, 605
24: 15, 623, 653, 655, 661, 663	
24: 25, 251, 253, 254, 267, 277	
26: 28.....	249, 253, 277, 308

## ROMANS.

1: 5.....	559, 593
1: 16.....	126, 386, 446, 494
1: 17.....	480
2: 4.....	21, 71, 253, 254
3: 0, 19, 23, 236, 288, 369	
3: 19.....	227, 296, 298
3: 20.....	237, 279, 280, 308
3: 22, 223, 235, 248, 273, 299	
3: 25.....	124, 125, 232, 242
3: 31.....	124, 129, 367, 441
4: 5, 23, 25.....	137, 231, 242
5: 1.....	227, 238, 369
5: 3, 1.....	312, 494
5: 5.....	177, 358, 362
5: 6.....	123, 227, 242
5: 9.....	93, 426
5: 20.....	87, 93, 157
6: 4.....	530, 537
6: 5, 7.....	133, 134, 135, 136, 137
6: 9, 10.....	129, 137
6: 11.....	442, 452, 485
6: 23.....	87, 124, 154
7: 6.....	175, 443, 457
7: 13, 25.....	198, 223, 225, 227
8: 1.....	230, 309, 483
8: 2, 4.....	102, 125, 128
8: 5, 8.....	197, 198, 201
8: 11.....	198, 352, 525
8: 12, 13.....	249, 366, 372, 441
8: 14.....	14, 91, 197, 212, 293
8: 17.....	141, 362, 477
8: 18.....	412, 491, 539
8: 19, 25.....	453, 539, 650, 654
8: 32, 34.....	146, 148, 399, 483
8: 38, 39.....	312, 489, 497
9: 5.....	107, 291
9: 14, 24.....	81, 82
10: 4.....	227, 296, 299
10: 11.....	237, 309
10: 14, 17.....	555, 595, 609
11: 11, 33.....	422, 423, 425, 569

11: 33, 36.....	16, 89, 81
12: 1.....	130, 304, 455
12: 2.....	130, 378, 440
12: 4, 10.....	370, 372, 440
12: 5.....	326, 465, 487
12: 15.....	451, 468, 524
13: 11, 12.....	559, 606, 666
14: 8.....	439, 447, 449
14: 9.....	129, 133, 137
14: 10.....	660, 661, 662, 665
15: 3.....	114, 118, 120
16: 25, 27.....	86, 87, 347

## I. CORINTHIANS.

2: 2.....	126, 128, 184
2: 9.....	667, 677, 682, 693
2: 14.....	198, 561
3: 11.....	309, 347, 594
3: 19, 23.....	343, 362, 450
4: 5.....	661, 662, 665
5: 7.....	169, 178, 236
6: 15.....	367, 376, 378, 444
6: 20.....	443, 447, 467
7: 19, 31.....	624, 629
8: 3.....	162, 335, 353
8: 6.....	11, 86
9: 22.....	200, 504
9: 26.....	49, 410, 416
10: 16.....	540, 544, 547
10: 26.....	1, 23, 687, 890, 691
11: 24.....	539, 541, 548
12: 27.....	230, 465
13: 1.....	303, 326, 487
13: 12.....	81, 82
15: 10.....	351, 510
15: 35, 38.....	640, 642, 645
15: 50.....	622, 625
16: 65.....	379, 632
16: 14.....	260, 462, 620

## II. CORINTHIANS.

1: 4.....	427, 428, 495
1: 18, 20.....	70, 309
1: 22.....	194, 196, 199, 205
3: 13, 16.....	161, 599, 609
4: 14.....	339, 340
4: 17.....	13, 80, 362
4: 18.....	621, 624, 625
5: 1.....	667, 670, 672
5: 7.....	480, 481, 484
5: 8.....	630, 662, 666
5: 10.....	660, 663, 665
5: 11.....	250, 293, 264
5: 17.....	197, 236, 567
6: 20.....	250, 264, 280
5: 21.....	123, 124, 125, 315
6: 2.....	232, 235, 253
6: 16.....	362, 366, 435
7: 1.....	375, 378, 444
7: 5.....	477, 479, 486
8: 9.....	102, 103, 116
9: 9, 11.....	463, 465, 470
9: 15.....	116, 164, 471
12: 10.....	455, 482, 487
13: 14.....	88, 89, 92

## GALATIANS.

1: 4.....	119, 123, 124, 125
2: 20.....	340, 312, 350
3: 28.....	226, 228, 230



## SCRIPTURE INDEX.

4: 4.....	103, 104, 105, 107
4: 6.....	86, 91, 455
4: 15.....	336, 342, 375
5: 1.....	409, 421, 425
5: 6.....	236, 237, 243
5: 16, 26.....	366, 441
6: 7, 8.....	249, 634
6: 9.....	469, 473, 475
6: 14.....	123, 126, 442

## EPHESIANS.

1: 4, 6, 11.....	90, 93
1: 7, 8.....	70, 124, 127
2: 8.....	332, 237, 492
2: 12.....	198, 227
3: 15.....	430, 433, 437
3: 19.....	157, 353
4: 1.....	455, 540, 541, 542
4: 5.....	516, 517, 520
4: 30.....	253, 272, 277
5: 8.....	480, 510, 511
5: 19.....	71, 172, 350
5: 23, 33.....	452, 497, 515
6: 13.....	409, 421, 424

## PHILIPPIANS.

1: 21.....	438, 625, 632
1: 23.....	438, 455, 459
2: 5, 8.....	113, 116, 468
3: 20.....	291, 388, 511
4: 4.....	346, 382, 391
4: 7.....	174, 499, 501
4: 11.....	313, 316, 322
4: 13.....	482, 492, 506

## COLOSSIANS

1: 15.....	116, 208, 212, 229
2: 10.....	484, 491, 500
2: 11.....	525, 530, 535
3: 1, 3.....	365, 388, 390

## I. THESSALONIANS.

1: 8, 10.....	548, 599, 606, 607
---------------	--------------------

3: 3.....	438, 502
4: 13, 18.....	622, 633, 641
4: 14.....	637, 639, 642, 646
5: 5, 8.....	417, 418, 422, 425
5: 16.....	346, 350, 356
5: 18.....	687, 690, 691
5: 23.....	303, 307, 318

## II. THESSALONIANS.

1: 7, 10.....	653, 655, 658, 663
2: 8.....	604, 654, 656
3: 1.....	593, 594, 605, 607
3: 5.....	388, 453, 539, 650, 654
3: 13.....	469, 472, 474

## I. TIMOTHY.

1: 15.....	116, 175, 230
2: 5.....	157, 166, 303, 323
2: 8.....	26, 304, 313
6: 12.....	417, 421, 423

## II. TIMOTHY.

1: 9.....	96, 333, 337
1: 12.....	300, 323, 324
2: 3.....	241, 245, 417
2: 19.....	502, 506, 509
3: 16.....	175, 180, 190

## TITUS.

2: 11.....	441, 636, 657
3: 5.....	193, 197, 198

## HEBREWS.

1: 3.....	86, 89, 94
1: 14.....	110, 112, 675
2: 3.....	273, 277, 279
2: 10.....	178, 181, 409
2: 18.....	120, 384, 401
3: 15.....	253, 254, 261, 269
4: 9.....	670, 672, 673

4: 12.....	573, 576, 585
4: 15.....	120, 121, 401
5: 8.....	123, 126, 127
6: 19.....	304, 309, 340
7: 22.....	323, 324, 333
7: 25.....	86, 161, 166
9: 5.....	26, 397, 401
10: 12.....	151, 152, 674
11: 1.....	480, 487, 497
11: 13.....	673, 677, 979
11: 16.....	670, 673, 680
12: 1.....	411, 417, 421
12: 2.....	334, 365, 407
12: 6.....	71, 85, 93
12: 18.....	430, 461, 485
13: 5.....	311, 502, 506
13: 13.....	433, 455, 490
13: 14.....	388, 667, 684

## JAMES.

1: 5.....	361, 364, 372
1: 17.....	13, 50, 89
2: 17.....	576, 579, 582
4: 14.....	624, 634, 635
5: 8.....	441, 567, 657
5: 20.....	572, 576, 590

## I. PETER.

1: 8.....	334, 337, 338, 365
1: 19.....	178, 180, 236
2: 7.....	170, 331, 338
2: 21.....	114, 120, 129
3: 7.....	393, 396, 398
4: 14.....	449, 460, 551
4: 18.....	660, 662, 665
5: 4.....	359, 409, 415
5: 7.....	319, 403, 494

## II. PETER.

1: 21.....	189, 194, 199
------------	---------------

3: 9.....	70, 506, 509
3: 10.....	660, 663, 664
3: 11.....	658, 662, 665
3: 13.....	657, 683, 684
3: 15.....	14, 19, 21
3: 18.....	190, 313, 337

## I. JOHN.

1: 3.....	323, 331, 424
1: 7.....	231, 303, 304
2: 1.....	146, 301, 403
2: 17.....	121, 625, 635
3: 2.....	91, 254, 338
3: 1.....	91, 674, 676
4: 8.....	21, 71, 231
4: 19.....	174, 175, 189
5: 4.....	416, 421, 491

## REVELATION.

1: 5, 6.....	150, 161, 181
3: 8.....	307, 324, 342
3: 11.....	388, 409, 422
3: 20.....	240, 255, 361
4: 8.....	209, 210, 215
5: 9.....	156, 161, 181
5: 12.....	164, 166, 585
7: 13.....	674, 676, 680
7: 17.....	672, 679, 682
11: 15.....	112, 597, 603
14: 3.....	471, 485, 573
14: 13.....	619, 632, 633
19: 6.....	162, 674, 675
10: 12.....	141, 151, 183
21: 2.....	655, 667, 670
21: 4.....	666, 669, 673
21: 23.....	636, 667, 668
22: 4.....	191, 671
22: 16.....	105, 168, 154
22: 17.....	238, 264, 272
22: 20.....	338, 651, 657

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.....	362	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	157
A love the clear blue sky.....	587	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	416
A broken heart, my God, my King.....	285	Awake, our souls, away our fears.....	410
A charge to keep I have.....	454		
A few more marchings weary.....	630	Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	5
A few more years shall roll.....	631	Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme.....	70
A glory gilds the sacred page.....	219	Behold a stranger at the door.....	255
Ah, how shall fallen man.....	223	Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in.....	653
Alleluia, song of gladness.....	125	Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	191
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	354	Behold what wondrous grace.....	91
All the way my Saviour leads me.....	161	Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	628
Almost persuaded now to believe.....	508	Be still, my heart, these anxious fears.....	412
Always with us, always with us.....	282	Be thou, O God, exalted high.....	4
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.....	498	Bless, O my soul, the living God.....	87
Amazing sight, the Saviour stands.....	492	Blessed are the sons of God.....	510
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	248	Blest are the pure in heart.....	351
Amidst us our beloved stands.....	417	Blest be the tie that binds.....	463
A mighty fortress is our God.....	538	Blest feast of love divine.....	540
And can I yet delay.....	94	Blest feast of love divine.....	235
And canst thou, sinner, slight.....	295	Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	124
And did the holy and the just.....	278	Bound upon the accursed tree.....	547
And must I part with all I have.....	242	Bread of heaven, on thee we feed.....	552
And will the Judge descend.....	450	Bread of the world in mercy broken.....	426
And wilt thou, O eternal God.....	605	Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	671
Angels, roll the rock away.....	616	Brief life is here our portion.....	118
Angel voices ever singing.....	138	Brightest and best of the sons of the.....	245
Another year of labor.....	578	Broad is the road that leads to death.....	532
A parting hymn we sing.....	701	Buried beneath the yielding wave.....	551
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.....	542	By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored.....	579
Arise in all thy splendor Lord.....	290	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	
Arise, my soul, arise.....	596		
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake.....	323	Cast thy burden on the Lord.....	493
Arm these, thy soldiers, Mighty Lord.....	590	Chief of sinners though I be.....	175
Around the throne of God in heaven.....	413	Child of sin and sorrow.....	279
Around thy grave, Lord Jesus.....	573	Children of the heavenly King.....	359
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	537	Christ is coming, let creation.....	657
As flows the rapid river.....	245	Christ of all my hopes the ground.....	457
Ask ye what great thing I know.....	624	Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	137
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	193	Come, all ye saints of God.....	160
As pants the hart for cooling streams.....	630	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.....	203
As with gladness men of old.....	380	Come, gracious Lord, descend.....	368
At the feet of Jesus, listening to his word.....	104	Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb.....	524
A throne of grace! then let us go.....	579	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	256
Awake, and sing the song.....	393	Come hither, all ye weary souls.....	206
Awake, by Sinai's awful sound.....	153	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	522
Awake my soul, and with the sun.....	225	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	196
	49	Come, Jesus Redeemer, abide thou.....	186
		Come, let us anew our journey pursue.....	706

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	166	Father of mercies, in thy word.....	218
Come, let us join our friends above.....	464	Father of mercies, send thy grace.....	468
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes.....	15	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	374
Come, let us sing of Jesus.....	585	Firm as the earth, thy gospel stands.....	489
Come, Lord, and tarry not.....	651	Firm as the earth, thy gospel stands.....	666
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	403	Forever with the Lord.....	131
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....	7	Forgive them, O my Father.....	570
Come, quickly come, dread Judge.....	652	For the beauty of the earth.....	466
Come, says Jesus' sacred voice.....	271	Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go.....	670
Come, sound his praise abroad.....	18	For thee, O dear, dear country.....	420
Come, thou almighty King.....	208	Forward! be our watchword.....	340
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....	177	Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free.....	243
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast.....	274	Fresh from the throne of glory.....	623
Come unto me, all ye that labor.....	721, 723	Friend after friend departs.....	302
Come unto me, when shadows darkly.....	678	Friend of sinners, hear my plea.....	6
Come unto me, ye weary.....	505	From all that dwell below the skies.....	397
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye.....	407	From every stormy wind that blows.....	605
Come ye lofty, come ye lowly.....	106	From Greenland's icy mountains.....	127
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	273	From the cross the blood is falling.....	238
Come, ye thankful people, come.....	690	From the cross uplifted high.....	363
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord.....	71	Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.....	328
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	350	Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	310
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.....	187	Give to the winds thy fears.....	518
Complete in thee, no work of mine.....	484	Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	584
Crown him with many crowns.....	151	Glory and praise and honor.....	707
Crown his head with endless blessing.....	176	Glory be to God on high.....	213
Crown the Saviour, angels crown him.....	183	Glory be to God, the Father.....	188
Daily, daily, sing the praises.....	685	Glory be to Jesus.....	711
Daughter of Zion, from the dust.....	602	Glory be to the Father.....	57
Day of judgment, day of wonders.....	663	Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	159
Dearest of all the names above.....	291	Glory to God on high.....	720
Dear Father to thy mercy-seat.....	394	God be merciful unto us.....	692
Dear Jesus, ever at my side.....	591	God bless our native land.....	254
Dear Lord, and wilt thy pardoning.....	527	God calling yet! shall I not hear.....	221
Dear refuge of my weary soul.....	486	God, in the gospel of his Son.....	74
Dear Saviour we are thine.....	452	God is love, his mercy brightens.....	78
Dear Shepherd of thy people, here.....	611	God is the refuge of his saints.....	81
Delay not, delay not, O sinner.....	277	God moves in a mysterious way.....	298
Depths of mercy can there be.....	297	God of mercy, God of grace.....	98
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	269	God of our strength, enthroned above.....	73
Down to the sacred wave.....	535	God of the world, thy glories shine.....	467
Early, my God, without delay.....	32	Go, labor on; spend and be spent.....	559
Enter, Jesus bids thee welcome.....	549	Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord.....	593
Ere another Sabbath close.....	47	Go, preach the blest salvation.....	644
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....	204	Go to the grave in all thy glorious.....	92
Fade, fade, each earthly joy.....	357	Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	569
Far from my heavenly home.....	335	Great God, and wilt thou condescend.....	25
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone.....	11	Great God, attend, while Zion sings.....	69
Fast fades the golden sun.....	63	Great God, how infinite art thou.....	574
Father, I know that all my life.....	435	Great God, now condescend.....	698
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....	293	Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....	660
Father of heaven, whose love profound.....	212	Great God! what do I see and hear.....	698
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....	557	Great King of nations, hear our prayer.....	95
Father of mercies, God of love.....	14	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	504
		Had I ten thousand gifts beside.....	139
		Hail the day that sees him rise.....	107
		Hail, thou long expected Jesus.....	

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

261

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	178	I am coming to the cross.....	304
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad.....	519	I am thine, O Lord.....	365
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....	112	I bring my sins to thee.....	460
Hallelujah, who shall part.....	497	If God is mine, then present things.....	343
Happy the heart where graces reign.....	330	If human kindness meets return.....	543
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs.....	675	If, on a quiet sea.....	432
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord.....	335	If thou but suffer God to guide thee.....	427
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.....	152	I gave my life for thee.....	459
Hark, the herald angels sing.....	108	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	487
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	132	I hear the Saviour say.....	326
Hark! the song of jubilee.....	603	I hear thy welcome voice.....	303
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes.....	102	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	305 306
Hark! there comes a whisper.....	261	I love the volume of thy word.....	222
Hark! what mean those holy voices!.....	109	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	520
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....	604	I love to tell the story.....	471
Haste, O sinner, now be wise.....	267	I love to think of the heavenly land.....	680
Have mercy upon me, O God.....	716	I love to steal awhile away.....	59
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.....	300	I'm but a stranger here.....	677
Heart of stone, relent, relent.....	268	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	490
Hear what the voice from heaven.....	643	I'm thine, O Lord, and thine alone.....	447
He is despised and rejected.....	726	In all my Lord's appointed way.....	531
He is gone, a cloud of light.....	142	In all my vast concerns with thee.....	68
Heavenly Father, bless me now.....	360	In a lonely manger sleeping.....	111
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies.....	129	I need thee every hour.....	364
He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought.....	428	I need thee, precious Jesus.....	315
He lives, the Great Redeemer lives.....	146	In evil long I took delight.....	294
He that goeth forth with weeping.....	474	In loud exalted strains.....	613
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet.....	544	Inscribed upon the cross we see.....	128
Holy and reverend is the name.....	16	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	126
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	194	I send the joys of earth away.....	440
Holy God, we praise thy name.....	211	Is this the kind return.....	224
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	209	It came upon the midnight clear.....	110
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.....	205	I think of thee, my God, by night.....	377
Holy Spirit from on high.....	195	I think, when I read that sweet story.....	590
How beauteous are their feet.....	555	It is not death to die.....	632
How beauteous were the marks divine.....	118	I've found a friend, oh such a friend.....	511
How blest the hour when first we gave.....	523	I've found the pearl of greatest price.....	150
How blest the righteous when he dies.....	619	I was a wandering sheep.....	356
How blest the sacred tie that binds.....	462	I was glad when they said unto me.....	713
How charming is the place.....	40	I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.....	715
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	30	I worship thee, sweet will of God.....	437
How firm a foundation, ye saints.....	502	I would love thee, God and Father.....	332
How gentle God's commands.....	494	I would not live always.....	625
How happy every child of grace.....	344	Jerusalem, my happy home.....	632
How helpless guilty nature lies.....	198	Jerusalem, the golden.....	667
How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....	419	Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	446
How pleased and blest was I.....	35	Jesus Christ, our Saviour.....	589
How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	27	Jesus demands this heart of mine.....	371
How precious is the book divine.....	216	Jesus, I love thy charming name.....	329
How sad our state by nature is.....	227	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	455
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....	465	Jesus invites his saints.....	541
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound.....	229	Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	171
How sweet the hour of closing day.....	626	Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	415
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	170	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	499
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	390	Jesus, meek and gentle.....	383
How vain is all beneath the skies.....	621	Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone.....	307
Hushed was the evening hymn.....	588	Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	384

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Jesus, merciful and mild.....	501	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	168
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	597	Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.....	712
Jesus, still lead on.....	313	Meekly in Jordan's holy stream.....	532
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	583	More like Jesus would I be.....	367
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	334	More love to thee, O Christ.....	337
Jesus, the sinner's Friend.....	287	Mourn for the thousands slain.....	617
Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	348	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	449
Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend.....	391	My country 'tis of thee.....	696
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts.....	339	My days are gliding swiftly by.....	629
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	373	My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	120
Jesus, thy mighty Lord.....	153	My faith looks up to thee.....	384
Jesus, thy name I love.....	338	My God and Father, while I stray.....	422
Jesus, thy robe of righteousness.....	481	My God, how endless is thy love.....	50
Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	26	My God, I love thee, not because.....	333
Jesus, who knows full well.....	399	My God, is any hour so sweet.....	403
Join all the glorious names.....	145	My God, my Father—blissful name.....	85
Joy to the world, the Lord has come.....	105	My God, my King, thy various praise.....	16
Just as I am, without one plea.....	283	My God, permit me not to be.....	373
Keep silence, all created things.....	82	My God, the spring of all my joys.....	345
Know, my soul, thy full salvation.....	352	My gracious Lord, I own thy right.....	439
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	470	My hope is built on nothing less.....	309
Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling.....	317	My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	433
Lead them, my God, to thee.....	592	My Saviour, my almighty Friend.....	163
Let every mortal ear attend.....	233	My soul, be on thy guard.....	422
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	482	My soul, repeat his praise.....	76
Let us with a gladsome mind.....	24	My spirit on thy care.....	311
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	556	My times are in thy hand.....	434
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	252	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	387
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....	567	No more, my God, I boast no more.....	308
Lo! he comes, in clouds descending.....	658	Not all the blood of beasts.....	236
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	226	Not all the outward forms on earth.....	197
Lo, what a glorious sight appears.....	655	Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves.....	475
Look away to Jesus.....	241	Not to condemn the sons of men.....	230
Look from thy sphere of endless day.....	598	Now begin the heavenly theme.....	173
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	20	Now for a tune of lofty praise.....	155
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	443	Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal.....	704
Lord, I cannot let thee go.....	404	Now I have found a Friend.....	355
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	562	Now in parting, Father bless us.....	550
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....	53	Now in this consecrated place.....	560
Lord, in this thy mercy's day.....	301	Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....	148
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	438	Now thank we all our God.....	92
Lord Jesus, are we one with thee.....	485	Now the day is over.....	586
Lord Jesus, bless us ere we go.....	54	Now to the Lord a noble song.....	86
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....	601	Now when the dusky shades of night.....	55
Lord, let me know my end.....	727	O'er the distant mountains breaking.....	656
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land.....	697	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	607
Lord of all beings, throned afar.....	72	O Father, through the anxious fears.....	42
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise.....	614	O God, our help in ages past.....	66
Lord of the worlds above.....	38	O God, the Father, Christ, the Son.....	615
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me.....	67	O holy, holy, holy Lord.....	210
Lord, we come before thee now.....	33	O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.....	318
Lord, when we bow before thy throne.....	395	O Jesus, King most wonderful.....	162
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....	694	O Jesus, thou art standing.....	240
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.....	21	O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread.....	528
Love divine, all love excelling.....	366	O sacred Head, now wounded.....	123
		O thou, my soul, forget no more.....	445



	HYMN.		HYMN.
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes.....	389	Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin.....	269
O thou that hearest the prayer of faith.....	299	Planted in Christ, the living vine.....	515
O thou that hearest prayer.....	203	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	165
O thou that hearest when sinners cry.....	296	Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits.....	9
O thou, who in Jordan didst bow thy.....	525	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.....	19
O thou, whose own vast temple stands.....	610	Praise to God, immortal praise.....	688
Oh, be joyful, joyful in the Lord, all ye.....	706	Praise the Lord, O my soul.....	705
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.....	17	Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him.....	23
Oh, come, let us lift our hearts to God.....	714	Praise to thee, thou great Creator.....	23
Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	708	Precious, precious blood of Jesus.....	246
Oh, come, sinner, come, there's room.....	281	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet.....	292
Oh, could I find from day to day.....	376	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	396
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth.....	192		
Oh, day of rest and gladness.....	41	Raise your triumphant songs.....	90
Oh, do not let the word depart.....	253	Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	654
Oh for a closer walk with God.....	375	Rejoice to-day, with one accord.....	95
Oh for a faith that will not shrink.....	379	Rescue the perishing.....	473
Oh for a glance of heavenly day.....	284	Return, my wandering soul, return.....	289
Oh for a heart to praise my God.....	378	Return, O wanderer, return.....	257
Oh for a thousand tongues to sing.....	164	Revive thy work, O Lord.....	563
Oh for a shout of sacred joy.....	143	Ride on, ride on in majesty.....	119
Oh for the death of those.....	683	Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	388
Oh gift of gifts! Oh grace of faith.....	346	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	496
Oh happy day that fixed my choice.....	342	Round the Lord in glory seated.....	182
Oh, how happy are they.....	358		
Oh, how I love thy holy law.....	217	Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	325
Oh Paradise, Oh Paradise.....	683	Safely through another week.....	36
Oh, safe to the rock that is higher than I.....	506	Salvation, O the joyful sound.....	234
Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song.....	710	Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise.....	65
Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way.....	423	Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	382
Oh that I knew the secret place.....	392	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	576
Oh that my load of sin were gone.....	369	Saviour, more than life to me.....	324
Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye.....	276	Saviour, thy dying love.....	461
Oh, what amazing words of grace.....	275	Saviour, visit thy plantation.....	565
Oh, what, if we are Christ's.....	430	Saviour, when in dust to thee.....	401
Oh, where are kings and empires now.....	516	Saviour, who died for me.....	453
Oh, where shall rest be found.....	634	Saviour, who thy flocks art feeding.....	582
Oh, worship the King, all glorious above.....	1	See, gracious God, before thy throne.....	695
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....	51	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands.....	571
Once was heard the song of children.....	577	Servant of God, well done.....	648
One more day's work for Jesus.....	472	Shall we gather at the river.....	637
One there is above all others.....	179	Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.....	288
One sweetly solemn thought.....	636	Simply trusting every day.....	322
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	673	Since all the various scenes of time.....	80
On the mountain's top appearing.....	609	Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.....	101
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	421	Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.....	265
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed.....	200	Sinner, what hast thou to show.....	270
Our country's voice is pleading.....	594	Sinners turn—why will ye die.....	264
Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name.....	408	Sinners turn—why will ye die.....	272
Our Father, through the coming year.....	703	Sinners, will you scorn the message.....	641
Our Father, who art in heaven.....	719-722	Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....	553
Our Helper, God, we bless thy name.....	699	Sit down beneath his shadow.....	646
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	144	Sleep thy last sleep.....	61
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave.....	526	Softly fades the twilight ray.....	62
Out of the depths have I cried.....	717	Softly now the light of day.....	424
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	361	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	441
Peace on earth, good will from heaven.....	109	So let our lips and lives express.....	316
People of the living God.....	548	Sometimes a light surprises.....	179
		Songs of praise the angels sang.....	



	HYMN.		HYMN.
Soon may the last glad song arise.....	513	The Spirit in our hearts.....	262
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	469	The strife is o'er, the battle done.....	134
Spirit divine, attend our prayer.....	612	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	149
Spirit of holiness, descend.....	561	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.....	44
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.....	409	Thine forever, God of love.....	336
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	425	This is not my place of resting.....	503
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	201	This is the day of light.....	39
Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear.....	56	This is the day the Lord hath made.....	43
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....	687	Thou art my portion, O my God.....	349
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of.....	405	Thou art the way, to thee alone.....	115
Sweet is the memory of thy grace.....	84	Thou art gone to the grave, but we.....	645
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	12	Thou hast said, exalted Jesus.....	584
Sweet is the work, O Lord.....	45	Thou, Lord, art gone on high.....	146
Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh.....	381	Thou lovely source of true delight.....	189
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	353	Thou only Sovereign of my heart.....	479
		Thou, whose almighty word.....	207
Take the name of Jesus with you.....	180	Through all the changing scenes of life.....	88
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.....	411	Through sorrow's night, and danger's path.....	623
Tell me the old, old story.....	184	Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....	58
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled.....	647	Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	431
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	674	Thy works, not mine, O Christ.....	237
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	661	Till he come : oh, let the words.....	549
That awful day will surely come.....	650	Time is winging us away.....	635
The church has waited long.....	517	'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	480
The church's one foundation.....	60	'Tis finished ! so the Saviour cried.....	130
The day is gently sinking to a close.....	65	'Tis God, the Father, we adore.....	529
The day is past, and gone.....	649	'Tis not that I did choose thee.....	96
The day of resurrection.....	664	'Tis not that I did choose thee, full salvation to.....	190
The day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	627	'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to.....	618
Thee we adore, eternal name.....	331	'Tis thine alone, almighty name.....	280
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower.....	691	To-day the Saviour calls.....	88
The God of harvest praise.....	141	To God on high be thanks and praise.....	546
The head that once was crowned with.....	220	To him who loved the souls of men.....	259
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	500	To-morrow, Lord, is thine.....	169
The King of love, my Shepherd is.....	566	To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	34
The Lord into his garden comes.....	718	To thy temple I repair.....	341
The Lord is my light and my salvation.....	709	Trembling before thine awful throne.....	512
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.....	100	Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	418
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I.....	75	Unshaken as the sacred hill.....	640
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	244	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	600
The love of God provides.....	606	Uplift the banner, let it float.....	97
The morning light is breaking.....	77	Upward I lift mine eyes.....	681
The pity of the Lord.....	103	Upward, where the stars are burning.....	659
The race that long in darkness pined.....	231	Watchman, tell us of the night.....	321
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	669	Wearied of earth and laden with my sin.....	553
There is a fold whence none can stray.....	684	We bid thee welcome in the name.....	581
There is a land of pure delight.....	668	We bring no glittering treasures.....	320
There is a land mine eye hath seen.....	247	We could not do without thee.....	239
There is a line by us unseen.....	171	Weeping soul, no longer mourn.....	214
There is a name I love to hear.....	672	We give immortal praise.....	451
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	181	We give thee but thine own.....	37
There is no name so sweet on earth.....	400	Welcome, delightful morn.....	188
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light.....	135	Welcome, happy morning.....	46
The rosy morn has robbed the sky.....	418	Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	136
The Saviour bids us watch and pray.....	232	Welcome, thou victor in the strife.....	327
The Saviour calls, let every ear.....	575	We may not climb the heavenly way.....	659
The Saviour kindly calls.....	116	We plow the fields and scatter.....	
The Saviour, oh, what endless charms.....	414		
The Son of God goes forth to war.....			

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

267

	HYMN.
We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy	215
We shall meet beyond the river	679
We speak of the realms of the blest	686
What a friend we have in Jesus	406
What are these soul-reviving strains	568
What equal honors shall we bring	156
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	114
What shall I render to my God	29
What sinners value I resign	370
What things shall happen on the	507
What various hindrances we meet	398
When all thy mercies, O my God	28
When as returns this solemn day	89
When gathering clouds around I view	122
When, his salvation bringing	580
When I can read my title clear	491
When I survey the wondrous cross	442
When like a stranger on our sphere	117
When, marshaled on the nightly plain	154
When morning gilds the skies	185
When overwhelmed with grief	495
When peace, like a river attendeth	509
When shall we meet again	638
When sins and fears prevailing rise	477
When, streaming from the eastern skies	53
When the mourner weeping	436
When the worn spirit wants repose	48
When thou, my righteous Judge	662
When through the torn sail the wild	121
When thy mortal life is fled	263
When wounded sore, the stricken soul	228
Where the mourner weeping	436
While all our hearts and every song	545

	HYMN.
While in this sacred rite of thine	530
While life prolongs its precious light	251
While my Redeemer's near	314
While thee I seek, protecting Power	13
While with ceaseless course the sun	702
Whither, oh, whither should I fly	478
With all my powers of heart and tongue	79
With broken heart and contrite sigh	286
With joy we hail the sacred day	31
With joy we meditate the grace	147
With one consent let all the earth	8
With tearful eyes I look around	258
With willing hearts we tread	536
Who are these in bright array	676
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	483
Why do we mourn departed friends	642
Why should the children of a King	199
Why should we start and fear to die	620
Why will ye waste on trifling cares	250
Work, for the night is coming	476
Ye angels who stand round the throne	187
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim	595
Ye dying sons of men	266
Ye men and angels, witness now	443
Ye nations, round the earth rejoice	3
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	2
Ye servants of the Lord	453
Yes, my native land, I love thee	608
Your harps, ye trembling saints	312
Zion, awake; thy strength renew	514
Zion stands with hills surrounded	521

## FIRST LINES OF CHANTS.

	HYMN.
Abide with me	754
As the hart panteth	759
Baptismal chant	756
Baptismal chant	757
Baptismal chant	758
Baptismal chant	752
Beatitudes	705
Benedic anima mea	730
Benedic anima mea	763
Benediction	736
Benedictus	752
Blessed are the poor in spirit	735
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	732
Bonum est confiteri	723
Burial of the dead	723
Cantate domino	710
Cantate domino	731
Cochi enarrant	742

	HYMN.
Come unto me	721
Come unto me	723
Confitemini	738
De profundis	717
De profundis	761
Deus miseretur	720
Deus miseretur	734
Deus noster refugium	765
Domine refugium	737
Domini est terra	713
Dominus illuminatio	744
Dominus illuminatio	744
Dominus regit me	709
Dominus regit me	761
From the recesses of a lowly spirit	753
Gloria in excelsis	709

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Gloria in excelsis.....	729	O be joyful in the Lord.....	735
Gloria patri.....	707, 711	O come, let us lift our hearts to God.....	714
Gloria patri.....	738	O come, let us lift our hearts to God.....	750
Glory be to God on high.....	707	O come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	708
Glory be to God on high.....	729	O come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	728
Glory be to the Father.....	707, 711	O give thanks unto the Lord.....	747
Glory be to the Father.....	733	O Savior of the world.....	740
God be merciful unto us.....	720	O send out thy light.....	715
God be merciful unto us.....	734	O sing unto the Lord.....	731
God came from Teman.....	740	O sing unto the Lord.....	719
God is our refuge and strength.....	746	Our Father who art in heaven.....	722
		Our Father who art in heaven.....	755
Have mercy upon me.....	716	Our Father who art in heaven.....	717
Have mercy upon me.....	780	Out of the depths.....	761
He was despised.....	726	O what, if we are Christ's.....	757
He was despised.....	782		
His mercy endureth for ever.....	738	Pater noster.....	719
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	725	Pater noster.....	722
Holy, holy, holy, Son of God most high.....	741	Pater noster.....	755
		Praise the Lord, O my soul.....	705
It is a good thing to give thanks.....	732	Praise the Lord, O my soul.....	730
I was glad when they said unto me.....	713	Prayer of Habakkuk.....	740
I was glad when they said unto me.....	748		
I will lift up mine eyes.....	715	Quemadmodum.....	759
I will lift up mine eyes.....	749		
Jesus cometh from Galilee.....	756	Response after prayer.....	741
Jubilate deo.....	705		
Jubilate deo.....	712	Salvator mundi.....	747
Jubilate deo.....	735	Sursum corda.....	739
Laetatus sum.....	713	Te deum laudamus.....	743
Laetatus sum.....	748	The earth is the Lord's.....	737
Levavi oculos.....	715	The heavens declare the glory of God.....	742
Levavi oculos.....	749	The Lord bless us and keep us.....	763
Lift up your hearts.....	739	The Lord is my light.....	713
Lord, let me know mine end.....	727	The Lord is my light.....	744
Lord, let me know mine end.....	764	The Lord is my shepherd.....	709
Lord's prayer.....	719	The Lord is my shepherd.....	751
Lord's prayer.....	722	To sit at Jesus' feet.....	758
Lord's prayer.....	755		
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place.....	765	Venite ad me.....	721
		Venite ad me.....	723
Miserere mei.....	716	Venite exultemus.....	708
Miserere mei.....	760	Venite exultemus.....	728
O be joyful in the Lord.....	706	We praise thee, O God.....	743
O be joyful in the Lord.....	712	With tearful eyes I look around.....	724

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
A beam from hea.626	And, oh! when....121	Author of faith....293	But grace so dear.278	Come, Holy Spir...196
Abide with me fr.56	And, oh! when l.122	Awake, O Lord....627	But, hark! a voice.271	Come as a mess...558
A cloud of witness.116	And let thy conq.136	Awake, awake....602	But he whom....671	Come as the dove.612
A country far fr.344	And see, O Lord.618	Away, ye dark....146	But I shall share. 12	Come as teacher.558
Adm! him, ere...255	And so, through...500	Bane and bless...126	But if Immanuel.291	Come as a sheph.558
A faith that shin 379	And since the L.580	Bear me on, thou.608	But, Lord, the...458	Come as the fire.612
A few more Sabb.631	And shall we lon.167	Because the Sav.573	But of all the foe.426	Come as the light.612
A few more strugg.631	And soon, too....572	Be earth, with all.372	But no such sacr.292	Come, ever-bless.411
A few more sweet.630	And though this... 94	Before the hills... 66	But our earnest...354	Come, let us bow. 15
A few more night.630	And when, dea....591	Before me plath... 26	But oh, when glo.486	Come, Lord, and.650
Agonizing in the.273	And we believe...443	Before our Fath...463	But power divine.284	Come, Lord, whe.438
A guilty, weak....227	And when before.326	Behold, thy wea.561	But sinners, fille.660	Come near and... 56
Ah, grace! into...346	"And who ever.505	Behold, his loving.71	But should the....432	Come, then, with.275
Ah! how shall....223	"And when redee.226	"Behold," he sai.248	But to thy house.52	Come, quickly co.652
Ah, Lord Jesus...647	And when our da. 65	Behold a flowing.244	But thy compass.77	Come, quickly co.652
A holy quiet reig...619	And when our la.535	Believe the heav.266	But thy birth and.401	Come, share the...244
Ah, who shall th...475	And when before.704	Be near me when.123	But to those who.663	Come, sinners....665
Ah, why did I so...331	And when this....201	Beneath his wat.494	But what to thos.348	"Come with me.505
A hope so much... 91	And when hea.53	Beneath the sha. 66	But while I thus.225	Come, wanderers.229
A land upon who.668	And when hea.181	Be thou my Guar.57	Buried in sorrow.232	Come, worship at. 18
A little while th...553	And when my Sa.631	Be thou my patt.120	By cool Siloam's.374	Comfort those wh. 33
Alleluia, oh, how.554	And when my...428	Be thou our grea.149	By day, by night.698	Compel ed in thee.266
All glory be to h.530	And when life... 63	Be thou my shiel.290	By thine hour of.401	Complete in blee.484
All glory and pra-215	A noble army....414	Beware, my soul.653	But who can spea. 10	Complete in us...515
All hail! atoning.303	Angels, sing on...475	Beyond this vale.634		Consecrate me...345
Almighty God, to.214	Are there no foes.412	Beyond my high.520		Content with be...390
Almighty God, th.250	Are we not tend...642	Blest are the men.27	Call me away fro.372	Convinced that... 8
Almighty God, th.599	Arise, my soul...392	Blest be the Lord.43	Canst thou, in th.270	Convince us all...206
Almighty Son, in.212	Arm me with jea.454	Blest is the man.256	Can we, whose so.605	Could we but kne.319
"Almost persuad.282	Are we weak and.406	Blest Jesus, com.376	Cast thy guilt.0.239	Could we but cli.683
"Almost persuad.329	Ascended now, in.485	Blest through....188	Cast thy burden.493	Create my natur.296
All needful grace.25	A second look he.294	Blind unbelief is. 81	Cast thy burden.388	Cross of shame...127
All our woe and...436	Ashamed of Jes...446	Bless, O my soul...87	Cease, ye pilgrim.388	Crown the Savi...181
All things living.24	As moons are ev.624	Bless the sign...534	Chance and chan.74	Crown him, ye....161
All this day thy...583	Asleep in Jesus...639	Blest Saviour.... 11	Cheerful they wa. 27	Day by day, with. 547
All the way my S.508	Asleep in Jesus...639	Blest Saviour, we.535	Chief of sinners.175	Death rides on....628
All that spring....687	A soul inured to.386	Bless us here....550	Child of sin and...279	Dear Lord, and...196
All that I am or...461	A spirit still pre.386	Blessed and holy.207	Christ, by highes.108	Dear Lord, while.169
All thy crimes on.230	Assure my conse.199	Blessed Saviour...111	Christ Jesus is...438	Dear Lord, if ind.390
All they around...159	As they offered...104	Blessings foreve.156	Christ leads me...438	Dear Saviour, dra.232
Amazed I stood...225	As the winged ar.702	Blessings from...687	Christ Jesus is...160	Dear Shepherd of.26
Amid a thousand. 79	As with joyful....104	Blessings, hono.681	Church of our G...514	Dear Shepherd, if.314
Amid ten thous...699	At his call the...663	Borne upon their.172	Clouds and confi.539	Dear Saviour, wh.484
Among the saints.29	At last I own t...287	Bound upon the...124	Cold on his cradl.113	Deal gently, Lor.488
Among a thous...155	At the name of...180	Bowed down ben.290	Cold mountains...120	Decay, then, ten.229
Among thy saint.662	At the cross of...261	Break off your...129	Cold our services.47	Deep regret for...298
An answer from.247	A throne of grace.393	Breathe, breathe.186	Come, all who lor.524	Deep in the shad.155
And as we rise...522	A throne of grac.393	Breathe, oh, brea.366	Come, and begin...651	Defend and keep. 63
And at my life's. 53	Art thou my Fa.560	Bright is their....430	Come, and make...651	Delay not, delay...277
And cast thou...419	Art thou my Fa.560	Brought safely 412	Crowns and thor.421	Delay not, delay...277
And his that gen.290	Art thou my Fa.560	Brightly doth h.322	Come, fill our hea.388	Delay not, delay...277
And he, dear Lor.135	Art thou my Fa.560	But calmly, Lord.702	"Come, for thy sal.651	Descend, celestial.37
And humbly PIL.554	Attending an.655	But Christ, the 236	Come, for thy sal.651	Didst thou the g.527
And I have brou.554	Art thou not min.477	But drops of grie.125	Come, lay at his.281	Did ever trouble.412
And in the last...616	At the feet of Jes.579	But ere the trum.665	Come, Holy Com.208	
And lo! thy toue.149	At the feet of Jes.579	But God from inf.587		



HYMN.  
Did we in our ow. 4.  
Diffuse thy light. 596  
Do more than par. 54  
Direct, control. 49  
Do thou, Lord. 680  
Doth a skillful. 270  
Doth sickness fill. 340  
Do thou assist. 443  
Down in the hu. 473  
Dost thou not dw. 473  
Down from the. 165  
Down to the hal. 528  
Dwell, Spirit, in. 306

Early let us seek. 570  
Earth has a joy. 341  
E'en now to their. 464  
E'en for hour. 592  
E'en the hour. 74  
E'en so I love. 333  
E'er since, by fa. 231  
Enemies no mor. 603  
Enough, if thou. 430  
Enlightened by. 204  
Enter his gates. 3  
Enthroned amid. 7  
Eternal are thy. 6  
Eternal life thy. 479  
Eternal joy or. 627  
Eternal Spirit, by. 212  
Eternal truth an. 445  
Eternal wisdom. 233  
Eternity, with all. 69  
Every eye shall. 658  
Every human tie. 521  
Ever in the agl. 393  
Ever present, tr. 205  
Exalt the Lamb. 235

Far, far above. 310  
"Far from this. 643  
Far from this gu. 669  
Fain would I. 309  
Far o'er yon hor. 420  
Far o'er the ever. 469  
Far off I stand. 286  
Father-like, he. 19  
Father, source of. 22  
Father! thy nam. 355  
Farewell, ye dr. 337  
Fear him, ye sai. 83  
Fear not, I am. 502  
Fellowship with. 334  
Fight on, my sou. 422  
Firm as his thro. 490  
Firmly trusting. 457  
Fire bleeding. 323  
Flocks that whi. 688  
Fly abroad, thou. 607  
Forbid it, Lord. 442  
For every thirst. 232  
For, ever on thy. 114  
For even now. 636  
"Forever with. 666  
For her our pray. 692  
For her my tears. 520  
For he's the Lor. 8  
For him shall. 507  
For him shall. 112  
For, lo! the days. 110

HYMN.  
For not like kin. 514  
For me was that. 131  
For nothing good. 326  
Foolish and imp. 478  
Foolish fears an. 298  
For should we. 580  
For thee delight. 466  
For thee, my God. 390  
For the Lord our. 690  
For the joy of. 570  
For the mercies. 47  
For thou, within. 26  
For the wonder. 570  
For thyself, best. 570  
For thou hast. 601  
For ten thousan. 22  
Forgive me, Lor. 57  
Forgive our tran. 408  
Fruit children of. 1  
Fruit of the guil. 704  
From heaven. 229  
From marble do. 28  
From strength. 424  
From the third. 655  
From thee, the. 410  
Fountain of o'er. 457

Gentles and kin. 514  
Give me a calm. 374  
Give me, O Lord. 40  
Give me a faith. 461  
Give me on the. 386  
Give me on the. 331  
Give us holy free. 383  
Glorify thou to him. 213  
"Glorify, blessing. 213  
Glorify to thee wh. 49  
Glorious upon glo. 420  
God calling yet. 254  
God calling I. 254  
God calling yet. 254  
God from on his. 512  
God is love. 127  
God is our sun. 47  
God of all good. 73  
God of eternal. 73  
God of our lives. 73  
God of my life. 385  
God of our stren. 98  
God of our stren. 98  
God, o'er all in. 577  
God reigns on. 81  
God, the merciful. 101  
God will not alw. 76  
God, thy God, wi. 609  
Good when he. 80  
Go to the grave. 644  
Go to the grave. 644  
Go to the grave. 644  
Go, labor on. 467  
Go, labor on. 467  
Go, then, earthly. 455  
Go where the sic. 470  
Go where the wa. 541  
Grace all the wor. 93  
Grace first contri. 93  
Grace led by roy. 93  
Grace! 'tis a swe. 63  
Grace! one poor. 443  
Grant to little ch. 596

HYMN.  
Grant us, dear L. 64  
Grant us thy pea. 64  
Grant us thy pea. 64  
Grant us thy tru. 72  
Great Advocate. 146  
Great and ever. 382  
Great God, let all. 51  
Great God, what. 690  
Great God, we. 31  
Great King of. 613  
Great Prophet of. 145  
Great Sun of rig. 220

Had I ten thous. 347  
Hail, great Imm. 11  
Hail to the brigh. 59  
Hail the heaven. 108  
Hallelujah! — ea. 614  
Hallelujah! har. 603  
Hallelujah I shal. 497  
Hallelujah I life. 497  
Hark! how the. 160  
Hark! it is the. 269  
Hark! those bur. 153  
Hark! the loud. 211  
Hark! the voice. 487  
Has thy night. 509  
Hast thou the cr. 527  
Hast thou not. 97  
Haste, and merc. 267  
Haste, O sinner. 267  
Haste, O sinner. 267  
Haste thee on fr. 352  
Hasten, mortals. 109  
Hath he marks. 245  
Have we trials. 406  
Heal me and ear. 300  
Heaven is still. 182  
Heaven the heral. 272  
Hear those, O. 63  
Hell and thy sins. 409  
Help me to wat. 454  
Hence, gloomy. 150  
He always wins. 437  
He bows his gra. 399  
He breaks the. 164  
He closed the. 134  
He comes, the. 102  
He comes, with. 102  
He comes, the. 102  
He came sweet. 392  
He knows we are. 77  
He lives he liv. 483  
He lives, triumph. 306  
He lives, that L. 306  
He'll shield you. 595  
He only is the. 688  
He is gone! and. 142  
He is gone! we. 142  
He, in the days. 147  
He pardons all. 17  
He rules the wo. 1059  
He spoke, and. 559  
He saw the ruin. 157  
He shall come. 112  
He shall reign. 603  
He taught the. 535

He took the dyi. 242  
He wept that we. 260  
He, with all com. 24  
He with earthly. 74  
He will gird thee. 493  
He will not alwa. 17  
He wills that L. 306  
Here, beneath a. 687  
Here, faith reve. 221  
Here I give my. 31  
Here, great God. 578  
Here have we se. 512  
Here I raise my. 177  
Here in the bod. 666  
Here I'll sit, for. 353  
Here's love and. 129  
Here may our. 613  
Here may the gr. 616  
Here may the. 616  
Here, O my soul. 477  
Here on the mer. 40  
Here pardon, life. 116  
Here peace and. 541  
Here shall we. 407  
Here, sinners of. 221  
Here, to thee a. 614  
Here we come. 36  
His body broken. 551  
His fearful drops. 551  
His goodness st. 494  
High as the hea. 76  
High heaven the. 342  
His grace will to. 312  
His honor is eng. 489  
His love, what. 106  
His name yields. 390  
His name shall. 103  
His oath, his cov. 309  
His own soft. 655  
His power, incre. 103  
His power subdu. 76  
His providence. 82  
His purposes will. 81  
His very word of. 70  
His voice we he. 529  
His work my ho. 438  
Hither, then, yo. 173  
Hither come, for. 271  
Ho! all ye hung. 233  
Ho! ye that pant. 233  
Hold fast his ha. 700  
Hold thou thy. 362  
Holy angels sing. 111  
Holy, holy, holy. 209  
Holy, holy, holy. 209  
Holy Father, Ho. 211  
Holy Ghost, with. 194  
Holy Ghost, with. 194  
Holy Jesus, grant. 194  
Holy Spirit, all. 391  
Home, thy joys. 608  
Honor immortal. 156  
Hosanna, to th' a. 43  
Hosanna to the. 526  
Hunger, thirst. 676  
Hushed is each. 402  
How blest thy sa. 9  
How blest the so. 528  
How blest the h. 523

HYMN.  
How charming. 555  
How far may we. 347  
How far from the. 319  
How happy all. 29  
How happy are. 449  
How kind are the. 84  
How long, dear. 655  
How long, O Lor. 650  
How many heart. 1346  
How much is. 29  
How oft in the. 506  
How rich the de. 116  
How sweet to ha. 48  
How vain the de. 274  
How will my hea. 665  
How will my lip. 163

I ask thee for th. 435  
I ask thee for a. 328  
I asked thee my. 460  
I bring my grief. 460  
I can do all th. 432  
I can but perish. 274  
I cannot live wit. 296  
I cannot feel the. 591  
I choose the pat. 349  
I dare not choos. 431  
"I delivered the. 335  
I'd sing the prec. 192  
I'd sing the char. 192  
I'd tell him how. 392  
If aught should. 122  
If earthly pass. 203  
If he our ways. 223  
If he hears the. 367  
If he is mine, let. 343  
If he is mine, let. 343  
If I ask him to. 245  
If I find him, if. 145  
If I still hold o. 245  
I find him lift. 306  
If in my Father. 91  
If life be long. 1458  
If my immortal. 477  
If now, with eye. 538  
If tears of sorro. 292  
If the way be dr. 313  
I glory in infir. 482  
I have long wit. 297  
I have no might. 478  
I have no skill. 478  
I heard the voice. 487  
I lay my body. 58  
I love by faith. 50  
I love her gates. 26  
I love in solitude. 50  
I love thy chur. 520  
I love to think. 680  
I love to meet. 662  
I love to think. 50  
I love to tell the. 471  
I love to kiss ea. 337  
I loved the garb. 317  
"I'll go Jesus. 274  
I'll sing thy tru. 79  
"I'll make your. 559  
Immersed by Jo. 524  
In all thy mer. 7  
In all thy mer. 7  
In each event of. 13

HYMN.

In every joy tha. 13  
In darkest shad. 345  
In death's dark. 500  
In heaven's eter. 185  
In holy contem. 316  
In it all is light. 503  
In life, thy prom. 340  
I need thee, blest. 315  
I need thee ever. 364  
I need thy presce. 362  
In scenes exalte. 698  
In self-forgotten. 542  
In that lone land. 251  
In thine own app. 33  
In thee I place. 311  
In the calm of th. 506  
In the furnace. 521  
In peopled vale. 598  
In prayer, in eff. 515  
In the midst of. 100  
In the hour of. 363  
In this world of. 647  
In thy promises. 304  
In thy fair book. 82  
Into thy death. 537  
In vain we tune. 196  
I often feel my. 157  
I saw one hang. 294  
I see thee not. 1. 334  
I smite upon my. 286  
I suffered much. 459  
Is there diadem. 245  
It can bring wit. 316  
It cheers with. 128  
It is not death. 632  
It is not death. 632  
"It is finished!" 132  
It is the voice of. 321  
It may be it sha. 703  
It may be we sh. 703  
It makes the w. 170  
It sweetly cheer. 216  
It tells me of a. 258  
It tells me of a. 171  
It was my guide. 154  
I thank thee. 331  
Its skies are not. 668  
I would love thee. 332  
I would love thee. 332  
I want a godly. 386  
I want a sober. 386  
I was not ever. 317  
I wish that his. 590  
I would, but thou. 369  
I would love thee. 332  
I would not sigh. 439  
I would not live. 625  
I yield my powe. 50  
I've found a Fri. 511

Jehovah, Father. 212  
Jerusalem, my gl. 682  
Jesus all the day. 358  
Jesus, answer fr. 297  
Jesus can make. 620  
Jesus, give the. 586  
Jesus, hail! enth. 178  
Jesus, I hang up. 305  
Jesus, I throw. 661  
Jesus is worthy. 166

HYMN.

Jesus, may all co. 162  
Jesus, my God. 1. 400  
Jesus, my heart. 325  
Jesus, my Lord. 180  
Jesus my Sheph. 356  
Jesus ne'er will. 436  
Jesus, our God. 143  
Jesus, our great. 235  
Jesus, our great. 143  
Jesus, still lead. 313  
Jesus, thee our. 176  
Jesus the Lord. 399  
Jesus, the name. 164  
Jesus, the name. 171  
Jesus, thou mig. 353  
Jesus, thou Prin. 632  
Jesus, we come. 256  
Join all the hum. 156  
Joined in one bo. 515  
Joy of the desola. 407  
Joy to the earth. 105  
Joyfully on eart. 22  
Judge not the Lo. 81  
Just as I am, an. 283  
Just as I am, -po. 283  
Just as I am, tho. 283  
Just as I am, -th. 283

Keen was the tr. 430  
Keep no longer. 565  
Kingdoms wide. 607  
Knowledge, alas. 330

Large are the ma. 675  
Leave thy folly. 298  
Lead us to God. 202  
Lead us to holin. 202  
Lead us on our. 383  
Let all our powe. 541  
Let all your lamp. 453  
Let dark, benign. 607  
Let distant times. 10  
Let cares like a. 491  
Let earth and he. 529  
Let earth's allur. 479  
Let elders wors. 191  
Let every creatu. 697  
Let every public. 697  
Let every kind. 161  
Let every land. 87  
Let faith each. 395  
Let good or ill. 311  
Let goodness an. 109  
Let him that he. 262  
Let everlasting. 219  
Let our mutual. 665  
Let sorrow's rud. 629  
Let strains of he. 306  
Let Zion's time. 599  
Let me at thy th. 361  
Let me love thee. 336  
Let me love thee. 324  
Let my sins be. 583  
Let music swell. 696  
Let not conscien. 273  
Let past ingrati. 224  
Let peace within. 31  
Let these earth. 47  
Let the world de. 465  
Let the living. 614

HYMN.

"Let them appr. 575  
Let the sweet. 574  
Let thine angels. 589  
Let those refuse. 350  
Let thrones and. 613  
Let thronging. 557  
Let us bring our. 106  
Let us, then, wit. 24  
Life, death, and. 82  
Life's dream is. 446  
Life's ills with. 400  
Life's labor dou. 619  
Life is the hour. 252  
Lift, ye saints. 138  
Light up every. 193  
Like him, throu. 601  
Like some brigh. 334  
Lo! glad I come. 307  
Lo! his triumph. 144  
Lo! in the deser. 519  
Lo! Jesus, who. 262  
Lo! such the chi. 572  
Lo! 'tis an infan. 568  
Lo! the heaven. 139  
Lo! the incarnat. 273  
Lo! the scene of. 474  
Long my heart. 304  
Long thine exile. 657  
Look away to Jes. 241  
Look from the. 555  
Look! how we g. 196  
Look on the hear. 562  
Loose the souls. 133  
Lord, by thy str. 134  
Lord God of trut. 634  
Lord, I adore thy. 440  
Lord, I am guilt. 391  
Lord, I come to. 403  
Lord, I desire wi. 376  
Lord, I my vows. 49  
Lord, I would cla. 428  
Lord, these our. 688  
Lord, from thine. 610  
Lord, give us sh. 379  
Lord, it is my ch. 335  
Lord Jesus, we. 637  
Lord, keep us saf. 65  
Lord, let not all. 430  
Lord, may thou. 530  
Lord, now thine. 626  
Lord, now indee. 349  
Lord of the natio. 646  
Lord, on our sou. 9  
Lord, on us thy. 301  
Lord, submissiv. 359  
Lord, this bosom. 21  
Lord, thy glory. 182  
Lord, thy churc. 518  
Lord, till I reach. 402  
Lord, though pa. 139  
Lord, we obey th. 90  
Lord, we thy pre. 351  
Loose all your bar. 14  
Love and grief. 353  
Love of God, so. 562  
Love is the gold. 465  
Love's redeem. 137  
Lonely I no long. 548

HYMN.

Maker and Rede. 133  
Man may troub. 455  
Many loved ones. 190  
May erring min. 610  
May faith grow. 610  
May peace here. 315  
May peace atten. 35  
May thy rich gra. 334  
May thy that Je. 566  
May we daily gr. 195  
May we in faith. 611  
Mid toil and tri. 517  
Might I enjoy. 25  
"Mine is an unc. 363  
Mourn for the. 617  
Mourn for the. 617  
Mourn for the. 617  
Mourning souls. 173  
More like Jesus. 367  
Must I be carrie. 417  
Much of my tim. 68  
My cheerful hop. 394  
My crimes, tho. 288  
My Father's hou. 599  
My Father's ho. 666  
My faith would. 236  
My feet shall nev. 97  
My flesh shall. 370  
My flesh would. 237  
My God is recon. 323  
My great Protec. 394  
My gracious Ma. 164  
My heart owns. 96  
My heart shall. 12  
My lifted eye. 13  
My life I bring. 460  
My Jesus, as tho. 433  
My joys to thee. 460  
My life, my time. 447  
My native coun. 695  
My one desire. 295  
My sin—oh, the. 509  
My soul lies hu. 285  
My soul looks. 236  
My soul obeys. 227  
My soul shall pra. 30  
My soul rejoices. 219  
My soul would. 345  
My spirit home. 385  
My times are in. 434  
My thoughts, be. 67  
My thoughts lie. 68  
My waking eyes. 217  
My weary soul. 0. 201  
My willing soul. 46

Nay, but I yield. 295  
Near the cross, a. 174  
Near the cross. 0. 174  
Near the cross I. 174  
N'er think the. 422  
Nearer, ever near. 382  
Nearer is my sou. 556  
Nearer my Fath. 636  
Never did I so. 360  
Never, from thy. 582  
Night her solemn. 61  
Night unto night. 51  
No more a wand. 356  
No more fatigue. 44

HYMN.

No more let sin. 106  
No more shall. 512  
No; I must main. 404  
No longer now. 266  
No mortal can. 168  
No pained repro. 181  
No rude alarms. 44  
No tranquil joys. 381  
No voice can sil. 248  
Nor doth it yet. 91  
Nor death, nor. 489  
Nor pain, nor gr. 640  
Nor shall the. 462  
Nor shall thy. 220  
Not all that men. 483  
Not life itself, vi. 32  
Not mine, not mi. 431  
Not so your eyes. 250  
Not the fair pala. 40  
Not walls nor hill. 488  
Not with the hop. 333  
Nothing but leav. 475  
Nothing but leav. 475  
Nothing in my. 496  
Now bless, thou. 574  
Now, for the love. 308  
Now I am thine. 349  
Now incline me. 297  
Now lend thy gra. 564  
Now let the hea. 449  
Now may the. 370  
Now, O Lord this. 360  
Now, oh, now, for. 360  
Now rest, my lon. 342  
Now, sinner, dry. 90  
Now these alone. 568  
Now the Saviour. 658  
Now these little. 582  
Now to God whos. 368  
Now to the shin. 440  
Now to the Lamb. 191  
Now we, dear Jes. 633

O all-sufficient Sa. 340  
O Breath of life. 284  
O God, my heart. 4  
O God, mine inn. 226  
O God, our help. 66  
O God, our King. 25  
O God Triune, to. 210  
O great Absolver. 321  
O Holy Spirit fr. 210  
O Hope of every. 348  
O Jesus Christ. 615  
O Jesus, every wi. 639  
O Jesus, Lamb. 210  
O Jesus, light of. 162  
O Jesus, our Savi. 525  
O Jesus, once thou. 121  
O Jesus, thou at. 320  
O Lord and Mast. 247  
O Lord, the ardor. 527  
O thou who art. 507  
O thou who gives. 514  
O Trinity in unit. 473  
O Saviour we. 418  
O voice of mercy. 256  
O ye beneath. 110  
O'er all the strait. 216



HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
O'er all those w. 673	Oh, warm my hea. 11	Praise him for hi. 19	Should coming. 629	Sure as thy truth. 620
Of as earth exult. 188	Oh, what a bless. 344	Praise, my soul. 21	Should earth aga. 491	Sure I must fight 47
Oh blessed bless. 701	Oh, what a pure. 574	Praise the God of. 23	Should it rend. 534	Sure, there was. 544
Oh blessed hope. 551	Oh, wash my soul. 288	Praise the Lord. 23	Should my tears. 496	Sweet, at the d. 45
Oh blessed work. 472	Oh, watch, and fig. 422	Prayer is the bur. 396	Since Christ and. 452	Sweet fields beyo. 683
Oh, bless the Lord 17	Oh, when, thou c. 681	Prayer is the Chr. 396	Since from his. 1168	Sweet hour of pr. 405
Oh, bring our dea. 561	Oh, when will the. 187	Prayer makes th. 398	Since on this fee. 259	Sweet is the me. 84
Oh, change these. 198	Oh, who like thee. 118	Prayer is the sim. 396	Sinful I am; how. 321	Sweet, on this. 45
Oh, clothe with. 557	Oh, who like thee. 118	Precious blood. 246	Sing how eternal. 90	Swift as an eagle. 10
Oh, come thy Re. 281	Oh, who should I 389	Precious, precio. 246	Sing how he left. 155	Swift to its close. 322
Oh, depth of sweet. 131	Oh, wise and holy. 658	Prevent, prevent. 602	Sing, my soul. 101	
Oh, enter then, his 8	Oh, wondrous king. 68	Proclaim hosan. 568	Sing of his dying. 158	
Oh, for a heart. 378	Once a sinner. 404	"Prostrate I'll lie. 274	Sing on your hea. 158	Take the name. 186
Oh, for the death. 633	Once earthly joy. 337	Put all thy beaut. 512	Sing, pray, and. 422	Take up thy cross. 411
Oh for this love. 165	Once on the rag. 154		Singing, if my. 327	Take up thy cross. 411
Oh, glorious hour. 370	Once they were. 328	Raised on devot. 7	Sinners, believe. 230	Take thou my. 431
Oh, give me sorrow. 588	One day amidst. 46	Rebuild thy wall. 602	Sinners, turn. 264	Teach all the. 559
Oo, give me sorrow. 588	One family, we. 464	Redeemer, grant 581	Sinners, turn. 264	Teach me to live. 57
Oh, give us hearts. 114	One more day. 472	Religion bears. 441	Sleep, sleep to. 42	Teach them to. 557
Oh, grant us grace. 221	One thing dema. 259	Remember thee. 543	Small are the offe. 601	Teach us, with. 195
Oh, grant us in. 28	Only be still and. 427	Remember thy. 391	So all day long. 377	Teach us in ever. 42
Oh, grant us then. 65	On thee, at the cr. 41	Renew my will. 429	So, blessed Spirit. 532	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, guard our sh. 694	On thee, on thee. 536	Renounce thy. 445	So, faded a sum. 619	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, guide our d. 443	On the margin of. 637	Renouncing ev. 445	So, gracious Sav. 148	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, happy retribu. 671	On the Rock of. 518	Rescue the peris. 476	So Jesus slept. 640	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, happy servant. 453	Onward, then, ye. 421	Restore, my dear. 358	So long thy pow. 317	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, happy servant. 453	Onward we go; fo. 675	Restraint pray. 398	So let thy grace. 68	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, happy, happy. 346	On wings of love. 468	Rest for my soul. 349	So now, upon his. 181	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, happy period. 167	Open now the cry. 99	Return, my soul. 289	So when the mor. 55	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, if my Lord. 620	Other refuge hav. 459	Return, O Holy. 375	Soar now where. 137	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, if this glimp. 540	Our absent King. 653	Return, O wande. 257	Soldier of Christ. 648	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, in thy light be 118	Our blessed Lord. 253	Revive our droo. 206	Sometimes' mid. 428	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, lead me to thy. 495	Our changeful. 50	Revive thy work. 563	Songs of pray. 172	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, let the dead. 481	Our children. 563	Revive us again. 215	Soon as his feet. 669	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, let thy choice. 564	Our contrite spir. 395	Rich dew of gra. 606	Soon, borne on. 251	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, let that glori. 613	Our days are as. 77	Ride on, ride on. 119	Soon for me the. 62	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, let thy love. 371	Our Father's God. 696	Bide on, ride on. 119	Soon shall we. 158	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, let thy love. 373	Our glad hosan. 102	Ride on, ride on. 119	Soon shall we. 158	Tell me the story. 184
O, long-expected. 44	Our God in pity. 253	Righteous advoc. 302	Soon shall we. 158	Tell me the story. 184
O lovely attitude. 265	Our grateful soul. 699	Rise, touched. 255	Soon shall we. 158	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may I reach. 86	Our greatest foe. 136	River of God, I. 243	Soon we'll reach. 637	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may these de. 218	Our heavenly Fa. 203	Round her habit. 518	Sought by thy. 153	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 587	Our hearts be pu. 649		Sot descend the. 474	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our hope and ec. 554	Safe in the arms. 325	Sow thy seed, be. 474	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 587	Our life is a drea. 700	Saints below. 172	Spare thy people. 211	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our lives through. 69	Salvation! let the. 234	Speak forth his. 143	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our Master's lov. 553	Say, hath thy he. 624	Spirit of grace. 31	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our midnight is. 72	Say, "live forev. 129	Spirit of holiness. 661	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our quickened. 197	Say, shall we yie. 113	Spirit of purity. 200	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our restless spir. 339	Say to the heath. 599	Spirit of truth. 207	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, may thy love. 255	Our sins, our guilt. 485	"Say, will you. 248	"Spread for now. 238	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, might I hear. 70		Save us, in thy. 567	Stand, then, in. 424	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, never let my. 394	Palms of victory. 577	Saviour of souls. 450	Stand up!—stand. 425	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, never till my. 294	Pardon our offen. 333	Saviour! may my. 61	Still be it our sup. 697	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, no; till life it. 445	Pass me not. O. 562	Saviour, Prince. 415	Still to the lowly. 351	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, on that day. 664	Pass me not O gr. 562	Saviour, with me. 4	Still through the. 110	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, one, oh only. 670	Peace be within. 30	Scenes of sacred. 608	Still we wait for. 567	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, Paradise, oh. 583	Peace is on the. 61	See, from all lan. 519	Stream full of. 243	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, that each in. 700	Peace on earth. 109	See, from his hab. 412	Stretch forth thy. 618	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, that this dry. 561	Peace that preci. 127	See, from his hab. 412	Strong in the Lor. 424	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, that with you. 161	Peaceful be thy. 641	See, from his hab. 412	Such is the Chris. 626	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, the height of. 365	People and real. 597	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, the pure de. 365	"Perhaps he will. 274	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, the transport. 673	"Permit them to. 571	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, then, rouse th. 265	Pity and save my. 287	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, then, w' rap. 674	Pity the nations. 545	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, tell me, Lord. 343	Plenteous grace. 439	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, tell me, Lord. 343	Possessing Chris. 504	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, to grace how. 177	Praise him, all ye. 138	See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, sweet and bl. 670		See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184
Oh, sweet and bl. 667		See, from his hab. 412	Such was thy Chr. 485	Tell me the story. 184

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
The King himself. 46	Then at my Sav...677	Thou art the ear...199	Thus star by star.622	To God the Spirit.214
The Lord is God... 3	Thence he rose...642	Thou art the life.115	Thus through th...523	To God the Son...214
The Lord is God... 3	Thence, when...469	Thou art the true.115	Thus, till my last. 32	To him let every...546
The Lord makes...555	There are depth...365	Thou art the way.115	Thus, when life's. 59	To him I owe my...168
The Lord, who...251	There everlastin...684	Thou, blessed So...338	Thus, when the... 58	To Jesus Christ I...381
The living know...252	There for him...139	Thou canst fit me...501	Thus, while my...294	To Jesus may we...259
The love of Chri...594	There fragrant...672	Thou canst not...469	Thy bountiful car... 1	To Jordan's stre...554
The martyr first...414	There God, our...671	Thou didst accep...584	Thy cross, not mi...237	To pass the limit...247
The mighty For...116	There happier...681	Thou didst not...456	Thy death, not...237	To serve the pre...434
The mountains...223	There is a battle...423	Thou dying Lam...231	Thy foes might...114	To songs of prais...445
The names of all...148	There is a death...634	Thou from the si... 96	Thy glorious we...625	To thee, from wh...456
The night becom...185	There is a home...672	Thou givest me...495	Thy footsteps ey...444	To thee I tell eac...486
The opening hea...345	There is a scene...397	Thou hast helpe...404	Thy glory o'er cr...189	To thee I tell eac...486
The old man...588	There is a stre... 78	Thou hast prom...576	Thy grace shall...219	To thee ten thou... 42
The pains of dea...648	There is a world...622	Thou hast redee...191	Thy hand that...219	To thee, to thee...385
The pains, the...588	There is no path...504	Thou holy God... 16	Thy heavenly...217	To thee we lift ou... 98
The peaceful gat...154	There is a place...397	Thou lovely Chl...661	Thy light that on...501	To thee we still...452
The people of the...584	There is no sece...400	Thou, Lord, art... 140	Thy love, how...373	To the great One...208
The powers of...134	There let the wa...378	Thou, Lord, art...140	Thy love, in suff...13	To them the cro...141
The Prince of...135	There, like an Ed...675	Thou, O Christ...499	Thy love the pow... 38	To us a child of...103
The present mo...259	There shall I bat...491	Thou, O my Jesu...333	Thy pardoning...419	To us the light of...202
The purchase of...542	There shall I...409	Thou, of life the...133	Thy praise, Lord... 4	To what a stub...224
The rising God...123	There, there on...397	Thou, of life the...133	Thy precepts and...349	Toil on, and in...407
The rocks can...284	There the Lamb...503	Thou, of life the...133	Thy precepts and...349	To-morrow's sun...253
The saviour bids...418	There the wind...685	Thou, of life the...133	Thy promise is...280	To-morrow will... 42
The Saviour smi...341	There saints of...625	Thou, of life the...133	Thy Spirit shall...452	Touched with a...147
The Shepherd...356	There, Saviour...226	Thou, of life the...133	Thy Spirit then...564	Trials hard may...549
The soul that on...502	There sweeps no...668	Thou, of life the...133	Thy temper, grac...378	True, 'tis a strait...410
The shield of fai...423	These walls we...616	Thou, of life the...133	Thy threatenings...222	Truly blessed is...353
The Spirit calls...280	There's a part in...190	Thou, of life the...133	Thy throne eter... 6	Trusting him wh...322
The Spirit, like...197	There's not an...447	Thou, of life the...133	Thy watch for...556	Trusting only in...361
The Son of God...260	These ashes, too...623	Thou, of life the...133	Thy wounds, not...237	Trusting thee, O...302
The sovereign...197	These, and every...298	Thou, of life the...133	Till, crowned wit...525	Tune your heart...132
The task thy wis...666	These, by their...500	Thou, of life the...133	Till God in hum...291	Turn, Christian... 628
The troubled co...204	These through...676	Thou, of life the...133	Till in the Fath...553	Turn, sinner, fr...628
The year is with... 9	These, when we...600	Thou, of life the...133	Till then, nor is...446	Turn, turn us...224
The year rolls... 627	This world I...443	Thou, of life the...133	Time is winging...635	'Twas grace that...492
The want of sigh...480	Think of thy sor...292	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis by the meri...291	'Twas sovereign... 96
The watchmen...555	They are justifi...610	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis done, — the...342	'Twas the same...545
The whole creati...166	They come! the...602	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis finished! — le...130	Unite us in the...694
The wings of ev... 10	'They die in Jes...643	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis finished! — le...130	Unnumbered co... 89
The world can...634	They go from str... 38	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis finished! — le...130	Unshaken as ete...516
Their streaming...462	They have fellow...510	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis finished! — le...130	Unworthy, as I...314
Their bodies in...633	They marked th...256	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis God's all an...416	Uplift the banne...600
Their ransomed...633	They shall find...256	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis he, my soul... 87	Uplift the banne...600
The voice at mid...648	They stand, thos...667	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis he supports... 51	Uplift the banne...600
Then all these...598	Thine forever, Sa...336	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis here the Sav...218	Uplift the banne...600
Then bless his... 17	Thine forever, th...336	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis here the true...218	Uplift the banne...600
Then faith lifts...672	This day we give...532	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis here, when...189	Uplift the banne...600
Then I to thee in...347	This day we give...532	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis Jesus calls...303	Uplift the banne...600
Then is my stren...402	This day we give...532	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis Jesus' blood...228	Uplift the banne...600
Then let my soul...406	This is that gren...193	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis love that...330	Uplift the banne...600
Then let us ado... 2	This is the day of... 39	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis not a cause...556	Uplift the banne...600
Then let us earn...399	This is the day of... 39	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis sin, alas! wit...371	Uplift the banne...600
Then let us h...147	This is the day of... 39	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis the Saviour...138	Uplift the banne...600
Then, let our son...350	This is the grace...330	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis thine the pas...198	Uplift the banne...600
Then let us sing...585	This is the way...1307	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis thine to clea...206	Uplift the banne...600
Then let us soft...623	This life's a dre... 370	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis thus we bid...528	Uplift the banne...600
Then, O my Lor...631	This lamp, th...216	Thou, of life the...133	'Tis to my Saviou...439	Uplift the banne...600
Then shall I see...12	This name shall...171	Thou, of life the...133	To chase the sha...198	Uplift the banne...600
Then shall my...337	This only can my...85	Thou, of life the...133	To comfort and...451	Uplift the banne...600
Then save me fr...209	This precious tri... 71	Thou, of life the...133	To-day attend hi... 18	Uplift the banne...600
Then shall wars...604	This spotless stro...481	Thou, of life the...133	To-day a pilgrim...278	Uplift the banne...600
Then what my...252	This spring with...275	Thou, of life the...133	To-day he rose... 43	Uplift the banne...600
Then, when'er... 20	Thou art a God... 52	Thou, of life the...133	To-day, on weary... 41	Uplift the banne...600
Then, why, O ble...333	Thou art coming...403	Thou, of life the...133	To-day the Saviou...280	Uplift the banne...600
Then will I teach...285	Thou art gone to...645	Thou, of life the...133	To each the soul...462	Uplift the banne...600
Then, within thy...582	Thou art gone to...645	Thou, of life the...133	To ever-fragran...314	Uplift the banne...600
Then will he own...490	Thou art gone to...645	Thou, of life the...133	To God I cried... 79	Uplift the banne...600
Then, with my...387	Thou art my eve...135	Thou, of life the...133	To God, the Fath...160	Uplift the banne...600

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
We could not do. 320	What though in. 429	When shall love. 638	While yet his an. 543	Why should this. 494
We feel the resu. 344	What though the. 605	When shall I rea. 673	With bounding. 117	Why should we... 80
We lay our arm. 65	What though the. 677	When, shrivelin. 664	With grateful he. 698	Why should we... 649
We long to hear. 650	What though the. 318	When sorrow sw. 228	With heavenly. 560	Wide as the wor. 8
We love thy nam. 522	What though tho. 310	When temptatio. 363	With joy we brin. 575	Work, for the... 476
We love to sing. 585	Whate'er events. 311	When the Judge. 263	With joy we in. 533	Worship, honor. 178
We mark her. 616	Whate'er pursuit. 444	When the Lamb. 680	With joy we trea. 480	Worthy is he tha. 153
We ourselves are. 690	Whate'er thy pro. 85	When the morn. 588	With my burden. 403	"Worthy the La. 166
We praise thee. 215	Whate'er thy sac. 85	When the soft. 56	With my lamp. 556	Wouldst thou. 261
We seek the con. 529	Whate'er, Lord. 456	When the sun of. 126	With one consen. 693	Yea, bless his. 691
We shall strike. 678	When, amid the. 241	When the temp. 270	With pitying eye. 693	Yea, though my. 592
We shall see and. 678	When death the. 334	When the woes. 126	With pitying eye. 165	Ye are traveling. 359
We share our. 463	When dangers. 693	When the world. 268	With sacred awe. 16	Ye chosen seed. 161
We sink beneath. 522	When darkness. 309	When this mor. 363	With single eye. 447	Ye fearful saints. 81
We speak of its. 686	When each can. 405	When through. 502	With that "bless. 657	Ye saints who. 187
We speak of its. 686	When each day's. 53	When unto the. 338	With that voice. 261	Ye who, tossed on. 271
We taste thee. 0. 339	When earth shall. 355	When we asund. 463	With us when we. 498	Yes, and I must. 308
We thank thee. 689	When ends life's. 384	When we disclos. 395	With us when. 498	Yes, I hasten fr. 608
We, thy children. 589	Whene'er the. 185	When we in dark. 312	Whither, ah, whi. 479	Yes, let it go; one. 450
We trust not in. 448	When free from. 465	When we seek. 313	Within these wa. 611	Yes, the Redeem. 242
We trust thy sac. 536	When gladness. 13	When will my. 48	Within thy eirol. 67	Yes, thy sins ha. 260
We will not resu. 42	When he lived. 179	Where blooms. 593	Within thy pres. 495	Yes, thou art pre. 329
Were half the br. 398	When I am filled. 163	Where dost thou. 389	Without thee but. 186	Yes, whosoever. 262
Were all the real. 442	When I tread the. 99	Where is the bles. 376	Will ye not his. 264	Yet again we. 641
What brought. 673	When I turn my. 336	Where streams. 500	"Will you despis. 264	Yet, gracious God. 486
What can I say. 287	When in distress. 95	While angels sho. 143	Will you let him. 264	Yet I mourn my. 336
What can these. 427	When in grief we. 436	While God invit. 251	Will thou not cea. 278	Yet not thus. 623
What did thine. 293	When in his ear. 167	While I draw thi. 496	Who hath our. 193	Yet, oh, the chief. 210
What food luxur. 538	When in the sult. 75	While I harken. 34	Who is life, in. 192	Yet though I hav. 334
What is faith's. 193	When nature. 217	While life's dark. 384	Who knows the. 222	Yet save a trem. 288
What is my bein. 439	When duty's pa. 437	While our hearts. 545	Who shall adjud. 483	Yet sovereign. 419
What language. 123	When once thou. 162	While the Holy. 263	Who would not. 626	Yet still to his. 590
What peaceful. 375	When our days of. 205	While the prayer. 34	Who, who would. 625	Your streams. 440
What ruin hath. 618	When penitence. 228	While this liquid. 534	Why restless. 380	
What rush of hal. 674	When poor and. 468	While thy glorio. 34	Why should my. 373	Zion, thrice hap. 35
What shall sooth. 263	When round our. 507	While we seek. 38		
What thou, my. 123				











